Ex dono Joannis Hacket Lichfieldens.
et Couentrjens Episcopi: 1670.

Syn.7. 61.148.

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et Couentrjens Episcopi: 1670.

Syn.7. 61.148.

THE LIFE AND ACTS OF THE MOST FAmous and valiant Campion, Sir WILLIAM WALLACE Knicht of Ellerslie, Maintainer of the Libertie of SCOTLAND.

Cicero 2 de finibus.

¶ Laudandus est is, qui mortem oppetit pro Republica, qui doceat chariorem esse patriam nobis quam nosmetipsos.

¶ Et memorem famam, qui bene gessit habet.

EDINBVRGH.
Printed by Andro Hart and are to be sauld at his buith on the North syde of the gait a litle beneath the crosse.
Anno Dom. 1611.

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IN OBITVM CLARISSImi Ducis *Gulielmi Wallace*, quem Edwardus primus Anglorum Rex sibi proditum supplicio Londini affecerat. *Carmen.*

INvida Mors tristi Gulielmum funere Wallam,
Quæ cuncta tollit sustulit.
Et tanto pro cive, cinis: pro finibus vrna est:
Frigusque pro lorica obit.
Ille licet terras, loca se inferiora, reliquit:
At fata factis supprimens,
Parte sui meliore solum, Cœlumque peterrat,
Hoc spiritu: illud gloria.
At tibi si inscriptum generoso pectus honesto,
Fuisset, hostis proditi
Artibus Angle tuis, in pœnas parcior isses,
Nec oppidatim spargeres
Membra viri sacranda adytis. Sed scin quid in ista
Immanitate viceris?
Vt Vallæ in cunctas oras spargantur & horas,
Laudes; tuumque dedecus.

481;06

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The first Booke.

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the

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Of the dreame of the Monk of Burie, and other things follovving the death of Wallace.

The end of the Table.

THE ACTES AND DEEDS OF THE MOST FAMOUS and valiant Campion, Sir William Wallace, Knight of Ellerslie.

The first Booke. Chap. I.

Our Antecessours whom we should of reade,
And hold in minde their fame and worthie deede:
We let ouerslide through very slouthfulnesse,
And calls vs euer to other busines:
On vaine gaming is set our whole intent,
Quhilk hes bene seene into these times by went.
Our next neighbours that came of Brutus blood,
They oftentimes to Scots wilht little good.
Though now of late God turnd their minde and will,
That great kindnesse they have showne vs until.
The hearts of people the Lord hes in his hand,
He may them rule and guide at his command.
And though all leids would have this land in thrall,
Oppone his power God can against them all:
As we have seene in our forebeares before,
But of theis Parables as now I speake no more.
We read of one right famous of renowne,
Of worthie blood that raigned in this Regioune
And henceforth now I will my purpose hold,
Of William Wallace as ye have heard told:
His forefathers quha likes to understand,
Of olde linage, and true blood of Scotland,
Sir Rannald Crawfurde right Shirriffe of Air,
Sodain his time he had a daughter fair:

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To young Sir Rannald Schirreffe of that towne,
Was sister fair of good fame and renowne:
Malcome Wallace her got in mariage,
That Ellerslie then had in heritage,
Auchenbothie, and many other place,
The second Dy he was to good Wallace:
The quhilk Wallace full hardely had wrought,
When Walter heire of Wallace to him sought.
Who likes to heare more knowledge in that part,
Goe read the lyne of the first Stewart.
Now Malcome Wallace got with his Ladie bright,
Malcome Wallace a good and gentle Knight:
And William to, as Chronickles beares on hand,
Who after was reskewer of Scotland,
When it was lost with treason and falsnesse,
Querset with foes, it fred through Gods grace.
King Alexander our worthie King forlorne,
By euenture his life lost at Kinghorne:
Three yeares still the Realme stood desolate,
Wherethrough there rose a full grieuous debate.
Our Prince Dauid, Earle of Huntingtowne,
Three daughters had of great fame and renowne:
Of the quhilk three came Bruce, Ballioll, and Haisting,
Two of these three desyred to be King.
The Ballioll claimed of the first gre lineally,
And Bruce the first Dale of the gre by.
To Edward sone vnto England they send,
Of this great strife they thought he should make end:
Follie it was (indede it happened so)
Succour to seke of their old mortall foe.
Edward Lang-shankes had now begunne his weare,
Upon Gascoigne into an awfull feare:
The lands quhilk he claimed stood in sik case,
He thoght full sone to make it haill conquese.
To Norhame Kirk he came withoutten mair,
The Counsell then of Scotland met him thair.
Full subtillie he charged them in bandown,

As their ouer-Lord to hold of him the Crowne,
Bishop Robert in his time right worthy,
Of Glasgow Lord, said, that we do deny.
Any ouer-Lord, but the great God aboue,
The King was wrath and home he did remoue.
Yet Iohn Ballioll followed on him so fast,
To hold of him he granted at the last:
And contrare right a King he made him thair
Wherethrogh Scotland repented it full sair.
To the Ballioll our Lords would not consent,
Edward forthwith set downe a Parliament.
He called Ballioll to answere for Scotland,
The wise Lords sone caused him breake that band,
An Abbot past and gaue ouer his alleageance:
King Edward then toke it in great greuance.
His host he raised and came to wark on Twead,
But for to fight as then he had great dread.
To Corspatrik of Dumbar sone he send,
His counsell askt, for he the countrie kend.
When he was brocht in presence of the King,
By subtle band they packed by this thing.

The battaill of Barwick. Chap. II

Earle Patrik then to Barwick can persew,
Receiued he was and trusted very trew:
The King followed with his men of renowne,
After mid-night at rest was all the towne:
Corspatrik rose, the keyes well he knew,
Let bridges downe, and portculzies they drew.
Edward entered, and causd slay hastelie
Of men and women eight thousand and fiftie:
And childzen to, by this false euenture,
Of true Scots escaped no creature.
A captaine there this false King hes made,
Toward Dumbar without resting they rade.

The battaile of Dumbar. Chap. III

QVhair gathered was great power of Scotland,
Against Edward in battell for to stand:
The thrie Earles was entered in that place,
Of Mar, Mentcith, and Athole vpon cace.
In the Taffell the Earle gart hold them in,
That to their men without they could not win:
Nor yet to them supplying for no ma,
The battels then together fast they go.
Of true Scots ouerset with subtiltie.
Earle Patrik then quhen the fighting was fellest,
To our foe turned and harming did vs maist.
Is none in world that skaithes may do mair,
Then weill trusted in borne familiar.
Our men are slaine without redemption,
Through these deeds whole tint was this Region.

How King *Edward* and *Corspatrik* came to *Scone*, and deposed *John Balliol*, and had with them the heires of *Scotland*. Chap. IIII.

KIng Edward past and Corspatrik to Scone,
And there he gat homage of Scotland sone:
For none was left the Realme for to defend,
For Iohn Ballioll then to Montrose they send:
And him depryued for ay of his Kingrik,
Then Edward himselfe was called an Royall rik.
The Crowne he toke vpon the selfesame stane
That Gathelus sent with his sonne from Spaine:
When Iber Scot first into Scotland came,
That Canmore King, syne Fergus had to name:
Broght it to Scone, and gart it stabill thair,
Quhair Kings were crowned eight hunder yeares & mair:
Before the time that King Edward it fand,
These Jewels he gart turse into England.
In London set in witnes of that thing,
By conqueis then of Scotland made him King.
Quhair that stone stands Scotland should master be.

God

God choose the time for Margarets heires to see.
Eight score they led of greatest that they fand,
And heires with them, and Bruce out of Scotland.
That office then he képed but short tyme,
I may not now put all the déds in ryme.
On Chronicles why should I tary lang?
To Wallace againe now brieflie will I gang.
Scotland was lost when he was but a childe,
All ouerset with our enemies wilde.
His Father Malcome in the Lennox fled,
His eldest sonne thither with him he led.
His Mother fled with him from Ellerslie,
To Gowrie past and dwelt in Kilspindie.
The Knight his Father thither hes them sent,
Unto his Uncle with ane good intent.
In Gowrie dwelt, and had their liuing thair,
An aged man quhilk receiued them fair,
Then to Dundie Wallace to schoole they send,
Quhill he of wit full worthelie was kend.
Thus he continued in his tender age,
In armes syne did many dasslage.
When Saxon blood in this Region could reigne,
Marking the will of that vnrighteous King.
Many great wrong they wrought in this Regioun,
Destroyde our Lords, and brake their buildings downe
Both wiues and widowes they toke at their owne will,
Nunnes and Maidens whom they liked to spill.
King Herods part they playde here in Scotland,
Of yong children that they before them fand.
The Bishoprickes that was greatest of baill,
They toke in hand of their Archbishops haill.
Not for the Pope they wold no Kirks forbeir,
Bot gripped all through violence of weir.
Glasgow they gaue as at their waill was kend,
To diocy of Durhame to ane commend.
Small benefices then they wold not perse in,
But for this thing full many other they slew.

Wanged Barrons and wrought full mekillcare,
It was well knowne within the barnes of Aire,
There eighteine scoze was put to fellon dead,
But God aboue hes sent vs some remæde.
It is remembred farder in the taile,
I will follow vpon my purpose haill.
William Wallace ere he was man of armes,
Great pittie thought that Scotland toke sik harmes,
Mekill dolour it did him in his minde,
Foz he was wise right wozthie wight and kinde.
In Gowrie dwelt still with this wozthie man,
As he increast and with abandon than,
Into his heart he had full mekill caire,
He saw the Sutheron multiple mair and mair.
And to himselfe oft would he make his mone,
Of his good kin they had slane many one.
Yet he was then sæmly, strong and bold,
And he of age was seuenténe winters olde:
Weapons he bare either good swozd oz knife.
Foz he with them hapned full oft to striue.
Where he found one out of anothers presence,
After to Scots they did no mozе offence:
To cut his throate, oz stick him suddainlie,
He cared not, found he them anerlie:
Sundrie wanted but none knew by what way,
Foz as to him there could no man ought say:
Litle of speach, was courteous and bening,
Sad of countenance he was both olde and ying.

How Wallace slew young Selbie the Constables Sonne of Dundie. Chap. V

VPon a day to Dundie he was send,
Of cruelnesse full littlie they him kend.
The Constable was a felloun man of weir,
And vnto Scots he did full mekill deir.
Selbie he heght despiteous and outrage,
A sonne he had neare twentie yeares of age.

Into

Into the towne he vsed euery day,
Three men or foure thereto with him to play.
An hielie schrew, wanton in his intent,
Wallace he saw, and toward him he went.
Seemlie he was, right big and well beseene,
Into a weede of goodlie gaining greene:
He called on him, and said thou Scot abide,
What deuil (said he) thee graithed in so good weed.
An horsle mantle it was thy kind to weare,
A Scots whittle vnder thy belt to beare:
Rouch rulzions vpon thine harlots sete,
Giue me thy knife, what doth thy geare so mete,
To him he went his knife to take him fra,
Fast by the collar Wallace can him ta:
Vnder his hand his knife he braided out,
For all his men that sembled him about:
But helpe himselfe he knew of no remede,
Without reskew he kicked him to dead.
The Squyer fell, of him there was na maire,
His men followed on Wallace wounder fair,
The prease was thick and cummered them full fast,
Wallace was spedie and greatly als agast.
The bloodie knife was drawen in his hand,
He spared none that he before him fand.
The house he knew his Eme had ludged in,
Thether he fled, further he might not win.
The good wife there within the closse saw he,
And helpe (he cryed) for him that died on tree:
The yong captaine hes fallen with me at strife,
In at the doore he went with this good wife.
A rulled gowne of her owne she him gaue,
Abone his weede that couered all the laue:
A sudled courtch ouer head and neck let fall,
A wosne white hat she braised on with all,
For they should not long tarie at that Inne,
Gaue him a rock and then sat downe to spinne.
The Sutheron soght where Wallace was but dread,

They

They knew not well at quhat gait he in zeid.
In that same house they sought him buselis,
But he sat still and span right cunninglie.
As of his time he had not learned lang,
They left him so, and forth their gate can gang:
With heavie cheare, and sorrowfull in thoght,
No wit of him as then get could they noght.
The Englishmen all then in barret bowne,
Bade fyre all Scots that were into that towne,
Yet this gudwife held Wallace vntill night,
Wade him gud cheare, and put him out of sight.
Through a darke gate she guided him full fast,
In couert went, syne by the water past.
Forbure the gate for watches that was there,
His mother was into a great despare.
When she him saw she thanked Heauens King,
And said deare sonne, so long where hast thou bene?
He told his Mother of that suddaine cace,
Then wéped she, and said full oft alace,
Or that thou cease thou will be slaine withall.
Mother, he said, God rewler is of all.
Unsufferable are the people of England,
Part of their yre me thinke we should gainstand.
His Eme he knew that he the squyar slew,
For dread thereof in great langour he drew.
This passed ouer, quhill diuers dayes were gane,
The gudman dred that Wallace should be tane:
For Sutheron are full subtle euery man,
A great dittay for Scots ordained they than:
Be the law dayes in Dundie set an Air:
Then Wallace would no longer soiorne thair.
His Mother grathed him in a Pilgrims weid,
Himselfe disagysed, syne gladlie with hir zeid.
A short sword vnder his weid bare he,
In all the land full many foes had he.
Both on their fute with them more toke they noght,
Who speired, she said, to S. Margaret they soght.

Who

Who serued her full great friendship they fand,
With Sutheron folke, for she was of England.
Beside Lundores the ferry ouer they past,
Then through the Ochel sped they wonder fast.
Into Dumfermling they lodged all that night,
Upon the morne when that the day was light,
With gentle-women hapned them to passe,
Of England borne in Linlithgow winning was:
The Captaines wife in Pilgrimage had bene,
When she them met and had young Wallace sene:
God cheare they maid for he was wonder fair,
Not large of tongue, well taught and debonare.
Forth talking thus of matters that was wrought,
While South ouer Forth with her sonne she them brought.
Into Linlithgow they would not tarie lang,
Their leaue they toke, to Dunipace they gang,
There dwelt his Eme a man of great riches,
That mightie person hight to name Wallace,
Made them good cheare, and was a full good man,
Welcomed them fair and to them told he than,
Did him to wit the land was all on feir,
Treated them well, and said my sonne so deare,
Thy Mother and thou right here with me shall bide,
While better be, for chance that may betide.
Wallace answered, and said welfermore we will,
Our kin is slaine, and that me likes ill,
And other many worthie in that airt,
Line I, will God we shal vs wreake on part.
The person sighed, and said my sonne so free,
I cannot know how that redresse may be,
What should I speake of frustrare at this tide:
For gift of good he would not with him bide,
His Mother and he to Ellerslie they went,
Upon the morne she for her brether sent:
In Corsbie dwelt and was Shirreffe of Aire,
His Father was dead that liued long time there,
Her eldest Sonne that mekill was of maine,

Her husband als at Lochmabane was slane.
Sir Malcome Wallace his name was but leis,
His hoch sennons were cutted in that preis:
On knées he foght feill Englishmen he slew,
To him then foght mo fighters then anew.
On either side with speares bare him downe,
There sticked they that good knight of renowne,
Unto my tale I left at Ellerslie,
Sir Rannald came vnto his sister fre,
Welcomed them and asked of their intent,
She prayed that he to Lord Persie would went,
She irked of warre, she could no farther fle,
To purchase peace: in rest that she might be.
Sir Rannald had the Persies protection,
As for all part to take remission:
Then he causde write to his sister that tide,
In that respect Wallace would not abyde.
His Mother he left the wéped with hart full sair,
His leaue he toke, then from his Eme can fair,
Young he was and to Sutheron right sauage,
Greate roome they had despite and eke outrage,
Sir Rannald durst not well hold Wallace thair,
For great perrill he knew appearing war,
For they had whole the strengths of this land,
What they would do, durst none against them stand,
Shirreffe he was and vsed them among,
Full fore he drede that Wallace should take wrong:
For he and they could neuer well accord,
He got a blow though he was lad of Lord,
That prefered him any lightlifulneffe,
But they repared ouer mekill to that place,
As English Clarks in prophecie it fand.
How one Wallace should put them from Scotland
Sir Rannald knew well a more quyet stéde,
Where William might be better from their fréde:
With his Uncle Wallace of Richartoun,
Sir Richart heght that good knight of renoun,

Theis

These lands whole then was his heritage,
But blinde he was so happened through courage
By Englishmen that did vs mekill deare,
In his rising he worthie was in warre:
Through hurt of baines, and minishing of blode
Yet he was wise and of his counsell good,
In Februare Wallace was to him send,
Into Aprile he bowned from him to wend,
But good seruice he did him with pleasance,
As in that space was worthie to aduance.

How Wallace past to the water of Irwin to take fishe Chap. VI

SOon a time he desyred to play,
Into aprile the three and twentie day:
To Irwin water fish to take he went,
Sik fantasie fell into his intent:
To leid his net a childe with him there yeid,
But he ere none was in a fellon dreade
His sword he left so did he neuer againe,
It did him good, although he suffered paine.
Of that labour as then he was not slie,
Happie he was, toke fishe aboundantlie.
Ere of the day ten houres could ouer passe,
Ryding their came neere by where Wallace was
The Lord Persie that was Captaine then of Air,
From him he turned and could to Glasgow fair.
Part of the court had Wallace labour seene,
To him their raid fiue clade in garment greene,
S. Martines fish, said Scot now we would haue,
Wallace againe them mekly answeir gaue,
It were reason me thinke ye should haue part,
Waith should be delt in all place, with free hart.
He bad his boy giue them of his waithing,
The Sutheron said, as now of thy dealing,
We wil not take, thou would giue vs ouer small,
He lighted downe, and from his boy toke all,

Wallace said than, gentlemen if that ye be,
Leaue vs some part we pray for charitie:
An aged knight serues our Ladie this day,
Good friend leaue part and take not all away:
Thou shalt haue leaue to fish and take thé mair,
All these surelie shall in our flitting faire:
We serue a Lord, these fishe shall to him gang,
Wallace answering said thou art in the wrang:
Whom thou'lt thou Scot in faith thou seruest a blaw.
To him he ran, and out a sword can draw,
Wallace was woe he had no weapons thair,
But a Poultstaffe, quhilk in his hand he bare,
Wallace with it fast on the cheeke him tooke,
With so good will while off his féete he shooke,
The sword flew fra him a foote braode on the land,
Wallace was glade and caught it sone in hand,
And with the sword an ackwart stroke him gaue,
Under the heade his craig in sunder draue,
Be that the rest lighted about Wallace,
He had no helpe but only Gods grace:
On either side full fast on him they dang.
Great perrill was if they had lasted lang:
Upon the heade in greate yre he stroke one,
The shearing sword cut to the coller bone:
Another he hit on the arme hastilie,
While hand and sword both on the land can ly,
The other two fled to their horse againe,
He stricked him that last was on the plaine,
Thré slew he there, two fled with all their might,
After their Lord but he was out of sight,
Taking the mure, ere he and they could twin,
To him they raid anone ere they would blin,
And cryde abyde, your men are martyrd downe,
Right cruelly into this false regioun:
Fiue of your men here at the water baide
Fith you to bring, though it no profite made.
We are escaped, but in field slane are thré,

The

The Lord asked, how ma ny may there be?
We ſaw but one that hes ouercome vs all,
Then leugh the Lord, and ſaid ſhame on you fall,
Since one you all hes put to confuſion,
Who moues it moſt, the deuill in hell him drown,
This day for me in faith he beis not ſoght,
When Wallace thus the worthie worke had wroght:
Their horſe he toke, and geir that was left thair,
Gaue ouer the craft and went to fiſh na mair.
Went to his Eme, and told him of the déde,
And he for woe neare ſwelt out of his wéde:
And ſaid ſonne theſe tythings ſits me ſore,
If they vs knowne thou may get skaith therefore.
Uncle he ſaid, no longer will I byde,
Theſe Sutheron horſe let ſée if I can ryde.
Then but a childe in ſeruice for to make,
His Emes ſonne with him he would not take,
This good Knight ſaid déere Couſing I pray thée
When thou wants good, come fetch enough from mée,
Siluer and gold he canſde one to him giue,
Wallace then knéled, and lowlie toke his leaue.

THE SECOND BOOKE DECLARES how Wallace ſlew the Churle with his owne ſtafe in Aire. Chap. I.

YOung Wallace then fulfilled of hie courage,
In prayſe of armes, deſyrous of vaſſalage.
Thy vaſſalage may neuer be forlorne,
Thy déde is knowne though all the world had ſworne,
For thy whole minde, labor and buſineſſe,
Was ſet in warre, and verie righteouſneſſe.
And full great loſſe of thy deare worthie kin,
The rancor more remaines thy minde within.

It was his life and moſt part of his fode,
To ſée them ſhed the birning Sutheron blode,
To Ochterhouſe withouten moze he raid,
And but a ſhoꝛt time in peace there he baide,
There was one Wallace that welcomed him well.
Though Engliſhmen thereof had little fæle.
Both meate and dꝛinke at his will had he there,
In Langlan wood when that he made repare:
The gentle man full oft was his relet,
With ſtuffe of houſe full oft he can him bet.
So he deſpꝛed the towne of Aire to ſée,
His childe with him as then no moe toke he,
Ay next the wood Wallace cauſde leaue his hoꝛſe.
Then on his fote went to the market croſſe,
The Perſie was in the Caſtell of Aire,
With Engliſhmen, great number and repare:
And all the towne rewling on their owne wiſe,
To many Scots they did full great ſuppꝛyſe.
All but abaſing Wallace among them zeid,
The rage of youth made him to haue no dꝛéde,
A churle they had that great burthenes did bare,
Exceédingly he would lift mekill mair,
Then any thꝛée that they among them fand,
And als by this one ſpoꝛt he toke in hand:
He bare a ſting into a bulleous pole,
On his bꝛoade backe of any would it thole,
But foꝛ a grote as faſt as he might dꝛaw,
When Wallace heard ſpeake of that mirrie ſaw:
Then he deſired at that market to be,
Foꝛ one ſtroke he bad him grots thꝛée.
The churle granted, of that pꝛoffer was faine,
To pay that ſiluer Wallace was full bane:
Wallace that ſting toke vp into his hand,
Full ſturdelie beforе him could he ſtand:
Wallace with that vpon his backe him gane,
Whilk his rig bone all into ſunder dꝛane:
The churle was dead, of him I ſpeake na mair,

The

The Englishmen assembled on Wallace their:
Feill on the field of folks fighting fast,
He vnabaised, and not greatly agast:
Vpon the head one with the sting hit he,
While bone and braine he made in péeces flée:
Another he stroke on the baisnet of steill.
The trée there raue, and frushed euerie deale,
His trée was lost the Englishman was dead,
For his craig bone was broken in that stead.
He drew a sword that helped him in néede,
Throughout the thickest of the prease he yéede,
And at his horse full faine he would haue béene,
Two greues him most that cruel were and kéene,
Wallace returned as man of mekill maine,
And at one stroke the formest hes he slaine,
A full sore stroke the other got that tyde,
With his good sword he made him there abide,
In at the Corslet brymly he him bare,
The grounden sword out through his bodie share
Fiue slew he there ere he past from the town,
He got his horse, to Langlane made him bown.
And kéeped the childe and leit him not abide,
Escaped thus he can to Langlane ride.
Some followed him on horse and vpon foote,
To take Wallace as then it was no bute.
The trées was thicke that kéeped him full well,
But there to byde he could neuer a deale:
Good ordinance that effeired for his estate,
His custome was at all times aire and laite,
The Squyar Wallace in Ochterhouse that was,
Both bed and meate for him he made to passe,
As for that time that he remained thair,
But sore he longed to sée the towne of Aire.
Thither he past vpon a market day,
Would God as then that he had bidden away:
His Emes seruant for to buy fish is sent,
Sir Rannald Crawfurd the Shirreffe then was kend,

How Wallace slew Lord Persies stewart, and was prisoned in Aire. Chap. II

WHen he had tane sik good as he had boght,
The Persies stewart right sadly to him soght:
And said thou Scot, to whom buyes thou this thing?
To the Shirreffe he said by heauens King,
My Lord shall haue it, syne goe fetch thée maire.
Wallace by chance was neare-by going thair,
He went to him, and said deare friend I pray thée,
The Shirreffes seruant that thou would let him bee.
A lordlie man the stewart was of blode,
And thought Wallace him charged in termes rude:
Goe hence thou Scot, the mehill deuill thée spéde,
At thy Shirreffes dis thou wénes ds for to léde.
An Hunting staffe into his hand he bare,
Therewith he smote on Williame Wallace there,
But with his tré little sunzie he made,
Fast by the coller him caught withoutten bade,
A full great knife fast to his heart stroke he,
Then from him dead shot him right suddainlie:
Eater sensyne I trow he was na mair,
The Englishmen assembled on Wallace thair.
Fourescore were set in armour birnest boun,
On mercat day for Scots to kéepe the towne,
Wallace boldlie he drew a sword of warre,
Into the dryme the formest couth he beare,
Out through the bodie sticked him to the dead,
And sundrie moe ere he past from that stead,
An ackward stroke another tooke he there,
Upon his knée the bone in sunder share.
The third he stroke on a puissant of mailzie,
His craig in two no wérdes might anailzie,
Thus Wallace faired as wood as a Lyon,
When Englishmen that were on bargan boun,
They kept the gaite with speares rude and lang
For dint of sword might no man to him gang,

Wallace

Wallace was harnest on his bodie well,
At him they sought with sharpe swords of steale:
And from his strength enuironed him about,
Out through the prease on a side he brake out:
Unto a wall that stood by the sea side:
For well or woe there must he nede abide,
Part of their speares in pieces there he share,
Then from the Castell other helpe came mair,
Out ouer the dyke they glaide on either side,
Broke downe the wall, no succour, was that tyde,
Then Wallace knew of no wene but to die,
To win his death among them thus went he.
Other part in great eye hewing fell,
His birnest brand it bursted at the last:
Brake in the hilts, away the blade it flew,
He wist no wene but furth his knife he drew.
The first he slew quhilk him in hand hes hint,
And other two he sticked with his dint,
The remanent to him with speares hes sought
Bare him to ground no further might he nought
The Lords bad that they should not him sla,
To pyne him more they charged him to ta:
Into their Innes although that he had swone,
Out of the gate by force they haue him borne,
Thus god Wallace with Englishmen was taine,
In fault of helpe, for he was his allaine:
He could not cease, his courage so him bare,
Frinole Fortune hes brought him in the snare,
These false gods full of vnrighteousnesse,
And false Iuno full of deceitfulnesse,
These fained gods Wallace neuer yet knew,
Great righteousnesse ay him to mercie drew.
His kin might not get him for no kin thing,
Eight they haue payed the ranson of a King.
The more they bade the more it was in vaine,
Of their best men that day seuen hes he slane.
They cauld set him into a prison fell,

Of

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Of his torment great pittie was to tell,
Euill meate and drink they cauſde vnto him giue
Great maruell was if he might long there liue.
And eke thereto he was in priſon law,
While they thocht tyme on him to hold the Law,
Leaue I him thus into this painfull ſtead,
While God aboue doe ſend him ſome remeede.
The plaine complaint and pitteous lamenting,
The wofull weeping that was for his taking:
The tormenting of euery creature,
Alas, they ſaid how ſhall our life indure?
The flowre of youth into his tender age,
Fortune of armes hes left him in thirlage.
Liuing this day a chiftane haue we none.
Durſt take in hand, but yong Wallace allone,
The Land is loſt, he is caught in the ſnare,
The Aperſe of Scotland is in great care.

How Wallace was priſoned in in Air and eſcaped. Cap III

BArreld herring and water they him gaue,
Where he was ſet into that vglie Caue:
Sik fode for him was feble to commend,
Then ſaid he thus good God now me receiue,
My pitteous ſpryte and ſoule ouer all the laue:
My carefull life I may not now defend,
Quer few Sutheron vnto the death I drew,
And that I rew indeede, and verie trew:
For ſone I will out of this world wend,
Gif I ſhould now in priſon make an end.
Eternall God why ſhould I thus wise die,
Sen my beleefe all whole remaines on thee?
And thy owne hand full worthelie hes wrought,
But thou remeede, no life they ordaine me:
My only Sauiour that died on the tree,
From hels priſon with thy blod hes me bought,
Why wilt thou giue thy handy worke for nought?
And many other in great paine that I ſee,

For

For of my life nothing elſe I roght.
O warped ſword of temper neuer trew,
Thy ſtubbing blade in priſon-ſome me threw,
And Engliſhmen ouer little harmes hes taine,
Of vs they haue vndone moe then anew:
My faithfull Father deſpiteſullie they ſlew,
My brother als, and good men many one,
This is the date ſhall vs ouercome eachone.
Of this Kingrik, deare God when ſhal thou rew?
Since my power thus ſudainlie is gone.
All worthie Scots Almightie God you léde,
Since I no more in worſhip may you ſpéde:
In priſon hére me worthes to miſchéue.
Now ſillie Scotland that of helpe hes great néde,
Thy Nation ſtands into a fellon dread:
Of worldlineſſe right thus I take my leaue,
Of other paines God let you neuer preue:
Though I for wo ont of my wit ſhould wend,
None other gift I may now to you giue.
Adew Wallace vmquhyle was ſtrong and ſture
Thou muſt of néde in priſon now indure:
Thy worthie kin may not thée ſaue for gold:
Ladies wépes that was both myldr and mure,
In furious paine thy Mother that thee bure,
For thou to her was dearer then the gold,
Her moſt deſire was to thee vnder moulde,
In worldlineſſe why ſhould any aſſure?
For thou wert formed forcy on the fold.
Complaine ye powre thus as your ſtedull telles,
Complaine to heauen with words that neuer failles,
Complaine your bayte to the great God aboue,
Complaine for him that ſits in ſytfull celles:
Complaine his paine that thus in dollour dwelles:
In langour lyes for loſing of their loue,
His furious paine was fellon for to proue,
Complaine alſo ye birds as blyth as belles,
Some happie chance may fall for your behoue.

Com

Complaine ye Lords complaine ye Ladies bright,
Complaine for him that worthie was and wight.
Of Saxons sonnes that suffered mekill deare,
Complaine for him that is in prison dight,
And for no cause Scotland bot for thy right:
Complaine also ye worthie men of warre,
Complaine for him that was your asper speare,
Few Englishmen yet to the death he dight,
Complaine for him your triumph had to beare.
Cellinus his Maker Iauelour was now,
In Englishmen alas, why should we trow,
Our worthie kin are pyned on this wise:
Sik rule but right is little till allow,
Me thinks we should in barret make them bow,
At our power, and so we doe full syse,
From their danger God make vs for to rise,
That well hes wroght before these tymes now,
For they mark ay to wait vs with suppryse.
What should I more of Wallace torments tell?
The Flure he tooke into that prison fell:
Neare to the death lykely he was to drain,
They charged the Iauelour there he should not dwell,
But bring him forth soone of that dgite Cell:
In iudgement where that he should thole the law
Th's man went downe and suddenly he saw,
And to his sight death had him snapped snell,
Syne said to them he hes payde that he aw.
When they presumed he should be verie dead,
They causd seruants withoutten longer pleade:
With short aduise vnto the wall him bare,
They cuist him ouer out of that bailfull stead,
Of him they trowed there should be no remede,
In a drafte midding where he remained there
His first Nurice of the new towne of Aire,
To him she came quhilk was full will of reid,
And purchast leaue away with him to faire,
Into great yre they granted her to goe,

The

She toke him vp withoutten wo:ds mo:
And on a cart vnſeemly they him caſt,
Out ouer the water they led him with great woe,
To her owne houſe withoutten any ho,
She warmed water, and als her ſeruants faſt,
His bodie waſht while filth off him was paſt:
His heart was wight and ſlightered to and fro,
And his two eyes at laſt caſt vp alſo.
His foſter-mother him loued attour the laue,
Got milke to warme, his life if ſhe might ſaue,
With all her cure great kindneſſe could him kyth,
Her daughter had of twelfe oulks a knaue,
Her childes papes in Wallace mouth it gaue:
The womans milke comfo:ted him full ſwith,
Then in a bed they b:oght him fo: to lith,
And couertlie they k:ept him in that caue,
Him fo: to ſaue how ſecretly they might,
In their chamber they k:eped him that tyde,
She cauſde graith vp a buird in the houſe ſyde,
With tapeſtrie cloathes honoured with great ſlight,
And that the boyce in euerie land ſhould light,
That he were dead th:oughout the land ſo wide,
In p:eſence ay ſhe w:eped vnder ſight,
But godlie meates ſhe graithed either night,
And ſo befell into that ſelfe ſame tide,
While furthermo:e that Wallace wo:thed wight,
Thomas Rymour withoutten faill was than,
With the Miniſter quhilk was a wo:thie man:
He bled oft to that religious place,
The people d:emed of mekill wit he can,
And ſo he did although they bleſſe o: ban:
Quhilk hapned ſuith in many diuerſe place:
I can not ſay by w:ong o: righteouſneſſe,
In rule of warre whether he tint o: wan,
It may be deemde by diuiſion of grace.
That man that day at the market had b:ene,
Of Wallace knew this carefull caſe ſo k:ene:

His

His Maister asked what tythings that he saw,
His man answered of little heard I méne,
The Maister said that hes bene seldome séne-
Where Scots and English assembled on a row,
Was neuer yet so farre as I could know,
But either a Scot would doe a Sutheron téne,
Or he to him, as auenture might saw.
Wallace ye know was taine into that stead,
Out ouer the wall I saw them cast him deade,
Out of their prison famisht for fault of fode.
The maister said with heart heauie as leid:
Sik deede to them me thinke should soiler feid:
For he was wight and comde of gentle blode,
Thomas answered, these tythings are not gode:
If that be suith my selfe shall neuer eate breade,
For all my wit hére shortlie I conclude.
A woman then of the new towne of Air,
To him she went when he was fallen there,
And on her knés right lowlie them besought,
To purchase leaue she might hence with him faire,
In lightlines they granted to her there,
And ouer the water into her house him brought,
To burie him as godlie as she might,
Then Thomas said yet shall I liue na mair,
If that be true by God that all hes wrought,
The Maister heard what Thomas said in plaine,
He charged his man to speid him fast againe:
To sée the house and warely to espy,
What word he heard among them buselie.
The man went out at bidding was all baine,
To the new towne to passe he did his paine,
To that ilke house and went in suddenly,
About he blinked vnto the buird him by,
The woman rose, in heart she was not faine,
Who lyes here he did demand in plaine.
Wallace, she said ful worthie that hes béne,
Then wæped she that pitteous was to séne,

The man thereto great credence gaue he noght,
Toward the buird he bowned as he beſt thoght.
On knéis ſhe fell and cryed for Jeſus ſhéne,
Let ſlande r be and from your thought it ſléme.
The man anſwered by him that all hes wroght,
I would his weilfaire, and cuiſt into his thoght:
Might I on life once ſé him with mine eine
He ſhould be ſafe thocht England wold him ſléme.
She led him vp to Wallace by the gréis
He ſpoke with him, then faſt againe can preaſe:
With glade bodword their mirths to amend,
And came againe and tould them whole to end:
He tould to them the firſt tythings was lies.
Then Thomas ſaid, forſuith ere he deceis,
Many thouſand in field ſhall take an end,
From this Region he ſhall the Sutheron ſend:
And Scotland thriſe he ſhall bring to a peace,
Into this Realme greate God ſhall ſend him grace.
All worthie men that hes good wit to waill,
Beware that ye do not miſdéme my taill:
Perchance ye ſay to Bruce was none ſik like,
He was as good where déds were to aſſaill,
As of his hands and bolder of battell:
But Bruce was knowne right air of this Kingrik,
For he had right we call no man him like,
But Wallace thriſe this Kingrik conqueiſt haill
In England far ſoght battell on that rike.

The battell of Lowdone hill. Chap. IIII

I will returne to my purpoſe againe,
When Wallace was releaued of his paine:
The Countrie déemde all whole that he was dead,
His deareſt kin knew not of his remède:
While whole he was likelie to goe and ride,
Into that place he would no longer byde.
His true képer he ſent to Ellerſlie,
After him there he durſt not let her be.

Her

Her daughter als, her seruands and her childe,
He made them passe vnto his mother milde,
When they were gone, no weapons there he saw,
To helpe him with what auenture might faw,
A rousty sword in a noke he saw stand,
Withoutten belt, bose, buckler or yet brand,
Long time before it had bene in that stead,
An aged man it left when he was deade,
He drew the blade and fand it wald well byte,
Though it was foule he toke it with him tyte,
God helpe his man for thou shall goe with me,
Whill better come, will God sone may that be.
To sir Rannald as then he would not faire,
Into that passage for Sutheron made repare,
At Richartoun full faine he would haue bene,
To get him horse and part of armour schene.
Then afterward as he bowned to fair,
Thre Englishmen he met ryding to Aire,
At their voyage in Glasgow forth had bene.
One Longcastell that cruell was and kene:
A bolde Squyar, with him gud yemen two,
Wallace drew by and would haue let them go,
To him they ride, and said despitcouslie,
Thou Scot abyde, I trow thou be a spy,
Or else a theefe from presence would thee hyde:
Then Wallace said with sober words that tyde,
Sir I am seik for Gods loue let me go.
Longcastell said, forsuith it beis not so:
A fellon fræke thou semæll in thy fair,
While men thee know thou shalt with me to Air
Hint out his sword that was of noble hew,
Wallace with that at his lighting him threw,
Upon the craig with his sword hes him taine,
Through braine & lyre in sunder broke the bane,
Be he was fallen the two was lighted downe,
To benge his deade on Wallace made them boun
The one of them vpon the heade he gaue,

The rouſtie blade buto the craig him claue,
The other fled and durſt no longer byde,
With a rude ſtep Wallace could after glyde,
Out through the ribbes a ſicker ſtrake gaue he,
While leuer and lungs men might at once ſée:
The horſe he tooke both weapons and armour,
Then thanked God with glade heart in that houre.
Siluer they had, all with him hes he taine.
Him to ſupport for ſpending had he nane.
Into great haiſt he rade to Richarton,
A glade ſemblie was at his lighting downe,
When Wallace met with ſir Richart that Knight,
For him had mourned while feble was his ſight,
His two ſonnes of Wallace was full faine,
They had him loſt, yet God him ſaued againe,
His Eme ſir Rannald to Richarton came faſt,
The woman tauld by Corsbie as ſhe paſt,
How Wallace eſcaped, then on their way yeid,
Sir Rannald yet was in a fellon dréede,
While he him ſaw, in heart he thoght full long,
Then ſuddenly in armes he him throng:
He might not ſpeake bot kiſſed him tenderly,
His troubled ſpirit was in an extaſie.
The glade teares they braſt from his eyes two,
Ere that he ſpoke a long time held him ſo,
And at the laſt right friendfullie ſaid he,
Welcome Neuoy, welcome deare ſonne to me,
Thanked be he that all the world hes wroght,
That fairlie thée out of priſon hes broght,
His mother came and other friends anew,
With full glade wil to ſée theſe tythings trew,
Good Robert Boyde that worthie was and wight:
Would not them trow while he them ſaw with ſight.
From ſundrie parts they came to Richarton,
Féele worthie folks that were of great renoun:
Thus leaue I them in mirth gladneſſe and pleaſance,
Thanking greate God of this happie chance.

THE THIRD BOOKE.

IN ioyous July when the flowres are sweit,
Digestabill engendring with the heit:
Baith Flawre, and frute, bustis and bewes braid
Aboundantlie in euerie slonk and staid:
All bestiall thair richt course to indure,
Weill helpit ar be wirking of nature.
On fute ascendant to the heuins hicht,
Conseruit well be the maker of might,
Filche in the fude re sortit really,
To mannis fude the warld to occupy.
Bot Scotland sa was wasted monya day,
Throw weir sic skaith, that labour was away,
Wittell worthit skant or August could appeir,
Throw all the land the fude hapnit full deare,
Bot Englishmen that riches wantit nane,
Be carriage brocht their wittaill in guid wane:
Stuffit houlis with wine and good bernage.
Enioyed this land as their owne heritage,
This Kingrik haill they rewlit at their will,
Messingers than sic tithings tauld them till,
And tauld the Persie that Wallace liuand was,
And fra their prisoun in Air eschapit hes.
They trowit it well that Wallace past that steid,
For Longcastell and his two men were deid.
They warpit the chance that Wallace was so past
In euery pairt they were full greitlie agast,
Throw prophecie that they had heard befoir,
Lord Persie said, what neidis wordis moir,
Bot he be fast he shall doe great merueill,
It wer the best for King Edwardis auaill,
Sicht he him get to be his sted fast man.
For gold or land his Conqueist micht stand than,
We think be force he may not gottin be,

Wits

Wise men forsuith be his eschaip may se,
Thus deme they him in many diuers cace,
We leif them thus and speike of gude Wallace,
In Richartoun he wald na longer byde,
For friends counsell nor ocht that micht betide.
And when they saw that it auailed nocht,
His purpose was to venge him gif he mocht.
On Sutheroun blude that hes his Elders slaine,
They leit him worke his owne will into plaine,
Sir Richard had thre sonnes as I zou tauld,
Adam Richard, and Simon that was bauld.
Adam eldest was growne into courage,
Fordwart, richt fair, and eightene yeres of age,
Large of persoun, richt hardie wise and wight,
Gude King Robert in his time made him knicht
Lang time efter in Bruces weiris abaid,
On Englishmen mony gude iourney maid,
This gude Squyar with Wallace bounit to ryde,
And Robert Boyde quhilk wald na langer byde.
Under thirlage of seiges of England,
To the false King he had neuer made band,
Cleland was there neir cousing to Wallace,
Syne baid with him in many perillous place.
And Edward Littill his sister sonne sa deir,
Full weill grathed into their armour cleir,
With their seruands to Richartoun they raid,
To Mauchline mure, ane schort time their abaid:
For friends them tauld was bundin in thirlage,
That Fenwicke sent was for the Carriage:
Within schort time he will bring it to Air,
Out of Carleill they had reskaut it thair.
That pleisit Wallace in hart richt greatumlie,
Wit ze they were an gudely cumpanie.
Towart Lowdoun they bounit them to ryde,
And in ane schaw ane little thair beside,
They ludgit them for it was neir the nicht,
To watch the way als guidlie as they micht.

A good true Scot quhilk hostlair house held there.
Under Lowdon my Author can declare.
He saw them come, he went to them in hy,
Both meat and drinke he broght them priuily:
And to them told the carriage men in plaine,
Their fore-ryder to Air was past againe:
Left them to come with power of great auaill,
They trowed by then they were in Annandaill.
Wallace then said we will not soiorne héere,
Nor change no wéede but our each dayes geare.
At Crossintoun the way was spilt that tide.
For that same way behoued they to ride.
And from the time that he off prison fure,
Good sommer wéed daily on him he bure:
Good light harnesse from that time vsed he euer,
For sudden strife, from it he would not seuer.
Ane Habergeon vnder his gowne he bair,
A good steele cap in his bonnet but mair:
Two gloues of plate with cloth was couered well,
In his doublet a closse coller of steell.
His face he kéeped for it was euer bare,
With his two hands the quhilk full worthie were,
Into his wéede if he came in a thrang,
Was no man then on foote might with him gang.
So growne of strength, of power strong and sture,
His terrible dints were fearefull to endure.
They trusted more of Wallace him alane,
Then an hundreth of England might be tane,
These worthie Scots made there no tarying,
To Lowdon hill past in the day dawing.
Deuised the place, and put their horse away,
And thoght to win or neuer hame to ga.
Two scurriours sent to visie well the plane,
But they right soone returned in againe:
To Wallace said that they were comming fast,
Then to the ground all knéeling at the last,
With humble hearts praying with al their might,

To God aboue to help them in their right:
They graithed them to harneſſe haſtelie,
Their ſonzied none of that good companie.
Then Wallace ſaid, heere was my Father ſlaine,
And my brother which does me mekill paine:
So ſhall my ſelfe, or venged be but dreed,
The traitor is heere the cauſer of the deed,
Then hecht they all to bide with heartlie will,
By that the power was taking Lowdon hill.
The Knight Fenwick conuoyed the carriage.
He had on Scots made many ſhrewde voyage.
The Sun was riſen leiming ouer lands light
The Engliſhmen ſaw that they came to the hight,
Neare him they raid and ſone the Scots ſaw,
He told his men and ſaid to them on raw:
Ponder is Wallace that eſcaped our priſoun,
He ſhall againe be drawen through the town.
His head I know might better pleaſe the King.
Then gold or land, or any earthlie thing.
He made his ſeruants bide with the carriage ſtill,
Thoght to demane the Scots at their owne will.
Nineſcore he led in harneſſe birneſt bright,
And fiftie were with Wallace in the right,
Unrebuted the Southeron were in weir,
And faſt they came full awfull in effeir.
A manner of dyke of ſtones they had made,
Narrowed the dyke wherethrough the thickeſt rade,
The Scots on foote tooke the gate them before,
The Southeron ſaw, their courage was the more.
In prydefull pryde they thought ouer them to ride.
But otherwiſe it hapned in that tide:
On either ſide together faſt they glade,
The Scots on foote great rowme about them made:
With prunzeing ſpeares through plates of fine ſteill,
The Engliſhmen that thought to venge them weill,
On harneſt horſe about them rudely rade,
That with vneaſe vpon their fête they bade,

Wallace the formest in the birne he bare.
The grounden speare throughout his bodie share:
The shaft he shoke it of the frushing tre,
Deuoyded it sone since no better might be:
Drew swords then, both heauie, sharp and lang,
On either side full cruellie they dang.
Fighting at once into that fellon doubt,
Then Englishmen enuironed them about:
Through force they thought out through them for to ride.
The Scots on fote that boldly could abide,
With swords share through halse and habrik good,
Upon the fields shot out the Southeron blood.
From horse and man, through harnelle birnell bene,
A sore assailzie forsuith there might be sene.
They trusted no life but to the latter end,
Of so few folke great noblenesse might be kend.
Together bade defending them so fast,
Durst none disseuer while that the preasse be past.
The Englishmen that were right wise in weir,
By force ordained in sunder them to beir.
Their chefe Captaine als fierce as any boare,
Through matalent and very proper care:
On a great horse into his glittering geare,
Out ouer calls a fellon asper speare.
The Knight Fenwick that cruell was and kene,
Of Wallace Father he at the death had bene:
And of his brother that doughtie was and deare,
When Wallace saw that false Knight was so neare:
His courage grew in yre as a Lyon,
To him he ran and frekes feill bare downe:
As he rade by an ackwart strake him ta,
Both thigh and arson in sunder made he ga:
From the cursour he fell on the far side,
With a sharp sword he stroke him in that tide.
Ere he was dead a great preasse came so fast,
Ouer him to ground they bare Boyde at the last.
Wallace was nere and turned in againe,

Him to reskew while he rose of the paine:
Wightlie did him weare while he a sword hes taine,
Throughout the stowre these two in feire are gaine.
The remanent vpon them followed fast,
In their passage feill Southeron made agast.
Adam Wallace the heire of Richartoun,
Stroke one Bewmont a Squyar of renowne,
On the pesant with his sword birnest bare,
The birnest blade his halse in sunder share.
The Englishmen saw their Chiftane was slaine.
Boldly abode as men of mekill maine:
Rich horse ramping rushed fréeks vnder féet,
The Scots on foot made many lose the swéet.
Wight men lighted themselfe for to defend,
Where Wallace came their déede was litle kend.
The Southeron part forfrushed were that tide,
That in that stowre they might not long abide.
Wallace indéede he wroght right worthelie,
The Squyar Boyde, and all their Cheualrie.
The Englishmen tooke plaine part for to flée,
Little and Cleland made of their enemies die.
On horse some part to strengths can them found,
To succour them with many working wound.
An hundreth dead in field was leaued thair,
And thrée Yeomen of Wallace dead but mair:
Two was of Kyle, and one of Cunninghame,
With Robert Boyde to Wallace came from hame,
Fourescore escaped from field on Sutheron side,
The Scots in place that boldly could abyde.
Spulzeing the field of gold and other geare,
Harnesse and horse quhilk they néeded in warre.
The English knaues they made the carriage lead,
To Clyds forrest while they were out of dread:
And band them fast with widdies sad and sair,
On bowing trées then hanged they them thair.
He spared none that able was for weir,
But women and Priests he made them ay forbeir,

When this was done to dinner sone they went,
Of stuffe and wine that God had to them sent.
Tenscore of horse they wan that carriage bare,
With victuall and wine as mekill as they might fair
And other stuffe that they off Carlile led,
The Southeron part out of the field they fled.
With sorrow sought to the Castel of Air,
Before the Lord and told him of that fair:
What good they left, and who in field were slaine,
Throughe wight Wallace that was of mekill maine.
And how he had made all his seruants hang,
The Persie said, if that Squyar last lang.
Out of this land he shall erryle vs cléne,
So despitefull was neuer in world séne.
In our prison héere last when that he was,
Quer sleuthfullie our képer let him pas.
Then this our hold I finde well may not be,
We must make bring our victuall by the sea.
But lose our men it helps vs right nought,
Our kin may ban that euer we hither sought.
Leaue I them now blaming their sorie chance,
And more to speake of Scotsmens gouernance.
When Wallace had well vanquest into plaine,
The false tyrant that had his Father slaine:
His brother als which was a doughtie Knight,
Other good men before to death had dight.
He causde prouide and parted their victuall,
With stuffe and horse that was of great auaill.
To friends about right priuilie they send,
The remanent full gladlie there they spend.
In Clyds wood they soiorned there thrée dayes,
No Sutheron was that durst persue these wayes:
But he tholed death that came in their danger,
The word of Wallace walked far and neer.
Wallace was knowne on life liuing againe,
Through Englishmen thereof had mekill paine.
The Lord Persie to Glasgow could he fair,

With wise Lords and held a counsell thair.
When they were met mo then ten thousand,
No Chiftane was that time durst take in hand
To lead a Range, on Wallace to assaile.
Asked about quhat was their best counsaile.
Sir Aimer Wallange that false traitor & strong,
In Bothwell dwelt, and then was them among:
He said, my Lords, my counsell will I gine,
But doe ye not from skaith ye may not line:
Ye must take peace without more tarying,
As for a time we must send to the King.
The Persie said of our trewes he will none
An awfull Chiftane truely he is one:
He will doe more in faith ere that he blin,
Southeron to slay he thinkes it is no sin.
Sir Aimer said, trewes it behoues you take,
While afterward for him provision make:
I know he will do mekill for his kin,
Centrice and trueth ay restes him within.

How the Englishmen tooke peace with Wallace. Chap. II.

His Uncle sir Rannald may make the band,
Gif he will not, recognise all his land,
Unto the time that he this worke haue wrought,
Sir Rannald was sone to their counsel brought:
They charged him to make Wallace at peace,
Or he should passe to London ere he cease,
To King Edward and bide in his prison,
While they aske to haue peace for his ranson.
Sir Rannald said, Lords ye know right well,
At my counsell he will not doe a deale:
His worthie kin despitfullie ye slew:
In prison then neare to the death him drew,
Ye is at large and will not doe for me,
Though ye therefore should now mak me to die,
Sir Aimer said, these Lords counsell send,

Ye

Pe to the King to make a finall end:
Of his conqueſt,forſuith he will it haue,
Wallace nor thou may not this Countrie ſaue.
Might Edward King get him for gold or land
To be his man,then might he kepe Scotland.
The Lord bade ceaſe,thou failleſt to that Knight,
Far more in trueth then it is any right.
The wrong conqueſt our King deſpyeth ay,
On him and vs it ſhall be ſéne one day.
Wallace hes right,both force,and fair foretoun,
Pe heard how he eſcaped our Priſoun.
Thus ſaid that Lord,& prayed ſir Rannald fair,
To make this peace thou Shirreffe art of Air.
As for a time we may aduiſed be:
Under my ſeale I ſhall be bound to thée,
The Engliſhmen that they ſhall doe him noght,
Nor to no Scots but it be on them ſoght,
Sir Rannald knew he might them not gainſtand,
Of Lord Perſie he hes receiued that band.
Perſie was true, and ay of greate auaill,
Sober in peace and cruell in battell.
Sir Rannald him bowned on the morne but bade
Wallace ta ſéke in Clyds Forreſt rade:
So him he fand bouning to his dimer,
When they haue ſéne this good Knight comming néere,
Well he him knew, and told them what he was.
Paruel he had what made him hither pas.
Made him good cheare of meats good and fine,
King Edwards ſelfe could get no better wine,
Then they had there bernage and bennilon,
Of beſtiall into great fuſion.
Then after meate he ſhew them of this déde,
How he had béne into ſo mekill dréde.
Neuoy he ſaid, worke parte of my counſell,
Take peace a while, and for the more auaill:
But thou doe ſo forſuith thou hes greate ſin,
For they are ſet to vndoe all thy kin.

Then

Then Wallace said to good men him about,
I will no peace for all this fellon doubt:
But if it please better to you then me;
The Squyar Boyde him answered soberly
I giue you counsell ere this good knight be slaine,
Take peace a while although it do vs paine,
So said Adam, the heyre of Richarton,
And Cleland als to their opinion.
With their consent Wallace this peace hes tane,
As his Eme wrought while ten moneths were gane;
Their leaue they toke with sad comfort in plaine,
Fand God to brugh they should mete whole againe,
Boyd and Cleland, past to their places hame,
Adam Wallace to Richarton by name,
Forth with sir Rannald can William Wallace ryde,
In his houshold in Corsbie for to byde,
This peace was cryed in August moneth mylde,
These Gods of battel furious and wylde,
Mars and Iuno euer doth their businesse,
Causers of warre, ay worker of wickednesse,
And Venus als quhilk goddes is of loue,
And olde Saturne his course for to approue,
These foure thawes of diuers complexion,
Battell, debate, enuy, and destruction,
I cannot deme of their melancholie,
But Wallace could not well in Corsbie ly,
Him had rather in trauell for to be,
Right sore he longed the towne of Air to se.

How Wallace slew the Buckler player in the towne of Aire, Chap, III.

SIr Rannald past from home vpon a day,
Fiftene he toke and to the towne went they:
Couered his face that no man might him know,
No thing he cared how few enemies him saw.
In sober wede disagnysed well were they,
An Englishman on the gate saw he play,

At

At the ſcrimmage a buckler on his hand,
Wallace neir by in fellowſhip could ſtand.
Lightlie he ſaid, Scot dareſt thou not preue.
Wallace ſaid yea, ſo thou dare giue me leaue,
Smite on ſaid he, I defy thy Nation:
Wallace therewith hes taine him on the crowne,
Through bucler, brand, and through the harnes alſo:
Unto the ſhoulders the ſharpe ſworde made he go.
Lightly returned to his owne men againe,
The women cryed our buckler player is ſlaine.
The man was deade what nædes words mair,
Feill men of armes about him ſembled thair,
Eightſcore at once vpon ſirtæne they ſet:
But Wallace ſone with the formeſt hes met,
With yre and will on the heade hes him taine,
Through the bright helme in ſunder brift the bone,
Another breathlie on the breaſt he bare.
His birneſt blade throughout the bodie ſhare,
Great rome he made, his men was fighting faſt,
And many a grome they made full ſore agaſt,
For they were wight and well vſed in weir,
Of Engliſhmen right boldly downe they beare:
On their enemies great martyrdome they made.
Their hardie chiftane ſo well among them glade,
What Engliſhmen that bade into his gate,
Contrare Scotland made neuer more debate.
Feill freiks on fold were felled vnder fæte,
Of Southeron blod lay ſticked on the ſtræte,
New power came from the Caſtell that tide,
Then Wallace fled, and drew toward a ſide,
With right good will he would eſchew ſuppryſe,
For he in warre was worthie wight and wiſe.
Harnes and heids in ſunder hewde he faſt,
By force out through the thickeſt preaſe he paſt,
Wallace returned behind his men againe,
At the reſkew fæle Sutheron hes he ſlaine.
His men all then he out of perrell brought,

From their enemies with all the power he might.
Unto their horse they went but more abade,
For danger then to Langlane wood they rade.
Twentie and nine they left into that stead,
Of Southeron men that brittined were to dead,
The remanent againe turned that tyde,
For in this wood they durst not him abyde.
Toward the towne they drew with all their maine,
Cursing the peace they toke before in plaine.
The Lord Persie in his heart was greatlie grieued,
His men suppressed againe to him relieued.
And feill were dead into their armour cleare,
Three of his kin that were to him full deare.
When he heard tell of their great grieuance,
Their selfe was cause of this mischeuous chance.
Mourning he made, thogh few Scots it kend,
An Herald then to sir Rannald he send:
And to him told of their full sudden cace,
And charged him to take souerance of Wallace:
He should him hold from market towne and fair,
Where he might best be out of their repair.
The Southeron knew that it was wight Wallace,
That them ouerset into that sudden cace.
Their trewes for this they wold not breake a deale,
When Wallace had this chance eschewed well,
Upon a night from Langlane home he rade,
In chamber sone their residence they made.
Upon the morne when that the day was light,
With Wallace forth went sir Rannald the Knight:
Shew him the writ that Lord Persie had sent,
Deare sonne he said this is my whole intent,
That thou wold grant while that these trews wer worne,
No skaith to do to any in England borne:
But where I passe daily thou byde with me,
Wallace answered, good sir that may not be.
Right loath I were deare Uncle you to grieue,
I shall doe nought while time I take my leaue,

An

And warne you als or that I fra you passe:
His Eme and he on this accorded was.
Wallace with him made his continuance,
Ilk wicht was blyth for to do him pleasance.
In Corsbie thus he rested them amang.
Thair sevintein dayes suppois he thoght it lang,
Thocht they him pleisit as an primate or king,
Into his minde remainit another thing,
He saw his enemies maisters in this region,
Wicht not him please thocht he were King with croun.
Thus leif I him with his deare friendes still,
Of Englishmen now speik some part I will.

THE FOVRTH BOOKE DECLARES how Wallace wanne the Peele of Gargunnoke. Chap. I.

IN September that humble moneth sweit,
When bypast was of Sommer the heate
Wittail and frute are rypit in aboundance,
As God ordanit to mans sustenance.
Sagittarius with his asper bow.
Be ilk Signe the veritie to know,
The changing cours quhilk makes great difference.
And leifis had lost there collour of pleasance:
All worldlie thing hes nocht bot ane season,
Baith herb and frute man fra the hicht cum doun.
In this ilk time ane great counsell was set,
In Glasgow toun where mony maisters met,
Of Inglis Lords, to statute this countrie.
And chargit they all Schirreffes there to be:
Sir Rannald Crawfurd behouit that time be thair,
For he throw richt was borne Schirreffe of Air,
His deare Nevoy with him that time he tuik,
William Wallace as witnes beiris the buik.

For

For he na time ſuld farre be fra his ſicht,
He luiffit him with heart and all his might.
They graithed them without langer abaid,
Wallace ſam pairt befoir the court out raid,
Quirtake the childe Sir Rannalds ſoum fuld leid,
Withthim twa men that worthie were indeid.
Softlie they raid quhile they the court ſuld knaw,
Sa ſuddainlie that time himſelfe he ſaw:
The Perſies ſowme in quhilk great riches was,
The hors was tyrit and might na farder paſſe,
Fyue men were chargit to keip it well that tyde,
Twa was on fute, and thrée on horſe can ryde.
The Pallerman at their ſeruant can ſpeir,
Quha aw this ſoume the trueth to me ze leir,
The man anſwerit withoutten words mair,
My Lord he ſaid it is the Schirreffes of Air,
Sen his it is this horſe ſhall with me gang,
To ſerue our Lord or elſe I thinke great wrang.
Thoch an ſubiect indeid would paſſe his Lord,
It is not leiſum be na richteous record:
They cutted be brace and let the harneſſe fall,
Wallace was neir quhen he ſic robberie ſaw,
He ſpake to them with manlie countenance,
In fair forme he ſaid but variance,
Ze do vs wrong and it in time of peace,
Of ſic robberie it were gud time to ceaſe,
The Sutheron ſchrew in yre anſwerit him to,
It ſall be wrocht as thou may ſe vs do:
Thou gets na mendis quhat neids wordis mair.
Sadly advyſed; Wallace remembrit their,
Of the promeis he made his Eme befoire,
Reſſoun him rewled as then he did no more,
Bot paſt away to meit his Eme againe,
Seand this reaſe was moued with greate paine,
The horſe yet tooke they for auenture might fall,
Band on their ſoume, ſyne furth the way can call.
Their tyrit ſoumar they left their on the plane,

Wallace

Wallace returned toward the Court againe,
On the mure side sone with his Eme he met,
And told how they the way had for him set,
And were not I was bound in my leageance,
We parted not thus for all the gold in France,
The horse they reft quhilk should your harneſſe beare.
Sir Rannald said that is but little deare.
We may get horse and other thing in plaine:
If men be lost we get them neuer againe,
Wallace then said als wisely God me saue,
Of this greate misse a mends shall I haue,
And neither let for peace nor yet pleasance,
With witnesse here I giue vp my leageance.
For cowardly ye are like to lose the right,
Sone after then your owne death will be dight.
In wraith thairwith suddenly from him he went:
Sir Rannald was wise and keft in his intent,
And said I will bide at the Meirns this night,
So Englishmen of vs shall deme no vnright.
If any be dead before vs vpon case:
Then we in Law may bide the righteousneſſe.
His lodging toke at the Meirns still he bade,
Full great mourning for his Neuoy he made.
But all for nought what might it him auaill:
As into warre he wrought not his counsell.
Wallace rade forth with his two Yemen past,
The sowmar man he followed wonder fast.
By east Cathcart he ouer hied them againe,
Then knew they well that it was he in plaine:
By horse and weede had argued them before,
And fiue to them returned withoutten more.
Wallace to ground from his Cursour can glyde,
An birneſt brand he braided out that tide:
The Waster-man with so good will stroke he,
Both hat and head in sunder made he flie.
Another fast vpon the face he gaue,
To deade on ground but mercie sone him draue.

The

The third he hat with great yre in that ſteid,
Fey on the field, he bes him left for deid.
Wallace ſlew thre, be that his zemen wicht,
The vther twa derſlie to death had dight.
Syne ſpuilzeit they the Barnelle or they wend,
Of ſilver and gold they gat aneugh to ſpend.
Jewels they toke the beſt was choſen thair,
Gude horſe and geir, ſyne on their way can fair,
Then Wallace ſaid at ſum ſtrength wald I be,
Ouer Clyde that time was ane gud brig of tre,
Thither they paſt in all their gudelie micht,
The day was gane and cummin was the nicht.
They durſt not weill neir ſtill be Glaſgow byde,
In the Lennox he toke purpoſe to ryde.
And ſa he did ſyne iudged thair that night:
As they beſt micht, quhill that the day was light,
To ane Miſtillarie he went and ſoiournit thair,
With trew Scottis that his neir friends were.
The counſell met richt gladelie on the morne,
Bot feill tithings were brocht Perſie before,
His men was ſlane his treaſure als was reft,
With feill Scots and them na Jewels left,
They deimit about of that derfe doubtfull cace,
The Sutheroun ſaid forſuith it is Wallace.
The Schirreffes Court was cummand to the toun,
And he was ane for Scot of maiſt renoun.
They gart ſeik Schir Rannald in that rage,
Bot he was ſtill then at his harbarage.
Sum wyſe men ſaid thairof na thing he kend,
The men were ſlane here at the tounes end,
Schir Rannald come be nyne houris of the day,
Befoir the Perſie and his men brocht were they,
They followit him of fellonnie that was wrocht,
The aſſyſe of this to him couth ſay richt nocht,
They deimit about there of that fellon cace,
Befoir the Judge thair he demyit Wallace,
And ſa he micht, he wiſt not where he was,

From this counsell my purpose is to passe,

OF Wallace to speik in wildernesse so wyde,
The Lord God be his gouernour and gyde,
Still at that place four dayes he soiourned haill,
When tithings come to him fra that counsell.
Then statute they in ilk steid of the West,
In thay bounds Wallace should haue no rest.
His deir Uncle ane great aith gart him sweir,
That he but leif no friendship should him beare,
And many vther full wa was that day,
And Robert Boyd stall aff the toun away,
And Cleland als before with him had bene,
They had far leuer se him with their eine,
Leuand on lyfe as they knew him before,
Than of pure gold ane Millioun and moir.
Boyd weipit sair and said our Lord is gane,
Amang his fais is set all him allane.
Than Cleland said fals Fortoun changes fell,
Great God sen we with him had euer pall.
Edward Littill to Annandaill is went,
And wait richt nocht of this new Judgement,
Adam Wallace baid still in Richartoun,
Sa fell it thus with Wallace of renoun.
He with his power pairtit maruelouslie,
Be fortoun of chance ouerturnis doubillie.
Thair pitteous mane as then could not be bet,
Thay wist na wit quhair that they suld him get.
He left the place quhair he in ludging lay,
To Erle Malcome he went vpon ane day,
The Lennox haill he held into his hand,
To King Edward then had he not made band.
The land was strait and maisterfull to win.
Gude men of armes that time was it within.
The Lord was traist, the men sicker and trew,
With waik power they durst him not persewe,
Richt glade he was of Wallace cumpanie,

Wal-

Welcommit him fair with worthip reuerentlie,
At his owne will delyrit gif he wald,
To byde thair ſtill Paiſter of his houſhald,
Of all his men he ſhould haill chiftane be,
Wallace anſwerit it were eneuch for me.
I can not byde, my minde is ſet in plaine,
Wrokin to be, or ellis to die in pane.
Our well countrie, thair ſtatute is ſa ſtrang,
Into the North my purpoſe is to gang.
Stevin of Ireland into the Lennox was,
With wicht Wallace he ordainit him to pas.
And vthers als that borne was of Argyle,
Wallace ſtill their maid reſidence ane quhile,
Quhill men it wiſt and ſemblit ſoone him till,
He chargit nane but at their owne gude will,
Thocht they were ſtrangers zet could he not them dreid,
Bot reſſauit them all in his weirs to leid,
Sum pairt of them was then of Ireland borne,
That Mackfadzeane had exylit out before.
King Edwardis man he was kwone of Ireland,
Of richt law birth ſuppois he tuke on hand.
To Wallace their come ane that hecht Fawdoun,
Of Melancholik and euill complexioun,
Heauie of ſtature, and dour of countenance,
Sorrowfull was ay, in dreid, without pleaſance.
Wallace reſſauit quhat men wald cum him till,
The bodily aith they made him with gude will,
Before the Erle all in ane concord,
And him reſſauit as their Captaine and Lord.
His ſpeciall men that come with him fra hame,
The ane hecht Gray, the vther Keirlie be name,
In his ſeruice come firſt in all their mane,
To Lowdoun Hill quhair that Fenwick was ſlaine,
He them commandit ay nixt him to perſew,
For he them kend right hardie wiſe and true.
His leif he tuke richt on ane fair maner,
The gude Erle than he bad him giftis keir,

Wallace wald nane, but gane of his feill fpis,
To powre and rich on ane gudely wyis
Humble he was hardie wyſe and frée,
And of riches he held na propertie,
Of honour and worſhip he was ane mirrour kend,
As he of gold had aboundantlie to ſpend:
Upon his fais he wan it worthilie,
Thus Wallace paſſ and his gude Chiualrie:
Sertie he had of likelie men at wage,
Throw the Lennox he ledthem with courage.
About Lekkie he iudged them in ane daill,
Ane ſtrength thair was quhilk they thocht to aſſaill,
On Cargunnok thair bigged was ane Peill,
That ſtuffed was with men and vittaill weill,
Within an dyke, cloſe, chamber, and Hall.
Captaine thairof to name hecht Thirlwall,
They led Wallace quhair that this biggit was,
Thocht to aſſailzie farther or he wald paſſe,
Twa ſpyis he ſend to beſie all the land,
Richt laith he was the thing to take on hand,
The quhilk be force that ſuld gang him againe,
Rather he had throw aventure be ſlane.
Thir men went furth quhen it was large midnight.
About the houſe they ſpyit all at right.
The watchmen heauie was and fallen on ſleip.
The Wrig was drawne that the entrie ſuld keip.
The labourers lait reklelie went in,
Thir men returnit without nopes or din,
To thair Maiſter, and tauld what they had ſene,
Then graithed he ſoone thir men of armes kene,
Sadlie on fute vnto the houſe they ſocht,
And enterit in for letting had they nocht.
Wicht men aſſayit with all their beſie cure,
Ane lokkit bar was drawne athort the dure,
Bot they might not it breke out of the wall,
Wallace was grieued quhen he ſik tarte ſaw,
Sum pairt annoyed, wraithlie to it he went,

By force of hands it raiſit out of the ſprent.
Thrée ellis of breid als of the wall pullit out,
Then meruellit all his men that was about,
How he did mair then twentie of them might,
Syne with his fute the ʒet he ſtrake vp right.
Quhill brace and bands he brittit all at anis,
Frayitlie they rais that was within thae wainis.
The Watchman had a felloun ſtaffe of ſteill,
At Wallace ſtrak, but he keipt him richt weill.
Rudelie fra him he reft it in the thrang,
Dang out his harnis, ſyne in the dyke him ſlang.
The remanent be that was on their feit,
Thus Wallace ſone can with the Captain meit.
The ſtaffe he had beanie and forged new,
With that Wallace vpon the heid him drew.
Quhill bane and brane all in ſunder ʒeid,
His men enterit that worthie were indeid.
In hands hint and ſtikkit all the laue,
Wallace commanded they ſhould na weirman ſaue.
Twentie and twa they ſtickit in that ſteid,
Wemen and bairnis quhen that the men was deid,
He gart be tane, and keipt in cloſe full weill,
That they thairout might haue thairof na feill.
The dead bodies they put ſone out of ſight,
Tuik vp the brig or that the day was light.
In that place baid foure dayes or he wald pas,
Wiſt nane thairout how that the maner was.
Spuilzeit that ſteid, and tuke them gainand geir,
Jewellis and gold away with them they beir.
Quhen he thocht time they ithit on the night,
To the nixt wood they went with all their might.
The Captaines Wyfe, Wemen, and children thrée,
Paſt quhair they wald, for Wallace left them frée.
In that Forreſt he lykit not to byde,
They bownit them ouer Forth for to ryde.
The Polle was ſtrang, to ryde it was na bute,
Wallace was wight and lighted on his fute.

Few horse they had, littill thairof they roght.
To saif their lyues feill strenths oft they socht.
Steuin of Ireland was their guyde that night,
Toward Kinkardin, syne reist thereat right.
In that forrest quhilk was baith lang and wyde.
Quhilk fra the Polle grew to the water syde.
Efter the Sonne Wallace walkit about,
Upon Teth syde, quhair he saw monie a rout,
Of wylde beists, wauerand in wod and plaine,
Some at ane shot ane great Hart hes he slaine.
Flew fyre aff flint, and graithit thairat right,
Suddainly thair fresh Mennisoun they dight.
Wittaill they had baith bread and wyne sa cleir,
With vther stuffe aneuch at their Denneir.
This staffe of steill he gaue Keirlie to keip,
Syne past they ouer the water of Teth sa deip.
Into Stratherne they enterit suddenly.
In couert past or Southeron should them spy.
Quhom that they fand of Scotlands aduersours,
Without respect was cum thair fatall hours.
Quhom euer they met was at the Inglish fay.
They slew all doun withoutten mair delay.
They spairit nane that was of Inglish blude,
To deith he zeid thocht he was neuer sa gude.
This was the grace that Wallace to them gane,
They saued nane, knicht, squyer, nor zit knaue:
Bot waistit all be worthines of weir,
Of that pairtie that micht beir bow or speir.
Sum pairt be slicht, sum pairt be force they slew,
Bot Wallace thocht they waistit neuer anew.
Siluer they tuke and als gold as they fand,
Vther gude geir full lightlie red fra hand:
Cuttit throatis syne in peit pottis them kest,
Put out of sight, for that they thoch was best.
At the black furde as they should then pas ouer,
Ane Squyar came, and with him beirnis foure.
To Downe sald ryde, & weint that they had beine,

All Inglishmen that he befoir had sene.
Mithings to speir he houit them amang,
Wallace thairwith a gude sword out he swang.
Upon his heid he strak with sa great yre,
Throw bane and brane in sunder strak the lyre.
The vther foure in hands sone wer hint,
Werlie to death stickit or they wald stint.
The horse they tuke, and quhat they likit best,
Spulzeit them bair syne in the bog them kest.
Of this mater na mair tarie they maid,
Bot furth thair way passit without abaid.
Thir weir lyke Scottis all with ane assent,
Sa north ouer Erne out throw the land they went
In Methwen wod their ludging tuke that nicht,
Upon the morne quhen that the day was licht,
Wallace rais vp went to the forrest syde.
Quhair that he saw full wyld beists abyde:
Of wyld and tame walkand aboundantlie,
Then Wallace said, this countrie lykis me,
Weirmen may do with fude that they suld haue,
Bot want they meit they rek not of the laue.
Of daintie fair Wallace tuke neuer keip,
Bot as it come welcome was meit and sleip.
Sumtime he had great sufficience within,
Now want, now haue, now lose now win.
Now licht, now sad, now blyth, and now in baill,
In haist, now hurt, now forrow, and now haill.
Now weiloand weil, now cald wether, now heit,
Now moist, now drouth, and wauerand wind, now weit.
Sa fairs with him for Scotlands richt full euin,
In fell debait seuin zeiris and moneths seuin.
Quhen he wan peace, and left Scotland in plaine,
The Inglishmen made new conquest againe.
In frustrat termes I will not tary lang,
Wallace again vnto his men can gang.
And sa to heir is ane land of great aboundance,
Thankit be God of his hie purveyance.

Seuin of zow feiris, graith ſone and ga with me,
Richt ſair I lang Sanct-Iohnſtoun for to ſe.

How Wallace paſt to Sanct-Iohnſtoun and ſlew the Capitane, and how he wan Kincleuin. Chap. II.

STeuin of Ireland, as God of heauen thé ſaid,
Maiſter and leidar I make thé of the laid,
Keip weill my men, let nane out of thy ſight,
Quhill I gang hidder ſall cum with all my might,
Byde me ſeuen dayes in to this forreſt ſtrang,
Ze may get fude ſuppois I dwell ſa lang:
Sum pairt ye haue and God will ſend you mair,
Thus turned he and to the towne can faire,
The Mair keipit the port of the village,
Wallace knew weill and ſend him his meſſage.
The Mair was brocht ſaw him an gudelie man,
Richt reuerentlie he hes reſſauit them than,
At him he ſpeirit all Scottis if that ye be,
Wallace ſaid zea, and it is peace trow we.
I grant he ſaid that likes vs wonder weill,
Mony men of peace man ay ſum friendſchip feill.
Quhat is your name I pray you tell me it,
William Malcome ſoone he ſaid, ſen ze wald wit.
In Etrick Forreſt hes my winning bene,
Thair was I borne amang the ſhawes ſchene.
Now I deſyre this Northland for to ſé,
Quhair I might finde better dwelling for me.
The Mair ſaid Sir I ſpeir it for nane ill:
Bot fell tithings oft tymis is brocht vs till
Of ane Wallace that borne was in the Weſt,
Our Kings men he halds at great vnreſt,
Martyrs them doun great pitie is to ſé,
Out of the trewes forſuith I trow he be.
Wallace ſaid then we heir ſpeik of that man,
Mithings to you of him tell I nocht can.
For him he gart then an Innes graithit be,
Quhair nane ſuld cum bot his awin men and he,

The

The Stewart Keirlie brocht them in fusion,
Gude thing aneugh the best was in the toun,
Als Englishmen to drinking would him call,
And commonly he delt not there withall.
In their presence he spendit reasonablie,
Zit for himselfe he payit abundantlie.
On Scots men he spendit mekill gude,
Nane with his will bydon the Sutheron blude,
Sone he consauit in his wit priuatlie,
Into that toun wha was of maist pairtie.
Sir Iames Butteller ane aiged cruell Knicht,
Keipit Kincleuin, ane Castell wonder wight.
His sonne Sir Iohn that dwelt into the toun,
Under-Captaine to Sir Gerard Heroun,
The Wemen als he despit at the last,
And sa on ane his ene began to cast.
In the Southgait a fellonn ferlie fair,
Wallace to her maid priuatlie repair.
Sa fell it thus, fra the toun or he past,
At ane accord they happinit at the last,
Wallace with hir in secreit maid him glaid
Sutheroun wist not that he sic pleasance had.
Oft on the nicht he wald say to him sell,
This is far war nor ane paine of hell,
That thus with wrang thir Deuils bruiks our land,
And I with force may not against them stand.
To take this toun my power is too small,
Great perrill als of my life may befall.
Set it on fyre it will vndoe my sell.
Or lose my men there is no mair to tell,
The zettis are closit, the Dykis ar deip withall,
Thocht I wold swoome, forsuith they can nocht all,
This mater heir thairfoir, I will let byde,
For at this time I may no longer byde,
Als men him tauld the Captaine was to pas,
Hame to Kincleuin, quhairof richt glaid he was.
His leif he tuike at Heires of the toun,

To

To Methwen wod right gladelie made them boun.
His hoꝛne he hint and blythlie bounit to blaw,
His men him heard, and thair ſone can they drawe,
Richt blyth he was foꝛ they were heill and feir,
Wony at him foꝛ t ithings wald not ſpeir
He them commandit foꝛ to mak readie faſt,
In gude array out of the wod they paſt,
Toward Kincleuin they bounit them that tyde,
Syne in the baill that neir was them beſyde,
Faſt vpon Tay his buſchment can he drawe,
In ane Derne wod he ſtellit them on raw:
Set Scurriours out the countrie to eſpy,
Bot ſone oꝛ none thair come foꝛerydars by,
The watch turned to ſee what was his will.
He them commanded in couert hald them ſtill.
And we ſkaill furth the houſe will knawledge haue,
And that may ſone be warning to the laue.
All foꝛce in weir dois nocht but greuance,
Wallace was few but happie was his chance,
Wald him keill ſyle his aduerſars to win.
Be that the court of Engliſhmen come in,
Foureſcoꝛe and ten weill graithed in their geir,
Harneiſt on hoꝛs aſlikelie men of weir.
Wallace ſaw weill that number was na ma,
He thanked God and ſyne the field can ta,
The Engliſh marueiled greatlie quhat they ſuld be,
Bot fra they ſaw they made them foꝛ melle,
In reſt they keſt ſchairp ſpeires in that tyde,
In ouir they thocht out ouir the Scottis to ryde,
Wallace and his went cruellie them againe
At the firſt ruſche keill buthe oun were ſlane.
Wallace ſtrake nane with his gwd ſpeir of ſteill,
Thꝛow out the coiſt that ſchaft fruſchit ilk deill,
Ane burneiſt brand in haiſt then hint he out,
Thꝛyſe vpon fote he thꝛang thꝛow all the rout,
Stern hoꝛſe they ſtickit ſuld men of armes beir,
Fey vnder fute was fulzeit men of weir,

Butteller

Butteller lichtit him ſelfe for to defend,
With men of armes quhilk wer full worthie kend.
On ather ſyde feill freiks were fechtand faſt,
The Captaine baid thocht he was ſore agaſt.
Pairt of the Scottis throw worthineſſe they flew,
Wallace was wa, and toward him he drew.
His men then dred the Butteller bauld and kene,
On him he focht, with yre and proper tene.
Upon the head he ſtroke in matalent,
The burneiſt blaid throughout his baſnet went,
Baith baine and braine he briſtit throw his weid,
Thus Wallace hand delyuerit them that dreid.
Zit feill on fold was fechtand fellonlie,
Steuin of Ireland, and all the chiualrie,
Into that ſtoure did worthelie and weill.
And Keirlie als with his gude ſtaffe of ſteill.
The Inglishmen fra their chiftane was ſlane,
They left the feild and fled in all thair mane,
Thrie ſcoir wer ſlaine or they wald leif that ſteid,
The fleand folk they wiſt of na remeid,
Bot take the houſe they fled in all their micht,
The Scottis followed that worthie were and wicht,
Few men of fence was left that place to keip:
Wemen and prieſts vpon the wall can weip,
For weill they weinit the Flears was thair Lord,
To take them in they made them readie for it,
Leit doun the Brig keſt vp the zettes wyde.
The frayit folk entrit that durſt not byde,
Gude Wallace euer he followed them ſo faſt,
Quhill in the houſe he entret at the laſt.
The Zet he wore while commin was the rout,
Of Inglish and Scottis he held na man thairout.
The Inglishmen that winnit in that ſteid,
Withoutin grace they brittinit them to deid.
The Captains wife wemen and Prieſts twa,
And young childer forſuith they ſauit na ma.
Held them in cloiſe after this ſuddan cace,

Or Southerou men suld siege them in that place
Tuik vp the Brig, and zettis closed fast,
The deid bodies out of sight they gart cast.
Within the house and outwith that were deid,
Fyue of his awin to burie he gart leid.
In that Castell seuin dayes still baid he,
And euerie night they spulzeit buselie.
To Shortwood shawis led wine & vittall bright,
And houshold geir, baith gold and siluer bright.
Wemen and boy quhome to he grantit grace,
Quhen he thocht time, they put out of the place.
Quhen they had tane quhat lykit them to haue,
Strak down the zet, and set on fire the laue.
Out of windois the stancheours all they drew,
Full great ynwark into the water threw.
Buirdin dorres and lokkis in their ryre,
All wark of tre they brunt into the fyre.
Spilt that they might, brak brig and bulwarke bowne,
To Shortwood shawis in haist they made them bowne,
Chused ane strenth, quhair they their lodging maid,
In gude effeir ane quhyle still thair he baid.
Zit in the towne of this na wit had they,
The countrie folke quhen it was light of day,
Great reik saw ryse and to Kincleuin they socht,
Bot wals and stane, mair good thair fand they nocht.
The Captaines Wyfe to Saint-Iohnstoun the zeid,
And to sir Gerard tald this felloun deid.
Als to her sonne quhat hapned was be race,
Then deimit they all that it was wight Wallace.
Befoir tyme thair he sppit had the towne,
Then chargit they all they should be ready bown,
Harneist on horse into thair armour cleir,
To seik Wallace they went all furth in feir.
Ane thousand men weill garneist for the weir,
Toward the Wood right awfull in effeir.

Shortwood shawis. Chap. III.

To

TO Schortwood schaw and set it all about,
With fiue staillis that stalwart were and stout:
The sart they maide ane selloun rainge to leid,
Quhair Wallace was full worthie ay indeid.
The strength he tuke and bade them hald it still,
On euerie syde assailzie quha sa will.
Schir Iohn Butteller into that Forrest went,
With twa hundreth sair muist in his intent:
His fathers death to benge him gif he mocht,
To Wallace soone with men of Armes he socht.
Ane Cleuch thair was whereof a strength they made,
With thortour treis and baldly there abade,
Fra the ane syde they micht issche to the plaine,
Syne throw the wood to the strength pas againe,
Twentie he had that noble archers were,
Agains seuin scoir of Inglish bow-men sair,
Three scoir of speirs neir hand them baid full richt,
Gif Scottis ished to help them at thair micht.
On Wallace set ane bicker bauld and kene,
Ane bow he bair was big and weil besene,
And arrowes als baith lang and schairp with aw,
Na man thair was that Wallace bow micht drawe.
Richt stark he was and in full souer geir,
Baldlie he shot amang thay men of weir.
Ane angill heid vnto the huiks he drew,
Syne at ane schot the formest sone he slew,
Inglish Archers that hardie were and wight,
Agains the Scottis bickerit with all their might,
Thair awfull schot was selloun for to byde,
Of Wallace men they woundit stell that tyde,
Few of them was sicker of archerie,
Better they were and they gote euen partie,
In field to byde outher with sword or speir,
Wallace persaued his men tone mekill deir,
He gart them change and stand not in that steid,
He keit alwayes to saif them from the deid,
Full great trauell vpon himselfe tuke he.

Of

Of Sutheroun Archears feill men gart he die,
Of Longcastell Schyir bowmen wer in that place,
Ane fair Archear ay wayted on Wallace,
At ane opin quhair he wist to repair,
At him he drew ane sicker shot and fair,
Under the chin throw ane collour of steill,
On the left side and hurt his halse sum deill.
Astoneist he was but not greitlie agast,
Wallace him saw and followed him full fast,
And in the turning with gude will hes him tane,
Upon the craig in sunder brake the bane,
Than feill of them na friendship with him fand,
Fyftene that day he schot deid with his hand.
Be that his arrowes waistit were and gone,
The Inglish Archears forsuith they wanted none,
Outwith they were thair power to renew,
On euer ilk syde they could to them persew,
Williame Lorane come with his bousteous staill,
Out of Gowrie on Wallace to assaill,
Nevoy he was as it is knowne plaine,
To the Butteller before that they had slane,
To venge his Eme he come with all his micht,
Three hundreth led of men in armes bright.
To leid the range on fute he maid him ford,
Wallace to God his conscience couth remord:
Syne comfort them with manly countenance.
Ze se he said gude Schire thair ordinance.
Heir is na choise but either do or die,
We haue the right the happier may it be.
That we shall thair be grace out of this land,
The Lorane by that was readie at his hand.
By this it was after none of the day,
Feill men of wit to counsell sone zeid they.
The Sutheron kest sharplie on euerie side,
And saw the wood was neither lang nor wide,
Lightlie they said he should it hold so lang,
Fiue hundreth made on fute throughout it to gang.

Sad

Had men at armes that eager wer of will,
About the Scottis with mony shout full shill.
With bow and speir, and swords stif of steill.
On ather syde na friendship couth they feill.
Wallace in yre an buirlie brand can draw,
Quhair feill Southeron wer semblit on ane raw,
To send his men with his deir worthie hand,
The folk wer sey that he befoir him fand.
Throw the thikkest of the great preis he past,
Upon his enemies hewand wonder fast.
Agains his dint na weidis micht auaill,
Quhom sa he hit was deid withoutten faill:
Of the feirlest full braithlie dang he doun,
Befoir the Scottis that wer of great renoun,
To hald the strenth they preissit with all their micht,
Than Inglishmen that worthie wer and wicht,
Sir Iohn Buttelley relevit in againe,
Sinderit the Scots and did them mekill paine.
The Lorane als that cruell was and kene,
Ane sair assay forsuith their micht be sene,
Then at the strenth they might na langer byde,
The range sa strang come vpon ather syde.
In the thickest wood they maid their feill defence,
Agains their fais sa full of violence.
Richt feill Southeron leiuit their life in wed,
To ane new strenth Wallace and his men fled.
On his aduersars they made full fell debait,
To help themself nane ather succour they wait.
The Southeron als wer sunderit than in twin,
Bot they againe togidder sone can win,
Full subtillie thair ordinance they maid,
The range againe they bownit but mair abaid.
The Scottis was hurt and pairt of them was slaine,
Then Wallace said, we labour all in baine.
To slay Commons it helps vs richt nocht,
Bot their Chiftaines that hes them bidder brocht.
Richt we wirk swa that ane of them were slaine,

Sa fair affay they culd not get againe.
Be this the Diſt approachand was full neir,
Thus they them held full manlie vpon ſteir.
Quhen Wallace ſaw the Sutheron was at hand,
Him thocht na time langer for to ſtand.
Richt manfullie he graithit hes his geir,
Sadlie he went againſt thae men of weir:
Throughout the ſtour full faſt ferhtand he ſocht,
With Gods grace to venge him gif he mocht.
Vpon the Buttellar awfullie ſtrak he,
Saifgaird he gat vnder a bowand tre.
The branche in twa he ſtrak abone his heid,
Als to the ground he fellit him in that ſteid.
The haill power vpon him come ſa faſt,
That they be force reſchewed him at the laſt.
Lorane was wae, and thidder faſt can draw,
Wallace returnit ſa ſuddenlie him ſaw:
Out at ane ſyde full faſt to him he zeid,
He gat na girth for all his burneiſt weid:
With ane him ſtrak on his gorget of ſteill,
The trenchand blade it peirſed euery deill.
Through plate and ſtuffe micht not againſt it ſtand,
Derflie to death he left him on the land.
Him haue they loſt, thoch Southeron had it ſworne,
For his craig-bane was all in ſunder ſhorne.
The worthie Scottis did nobillie that day,
About Wallace quhill he was won away.
He tuke the ſtrength againſt thair fais will,
Aboundantlie in bargane baid them ſtill.
The ſcryſone rais the bald Lorane was deid,
Schir Gerard Heroun tranoynted to that ſteid,
And all the Diſt aſſembled him about,
At the North ſyde then Wallace thit out,
With his gude men, and bownit them to ga,
Thankand great God that they wer paſted ſa.
Seuin of his men that day to death was dicht,
To Cargill wood they went that ſamin nicht.

In

In the field left of the Sutheroun ser stoir,
And Lorane als that murning was the moir,
The range in haist they raised soone agane,
Bot quhen they saw their trauell was in vane,
When it was past full mekill mane they maid,
To rype the wood baith baill stonke and staid.
For Butteilers gold Wallace toke cair befoir,
Bot they cand nocht wald they seik euer moir,
His horse they gate bot nocht els of his geir,
With dulefull mane returnit thir men of weir,
To Sanct-Iohnstoun with sorrow and greit care,
Of Wallace furth me lykis to speike na maire.
The second nicht the Scottis couth them draw.
Richt prinatlie againe to Schortwood schaw:
Tuik vp their gude quhilk was put out of sight,
Cleithing and stuffe baith gold and siluer bright.
Upon thair feit for horse was tane them fra,
Or the Sunne rais to Methwen wood can ga,
The twa dayes ouer thair iudging still they maid,
On the third nicht they mouit but mair abaid.

How Wallace was sauld to the Englischmen, be his Lemman. Chap, IIII.

TO Elchok Park full suddainlie they went,
Thair in that strength to byde was his intent.
Then Wallace said he wald ga to the toune,
Arrayit him weill into ane Prieists goune,
In Sanct-Iohnstoun disguysed can he fair,
To this woman the quhilk we spake of air.
Of his presence scho richt reioysed was,
And ay in dreid how he away suld pas,
He soiourned thair fra none was of the day,
Quhill neir the nicht or that he went his way,
He tryistit hir quhen he suld cum agane,
On the third day then was she wonder faine,
Zit he was sene with enemies as he zeid,
To Schir Gerard they tauld of all his deid:

And to Buttellar that wald haue wrokin bene,
Then they gart take that woman fair and schene.
Accused her fair of reset into that place,
Full oft scho swore that scho knew not Wallace,
Then Buttellar said we wait weill it was he,
And but thou tell in baill syre thou shall de.
Gif thou will help to bring yon Rebald doun,
We shall the make ane Ladie of renoun.
They gaif to hir baith gold and siluer bricht,
And said scho suld be wedded with ane knight,
Quhom scho desyrit that was but mariage.
Thus temptit they hir throw counsell and greit wage,
That scho them tauld what night he wald be thair,
Then they were glaid, for they desyrit na mair,
Of all Scotland bot Wallace at thair will,
Thus ordaynd they that pointment to fulfill,
Feill men of Armes they graithed haistelie,
To keip the Zettis wicht Wallace to espy.
At the set tryst, he entred in the toun,
Wittand nathing of all this false treassoun.
To hir Chalmer he went but mair abaid,
Scho welcummit him and full greit pleasance made.
Quhat that they wrocht I can nocht graithly say,
Richt vnperfite I am of Venus play,
Bot haistelie he graithed him to gang,
Than scho him tuik and speirit gif he thocht lang,
Scho askit him that night with hir to byde,
Soone he said nay for chance that may betyde.
My men are left at misrewle all for mé,
I may not sleip this night quhile I them sé,
Then weipit scho and said full oft allace,
That I was maid wa worth the curssit cace,
Now haue I loist the best man liuand is,
O fedill mynde to do sa foull ane mis,
O warpit wit wicked and variance,
That me hes brocht in this mischeuous chance,
Alace scho said in warld that I was wrocht,

Or

Gif all this pane on my ſelfe might be wrocht,
Ihaue ſeruit to be burnt in ane gleid.
Quhen Wallace ſaw ſcho neir fra wit couth weid,
In his armes he caucht hir ſoberlie,
Quha hes done ocht he ſaid, deir hart haue I,
Na I, quod ſcho, hes falſelie wrocht this trane,
I haue zou ſauld richt now ze ſhall be ſlane,
Scho tauld to him hir treſſoun to ane end.
As I haue ſaid what neids mair I ſpend?
At hir he ſpeirit gif ſcho forthocht it ſair,
Zea Schir ſcho ſaid, and ſall do euer mair,
My warpit weird in warld I man fulfill,
To mend this mis I wald birne on ane hill,
He comfort her and bade her haue na dreid,
I will he ſaid haue ſumpairt of thy weid,
Her gowne on him he tuik and Courches als.
Will God I ſall eſchaip this treſſoun fals.
I thé forgiue withouttin words maire,
He kiſſit hir ſyne tuke his leif to fair,
His burely brand helpit him oft in neid,
Richt priuatlie hid it vnder that weid,
To the South zet the gaineſt way he drew,
Quhair that he fand of armed men anew,
To them he tauld diſſimulat in countenance,
To the Chalmer quhair he was in perchance.
Speid faſt he ſaid Wallace is lokkit in,
For him they ſocht without noyes or din.
To that ſame houſe about they can him call,
Out at the zet then Wallace gat full faſt,
Richt glad in hart quhen that he was without,
Richt faſt he zeid ane ſture pace and ane ſtout,
Twa men beheld and ſaid we will ga ſe,
Ane ſtalwart quéne forſuith yon ſémes to be.
They followit him throw the South inche they twa,
Quhen Wallace ſaw with them there came na ma,
Agane he turnit and hes the formeſt ſlane,
The vther fled, than Wallace with great mane,

Upon the heid with his ſwoꝛd hes him tane,
Left them baith deid ſyne to the ſtrength is gane.
His men he gat right glaid when they him ſaw,
To thair defence in haiſt he gart them dꝛaw,
Deuoydit him ſone out of the Womans weid.
Thus chaipit he out of this felloun dꝛeid.

THE FIFTH BOOKE DECLARES how Wallace eſcaped out of S. Iohnſtoun and paſt to Elchok Park: And how he ſlew Fawdoun. Chap. I.

THe dark Regioun appearit wonder faſt,
In November, quhen October was paſt,
The dayes fall thꝛow richt courſe woꝛthit ſhoꝛt,
To baneiſt men that is na greit comfoꝛt.
With thair power ſeir place woꝛthes gang,
Heauie they thinke quhen that the nicht is lang
Thus Wallace ſaw the nichtis Peſſingeir,
Phœbus had loiſt his fyꝛie bꝛandis cleir,
Out of the wood they durſt not turne that tyde,
Foꝛ aduerſars that in thair way wald byde.
Wallace then tauld anew were on his hand,
The Engliſhmen were off the toun cummand.
The doꝛe they bꝛake quhair they trowit Wallace was,
When they him miſſit they bownit hyne to paſſe.
In this great noyes the woman gat away,
Bot to quhat ſteid I can not graithlie ſay,
The Sutheroun ſocht richt ſadlie foꝛ that ſteid,
Thꝛow the ſouth inche and fand there twa men deid,
They knew be that Wallace was in the ſtreyth,
About the Parke they ſet on bꝛeid and lenth,
With ſax hundꝛeth weill grathed in their armes,
All likelie men to wꝛeke them of their harmes.
Ane hundꝛeth men chairged in armes ſtrang,
To keip ane hound that they had them amang,

In Gilderland thair was that bratchet bred,
Sicker of sent to follow them that fled.
Scho was sa wilt in Esk and Liddisdaill,
Quhill scho had blude na fleing micht auaill.
Then said they all Wallace micht not away,
He suld be thairs for ocht that he do may.
The Dill they left in diuers parts that tyde,
Schir Gerard Heroun in the staill can byde,
Schir Iohn Butteller the rainge he tuik him till,
With thre hundreth quhilk wer of hardie will.
Into the wood vpon Wallace they zeid,
The worthie Scots that were in mekill dreid,
Socht to ane place for to haue ithed out,
And saw the staill enuyroned them about,
Agane they went with hiddeous straiks and strang.
Great noyis and din was raised them amang.
Thair cruell deith richt marueilous to ken,
Quhair fourtie matched agains thre hundreth men.
Wallace sa weill vpon him tuik that tyde,
Throw the great preis ane way he made ful wyde,
Helpand the Scottis with his deir worthie hand,
Feill fae men he left fey vpon the land.
Zit Wallace loist fyftene in that steid,
And fourtie men of Sutheroun that were deid,
The Butlleris folke sa brushit were in deid,
The hardie Scottis to the strengths throw they zeid
Upon Tay side thay haistit them full fast,
In will they were the water to haue past,
Better him thocht in perrill for to be,
Upon the land then wilfullie to se,
His men to drowne quhair reskew micht be nane.
Agane in vre to the field are they gane,
Butteller be then had put his men in array,
On them he set with hardie awfull assay,
On ather side with weapons stiffe of steill:
Wallace agane na friendship leit them feill,
Bot do or die they wist na mair succour.

Thus fend they lang into that ſtallwart ſtour.
The Scottis Chiftane was young and in ane rage,
Wſit in weir and fechtes with courage.
He ſaid his men of Sutheroun take ſic wrang,
Thame to reuenge all dzeidles he did gang.
Fo2 monie of thame war bleidand wonder ſair,
He couth not ſe no help appearand thair,
Bot gif thair chiftane were put out of thair gait,
The bzyme Butteller ſa baldlie made debate,
Thzow the greit p2eis richt faſt to him he ſocht,
His awfull deid auenge it gif he mocht.
Under ane aik with men about him ſet,
Wallace micht not ane graith ſtrake on him get.
Zit thed he them ane fullrude ſtep he maid,
The Scottis went out na langer there they baid,
Steuin of Ireland that hardis was and wight,
To help Wallace he did full p2eis and might:
With true Keirlie doughtie in monie deid,
Upon the ground feill Sutheroun they gart bleid,
Sartie was ſlaine of Engliſhmen in that place,
And nyne of Scottis war tint into that cace.
Buttellaris men were ſa deſtroyit that tyde,
Into the ſtour thay wald na langer byde,
To get ſupplie he went into the ſtaill,
Thus loiſt he thair ane hundzeth of great anaill.
As they were beſt arayand Buttellaris rout.
Betwirt parties than Wallace iſched out,
Sartene with him they graithed them to ga,
Of all his men he had leuit na ma.
The Engliſhmen hes miſſit him in hy,
The hound they tuike and followit him haſtily,
At the Gaskwood full faine they would haue bene,
Bot this ſtenth hound that cruell was and kene,
On Wallace, fute he followit him wonder faſt.
Quhill in thair ſight they approachit at the laſt.
Thair hoꝛſe was wicht and ſoiourned weill lang,
To the nirt wod twomyle they had to gang.
Of bpwart eird they zeid with all their micht,

Good houp thay had for it was neir the nicht,
Fawdoun he tyrit and said he might not gang,
Wallace was wa to leif him in that thrang,
He bad him ga and said the strenth was neir,
Bot he thairfoir wald not the faster steir,
Wallace in Ire on the craig can him ta,
With his gude sword and strake the heid him fra,
Dreidles to ground he dushit to the deid,
Fra him he lap and left him in that steid.
Sum demis it to euill and some to gude,
Bot I say here into thir termes rude,
Better it was he did as thinkes me,
First to the hound it may great stopping be.
Als Fawdoun was haldin at greit suspition,
For he was haldin of bruckill complexioun,
Richt stark he was and had bot littill gane,
Thus Wallace wist had he bene left allane,
And he were false to enemies wald he ga,
Gif he were true the Sutheroun wald him sla,
Micht he do ocht bot tine him as it was,
Fra this questioun now shortly will I passe,
Deme as ze list ze that can best and may,
Bot I rehearse as my authour dois say,
Sternis as than began for to appeare.
The Englishmen were command wonder neir,
Fyue hundreth haill were in their Cheualry,
To the nixt strenth then Wallace can him hy.
Steuin of Ireland vnwittand of Wallace,
And guide Keirly baid still neir hand that place,
At the Mure syde into ane scroggie slaid,
Be eist Dwplin quhair thay this tary maid,
Fawdoun was left besyde them on the land,
The power come and suddanely him fand.
For thair sluith hound the graith way to him zeid,
Of other tred as than shoe tuik na heid,
The sluith stopped at Fawdoun still she stude,
Na farther wald fra tyme shoe fand the blude.

The Inglishmen demit, for other they could not tell,
Bot that the Scottis had fochin amang them sell.
Richt wa they were for lossit was their sent.
Wallaces twa men among the Dist in went,
Dissemblit well that na man shoyld them ken,
Richt in effeir as they were Inglishmen,
Keirlie beheld vnto the bauld Heroun,
Upon Fawdoun as he was luikand houn,
Ane subtill straike vpwart him tuithe that tide,
Under the cloke the grunden swoyd can glyde,
Vp the guid mailzie baith craig and halse bane,
In sunder straike thus endit that Chistane,
To ground he fell, feill folke about him throng,
Tressoun thay cryit ane tratour vs among,
Kerelie with that slaid out at the holl side,
His fellow Stevin thocht it na time to byde,
The fray was great, and fast away they zeid,
Waith towart Erne thus chaiped they that dreid.
Butteller was wa of weiping might not stint,
Thus recklislie this guid knight haue they tint.
Thay demit all that it was Wallace men,
Or els himselfe thocht thay suld not him ken,
He is richt neir, we sall him haif but faill,
The febill wood may little him availl.
Fourtie thair pall againe to Sanct-Iohnstoun,
With deid corps to burying maid them boun,
Pairtit thair men and diuers wayes zeid
Ane greit power at Duplyn still there bade,
To Danrich the Butteller pall but let,
At sundry parts the gate was vnbeset,
To keip the wood quhile it was day they thocht,
As Wallace thus in the thick Forrest he socht.
For his twa men in minde he hade greate paine,
He will not weill if they were tane or slaine.
Or chaiped haill be ony leopardie,
Threttene were left with him na ma had he,
In Gaskhall there thair ludging haue they tane,

Fyve

Fyre they gat sone bot meit than they had nane,
Twa scheip they tuke besyde them in ane sald,
Ordanit their supper into that sammelie hald,
Graithit in haist, sum meit to them was dicht,
Sa hard they blow rude hornes vpon hight:
Twa sent he furth to se quhat it might be,
Thay baid richt lang, bot na tithings gat he,
Bot bousteous noyes, sa brymelie blawand fast.
Sa vther twa into the wood furth past.
Nane come againe, bot bousteouslie can blaw,
Into great ire he sent thame furth on raw,
Quhen that allane Wallace was leuit thair,
The awfull blast aboundit mekill mair.
Than trowit he weill thay had his lodging sene,
His sword he drew of nobill mettall kene,
Syne furth he went quhair that he heard the horne,
Without the dur Fawdoun was him beforne,
As to his sicht, his heid into his hand,
Ane crose he made quhen that he saw him stand,
At Wallace in the heid he swakkit thair,
And he in haist sone hint it be the hair,
Syne out agane at him he couth it cast,
Into his hairt he was greatlie agast,
Richt weill he trowit it was na spreit of man,
It was ane deuill that sic malice began.
He wist na auaile, thair danger to abyde,
Vp throuch the hall this wicht Wallace can glyde,
To ane close staire, the buirds raik in twaine,
Fyftene fute long he lap furth of that In,
Vp the water then suddenly can he fair,
Agane he blenkit, what appearance was thair,
Him thocht he saw Fawdoun that vglie syre,
Vpon the house and all the laik in fyre,
Ane great ruike trie he had into his hand,
Wallace as than na langer he wald stand.
Of his guid men full greit maruell had he,
Yow thatthey were tint throw his fantasie.

Trust

Truſtand richt weill all this was ſuith indeid,
Suppois that it be na point of the creid.
Power thay had with Lucifer that fell,
The time that he pairtit from heauin to hell,
Be ſik miſchiefe gif his men micht be loſt.
Drounit or ſlaine amangis the Inglis Oiſt,
Or quhat it was in likenes of Fawdoun,
Quhilk brocht his men to ſik confuſion.
Or gif the man endit in euill intent,
Sum wickit ſpreit agane for him were ſent,
I can nocht ſpeik of ſik diuinitie,
To Clarks I will let all ſic matters be.
Bot of Wallace on furth I will zou tell,
Quhen he was went out of this danger fell,
Sit glaid he was that he had chaipit ſa,
Bot for his men greit murning can he ma.
Flait be him ſelfe to the maker abuif,
Quhy he ſufferit his ſaull ſic materis preuif,
He wiſt not weill gif it was Gods will,
Richt or wrang his Fortune to fulfill,
Had it pleaſit God he trowit it micht not be,
He ſould him ſet in ſik perpleritie,
Bot greit curage in his minde euer draif,
Of Engliſhmen thinkand ane mends to haif.
As he was thus walkand be him allane,
Upon Erne ſyde makand ane piteous mane,
Sir Iohn Buttellar to watch the furds richt
Out fra his men of Wallace had ane ſicht.
The miſt was went and to the mountains gane,
To him he raid quhair that he made his mane,
On lowd he ſpeirit quhat art thou walks this gait,
Ane true man ſir thocht my voyage be lait,
Erands I pas fra Down vnto my Lord,
Sir Iohn Pſewart the richt wha will record,
In Down is now new cummit fra the King,
Than Buttellar ſaid this is an ſelcouth thing,
Thow leid he ſaid, thow hes bene with Wallace,

I ſall thé knaw or thou come from this place,
To him he ſtart the Curſer wonder wight.
Drew out ane ſword ſyne made him for to light,
Aboue the knè gude Wallace hes him tane,
Throw thie and brane in ſunder ſtrake the bane,
Derfly to ground the knight fell on the land,
Wallace the horſe ſone ſeaſed in his hand,
Ane ackwart ſtraik ſyne tuik him in that ſteid,
His craig in twa this was the Buttellaris deid,
Ane Engliſhman ſaw thair chiftane was ſlane,
Ane ſpeir in reſt he keſt with all his mane,
On Wallace draife fra the horſe him to beir,
Warlie he wrought as worthie man of weir,
The ſpeir he wan withouttin mair abaid,
On hors he lap, and throw ane grit rout raid,
To Dalrich than, he knew the furd full weill,
Befoir him come feill ſtuffit into ſteill.
He ſtrake the firſt but baid in the blaſoune,
Quhill horſe and man all fleit the water doune.
Ane other ſone doun fra the horſe he bair,
Strampit to ground, and drownit withoutin mair,
The third he hit on the harnes of ſteill
Throw out the coiſt the ſpeir it raif ilk deill,
The greit power efter him then can ryde,
He ſaw na wiſdome thair langer to abyde,
His birneſt brand, braithly in hand he bair,
Quhom he hit right thay followit him na mair.
To ſtuffe the chace feill freiks followit faſt,
Bot Wallace maid the gayeſt ay agaſt,
The mure he tuike, and throw thair power raid,
The horſe was gude bot zit he had greit dreid,
For failzeing thame or he wan to ane ſtrength,
The chaiſe was grit ſtaiſit on breid and length,
Throw ſtrang dainger thay had him ay in ſight,
At the blackfurd thair Wallace doune can light,
The horſe ſtuffit the way was deip and lang,
Ane large lang quhyle wightlie on fute can gang.

Or he was horſit ryders about him keſt.
Ye ſaw full weill lang ſa he micht not leſt,
Sad men in deid vpon him can renew.
Without recouery tuentie that nicht he ſlew,
The fierſeſt ay rudely rebutit he,
Keipit his hors and richt wiſely can flé.
Quhill that he come the mirkeſt mure amang,
His hors gaif ouir and wald na farder gang.
Wallace on fute tuik him with guid intent,
The hors he ſlew or that he farther went.
That Inglíſmen of him ſould haue na guid,
And left on fote, for weill he vnderſtuid:
For Southeron men of him ſuld haue na ſicht,
In hich hadder he paſt with all his micht.
Throgh that darke mure then fra them hes he ſocht,
Bot ſuddainly thair come into his thocht,
Great power did walk at Striuiling Brig of tré,
Sicking he ſaid, na paſſage is for me,
For ſalt of fude and I haue faſtit lang,
On weir men nold me thinks no time to gang.
At Cambuskinneth I ſall the water till,
Let God abuik do with me quhat he will.
Into this land na langer may I byde,
Marie he maid ſum part on Forthis ſyde.
Tuike of his weid and graithed him but mair,
His ſword he band that wonder ſharpelie ſhair,
Among his geir on his ſhoulders aloft.
Thus in he went to greit God prayand oft,
Of his gude grace his caus to take on hand,
Ouer the water he ſwame to the ſouth land,
Arrayit him weill, the ſeſoun was richt cald,
For Piſces was into his dayes auld.
Quir thort he cuiſt to the Torwod he zeid,
Ane widow dwelt quhilk helpit him in neid.
Hidder he come or day began to daw,
To ane window and prinilie can caw,
Thay speirit his name, bot tell them wald he noght,

Quhill

Quhill ſhe her ſelfe neir to his language ſocht.
Fra time ſhe knew that it was wicht Wallace,
Reioyſit ſho was, and thankit God of grace,
Mournand he ſaid, as men now haue I nane,
Sho ſpeirit ſone, gif he was his allane.
Sho aſkit ſone quhair that his men ſhould be,
Fair Dame he ſaid ga get ſum meit for me.
I haue faſted ſen zeſterday at morne,
I dreid full ſair that my men be forlorne.
Great pairt of them I ſaw to the death brocht,
Sho gat him meit in all the haſt ſho mocht.
Ane Woman he callit and als with hir a Chyld,
And bade them pas againe thae wayes wyld,
To the Gask-hall tithings for to ſpeir,
Gif pairt was left of his men into feir.
And ſho ſuld find an hors ſone in hir gait,
He bade them ſée gif that place ſtude in ſtait.
Chairof to heir he had full great deſyre,
Becaus he thocht it was all into fyre.
They paſſit out withouttin tarie mair.
Him for to reſt Wallace remained thair.
Refreſhit he was with meit and drink and heit,
Quhilk cauſed him throw naturall cours to ſleip.
Quhair he ſuld ſleip at the woman he ſpeirit,
The Widow had thrée ſonnes that were leirit.
Firſt twa of them ſho ſent to keip Wallace,
He gart the third ga ſone to Dunipace,
And tell his Eme that he was happnit thair,
The Parſoun come to ſée of his weilfair.
Wallace to ſleip was laid in the Wood-ſyde,
The twa zong men without him neir couth byde.
The Parſoun come neir hand, the maner ſaw,
They beckenit him to quhat ſteid he ſuld draw.
The Rone was thick that Wallace ſleipit in.
About he zeid and maid bot littill din.
Sa at the laſt of him he had ane ſicht,
Full prinatlie quhair that his bed was dicht.

He

He him beheld syne said vnto him sell,
Heir is meruell quha lykis it for to tell.
This is ane persoun by worthines of hand,
Trowis to stop the power of Ingland.
Now fals Fortoun the miswirker of all,
Be euenture hes giuen him ane fall.
That he is left without supply of ma,
Ane eruell wife with wapouns micht him sla.
Wallace him heard, with that the sleip ouerpast:
Fiersle he raise, and said to him als fast,
Thou lies fals Preist, wer thou ane tae to me,
I wald not dreid sik vther ten as thé.
I haue had mair sen zesterday at morne,
Than sic sartie wer assemblit me before.
His Eme him tuik, & went furth with Wallace,
He tald to him all his maist painfull cace.
This nicht he said, I was left mine alane,
In fell debait with enemies mony ane.
God at his will hes ay my lyfe to keip,
Ouer Forth I swamme, that awfull is and deip.
Quhat I haue had in weir befoir this day,
Preseun and paine to this nicht is but play.
Sa bet I am with straikis sad and sair,
The shill water then brunt me mekill mair.
Efter great blude throgh heit & cald was wrocht,
That of my life almaist nathing I rocht.
I mein sar mair the tinsell of my men,
Nor for my selfe micht I suffer sik ten.
The Person said, deir sonne thou may see weill,
Langer to strine it helpis nocht a deill.
Thy men ar lost and nane will with thé rise,
For Goddis sake make as I sall deuise.
Tak an lordship quhairon that thou may liue,
King Edward will great landis to thé giue.
Uncle he said, of sik wordis nā mair,
This is nathing bot eiking of my cair,
I lyke better to sé the Southeroun die,

Then

Then gold or land that they can giue to mee,
Traiſt thou richt well of weir I ſhall not ceis,
Untill the tyme I bring Scotland to peace,
Or die thairfoir the plaine to vnderſtand,
Sa come Keirlie, and gude Stevin of Ireland.
The Widowes ſone to Wallace he them brocht,
Fra they him ſaw of na ſadnes they rocht.
For perfite ioy they weipit with their eine,
To ground they fell and thankit heuins King,
Als he was glade for reſkew of them twa,
Of their feires liuand were left na ma,
They tauld him that Schir Gerard was deid,
How they had weill eſchaipit off that ſteid.
Throw the Ochell they had gane all that night,
To Airth Ferrie quhen that the day was licht,
How ane trew Scot throw kindnes of Wallace,
Brocht them ſone ouer ſyne kend them to that place,
Als Keirlie wiſt gif Wallace leuand war.
Neir Dunnipace that he ſuld finde him thair.
The Perſoun gart gude purueyance for them dicht,
Into the Torwood they ludged all that nicht,
Quhill the Woman that Wallace North had ſend,
Returnit againe and tauld him to ane end,
Quhat Inglishmen in the way ſhe fand deid,
Feill was fallen fey in mony ſundrie ſteid,
The horſe ſcho ſaw that Wallace had bereft,,
And the Gask-hall ſtandand as it was left,
Withouttin harme, nor ſteirit of it ane ſtane,
Bot of his men gude tithings gat ſcho nane,
Thairfoir he greuit greitlie in that tyde,
In the Forreſt he wald na langer abyde,
The widow him gaue pairt of ſiluer bricht,
Twa of hir Sonnes that worthie were and wicht.
The third ſcho left becaus he laikit age,
In weir as than micht not win vaſſalage,
The Perſoun then gat them gude Hors and geir,
Bot wa he was his minde was ſa in weir,

Thus

Thus tuik he leif without langer abaid,
To Dundaf mure the ſamin nicht he raid.
Sir Iohn the Graham quhilk lord was of that land,
Ane aged Knicht had made nane vther band:
Bot purchest peace in rest he might byde ſtill,
Tribute he payit full ſair againſ his will.
Ane ſonne he had baith wiſe, worthie, and wicht,
Alexander the feirce at Berwik maid him Knicht:
Quhair thawin was of battell to haue bene,
Betuix the Scottis, and the bald Perſie kene.
This young ſir Iohn richt nobill was in weir,
On ane braid ſword his Father gart him ſweir.
Ye ſuld be trew to Wallace in all thing,
And be to him quhill life in them micht ring.
Thrée nichts thair Wallace was out of dreid,
Reſtit him weill ſa hes he meikill neid.
Onthe ferd day he wald na langer byde,
Sir Iohn the Grahame bownit with him to ryde
And he ſaid nay, as then it ſuld not be,
Ane plaine pairt yet I will not fak on me.
I haue tint men throw my ouir rekles deid,
Ane brint Chyld als mair ſair the fyre ſuld dreid.
Friends ſumpairt I haue in Cliddiſdaill,
I will ga ſée quhat they may me auaill.
Sir Iohn anſwerit, I will your counſell do,
Quhen ze think time ſend priuatlie me to.
Then ſall I cum with my power in haiſt,
Ye him betaucht vnto the halie Gaiſt.
Sanct Iohn to borgh thay ſuld meit haill & ſound
Out of Dundaf he and his four couth found.
In Bothwell mure that nicht remainit he,
With ane Crawfurde that iudgeit him priuilie.
Vpon the morne to the Gilbank he went,
Reſſauit he was of monie with glaid intent.
For his deir Eme young Auchinlek dwelt thair,
Brother he was to the Shirreff of Air.
Quhen ald ſir Rannald to his deid was dicht,

Then

Then Auchinleck weddit that ladie bricht,
And Children gat, as stories beiris record,
Of Lesmahago for he held of that Lord.
Bot he was slaine that pittie was the mair,
With Perseis men into the toun of Air,
His Sone dwelt still than nyntene zeir of age,
And bruikit haill his Fathers heritage,
Tribute he payit for all his lands braid,
To Lord Persee as his brother had made,
I leif Wallace with his deir vncle still,
Of Inglishmen zit sum thing speik I will,
Ane Messinger soone throw the cuntrie zeid,
To Lord Persie, and tauld this felloun deid,
Kincleuin was brynt brokin and castin doun,
The Captain deid of it and Sanct Iohnstoun
The Lorane als in Schortwood schawes schene,
Into the land greit sorrow hes bene séene,
Throw wicht Wallace that all this deid hes done,
The toun he spyit and that forthocht vs soone,
Buttellar is slaine with douchtie men and deir,
In asper speich the Persee that can speir,
Quhat word of him I pray thée graithlie tell,
My Lord he said richt this the cace befell,
We knaw for trueth he was left him alane,
And as he fled he slew full monie ane
The horse we fand that him that gate couth beir,
Bot of himselfe na vther word we heir,
At Striniling, brig we wait he passit nocht,
To deith in Forth he may for vs be brocht,
Lord Persee said now suithlie that wer sin,
Sa gude of hand he is this warld within,
Had he tane peace, and bene our Kings man
This haill empire he micht haue conqueist than,
Greit harme it is our knights that are deid,
We man gar se for vthers in thair steid,
I trow not zit that Wallace lossit be,
Our Clarks sayis he shall gar monie die

The Messinger sayis all that full suith hes bene,
Ponie hundreth that cruell was and kene,
Sen he began ar loist without remeid:
The Persie said forsuith he is not deid.
The cruikis of Forth he knawis wonder weill,
He is on lyue that sall our Natioun seill,
Quhen he is stressit that can he swime at will,
Greit strenth he hes baith wit and grace thairtill,
Ane messinger the Lord chairgit to wend,
And his command in writ he with him send,
Sir Iohn Pstewart greit Schirref than he maid.
Of Sanct-Iohnstoun and all the lands braid.
Into Kincleuin there dwelt nane syne againe,
Thair was thair nocht bot brokin wallis in plaine,
Leif I them thus reuland the lands thair,
And speike I will of Wallace gude weilfair,
He send Keirly vnto Rannald that nicht,
To Boyd and Blair that worthie were and wicht,
And Adam als his Cousing gude Wallace,
To thame declarit he all his painfull cace,
Of this eschaip out of that cumpanie,
Richt wonder glaid wer thir gude Chiualrie,
Fra time they knew that Wallace liuand was,
Guds diligence they made to him to pas.
Maister Iohne Blair, was ane of that message,
Ane worthie Clarke baith wise and als richt sage,
Leirnit he was befoir in Pareis toun,
Amang Maisters in science of gude renonn,
Wallace and he at hame in schule had bene.
Sone efterwards as veritie was sene,
He was the man that principall vndertuke,
That first compylit in dyte the Latine Buke,
Of Wallace life richt famous of renonn,
And Thomas Gray Persoun of Libertoun,
With him they were and put in Historiall,
Oft ane or baith mekill of his trauell,
And thairfoir heir I make of them mentioun,

Maister

Paiſſer Iohn Blair to Wallace maid him boun,
To ſée his health his comfort was the mair,
As they full oft togidder wer befoir.
Siluer and gold they gaue him for to ſpend,
Sa did he thame frelie quhen God it ſend,
Of gud weilfair as than he wantit nane,
Engliſhmen will he was left him allane,
Quhair he ſuld be was nane of thame couth ſay,
Drowonit or ſlaine, or elſe eſchaipit away.
Thairfoir of him they tuke bot lyttill heid,
Theyknew him not the les he was in dreid.
All trew Scottis greit fauour to him gaue,
Quhat gude they had he neidit not to crane,
The peace laſtit that Sir Rannald had tane.
Thay thrée monethis it ſuld not be out gane,
Haill Chriſtmas than Wallace remainit thair,
In Lanerk oft to ſport he maid repair,
Quhen that he went to Gilbank fra the toun,
Oik he fand men was of that natioun.
To Scotland they did neuer greuance mair,
Sum ſtikkit thay ſum throats in ſunder ſchair,
Feill wer fund deid bot nane will wha it was,
Quhom he handlit he leit na farder paſſe,
Thair Heſilrig dwelt that curſit knight to waill,
Schirref he was of all thay lands haill,
Of felloun outrage deſpiteſull in his deid,
Monie of him thair foir had mekill dreid,
Peruell he thocht wha durſt his people ſlae,
Without the toun he gart greit number ga,
Quhen Wallace ſaw that thay were mā than he,
Than did he nocht bot ſaluſt courteouſly,
Als his four men bure tham ſo quyet lie,
Na Sutherdun culd deme thame vnhoneſtlie,
In Lanerk ane gentill woman thair,
Ane Maidin myld as my buike will declair,
Auchtene yeir auld and litill mair of aige,
Als bayne ſcho was to pairt of heritage,

Hir father was of worthip and renoun,
And Hew Braidfute he hecht of Lammintoun,
As feill was than into the cuntrie cald,
Befoir tyme thay gentlemen war of ald,
Bot this gude man and als his wyfe was deid.
The maidin will then of nane ither remeid,
Bot still scho dwelt on tribute in the toun,
And purchest had King Edwards protectioun,
Seruandis with her of friends at her wil,
Thus leifit scho without desyre of ill.
Ane quyet hous as scho might hald in weir,
For Hesilrig had done her meikill deir.
Slane her brother quhilk eldest was and Air,
All sufferit scho and richt lawlie hir bair,
Amiabill, sa bening ware and wise,
Courtes and sweit fulfillit of al gentrice.
Weill rulit of toung, richt haill of countenance,
Of vertewis scho was worthie to auance,
Humill hir led and purchast ane guid name,
Of alkin wicht scho keipit her fra blame,
Trew richteous folk ane greit fauour her lent,
Upon ane day to the Kirk as scho went,
Wallace her saw as he his eine can cast,
The prent of lufe him prunzeit at the last.
Sa asperlie throw bewtie of that bricht,
With greit vneis in presence byde he micht,
He knew full weill the kinrent of hir blude,
And how scho was in honest vle and gude.
Quhile wald he think to loue her ouer the laue,
Ane vther while he thocht on his dissaue.
How that his men war brocht to confusion,
Throw his last lufe, he had in Sanct-Iohnstoun.
Then wald he thinke to liue and let ouer slyde,
Bot that thocht lang in minde could not abyde,
He tald Keirly of his new lust and baill,
Syne asked he him of his true counsaill.
Quither he said als farre as I can seill,

Of lyklines it may be wonder weill,
Sen ſa ze luſe, take her in mariage.
Gudelie ſcho is, and als hes heritage.
Suppois that ze in luiſing feill ane miſ,
Great God forbid it ſuld ſa be with this.
To marie thus I can not zit attend,
I wald of weir firſt ſee an finall end.
I will na mair allane to my luſe gang,
Tak tent to me for dreid I ſuffer wrang,
To proffer luſe this ſone I wald not preif,
Sicht I leaue off in weir I think to leif,
Quhat is this luſe, nothing but fulliſhnes.
It may reif me both wit and ſteidfaſtnes,
Than ſaid he thus this will not graithly be,
Amouris and weirs attaines to reigne in me,
Richt ſuith it is, ſtude I in blis of loue,
Quhair deids war I ſuld the better proue,
Bot weill I wait quhair greit eirneſt is in thocht.
It lattis weir that in wiſe men is wrocht,
Les gif it be, bot anerlie till ane deid,
Than he that thinks of luſe for to ſpeid,
He may do weill haue he fortune and grace
Bot this ſtands all into ane vther cace.
Ane greit kinrik with feill fais ouerſet,
Richt hard it is ane mends for to get,
Atainis of them and keip the obſeruance,
Quhilk belangs to luſe and all his friuoll chance,
Exempill I haue that me forthinks ſair,
I trow to God it ſhall be ſa na mair,
The trueth I knaw of this and hir linage,
I knew nocht her, thairfoir I loſſit ane gage,
To Keirly he thus arguit in this kinde,
Bot greit deſire remaining in his minde,
For to behald that frelie of faſſoun,
Ane quhile he left and come not in the toun:
On other thing he maid his wit to baike,
Preuand if he micht of that labour ſlaike,

Quhen Keirlie ſaw he ſufferrit paine for thy,
Deir ſchir he ſaid ze liue in ſluggardy,
Ga ſée your loue and ze ſall get comfort,
At his counſaill he walkit for to ſport,
Vnto the kirk quhair ſcho maid reſidence,
Scho knew him weill bot as for eloquence,
Scho durſt not weill in preſence to him kyth,
Full ſair ſcho dred that Sutheroun ſuld hir myth,
For Hiſilrig had ane mater new begun,
And hir deſyrit in mariage to his Sonne,
With hir maidin this Wallace ſcho beſocht,
To dine with hir and priuilie ſcho him brocht,
Throw ane gardein ſcho had gart wirk of new,
Sa Engliſhmen nocht of thair meiting knew,
Than kiſſit he this May with gladenes and plefance,
Sone hir beſocht richt hartlie of acquaintance,
Scho anſwerit him with humble words and wiſe,
War my acquaintance worthie for to pryſe,
Ze ſall it haue as God me ſane in ſaull,
Bot Engliſhmen garis our power faill,
Throw violence of thame and thair bairnage,
That hes weill neir deſtroyit our lynage,
Quhen Wallace hard hir compleine piteouſlie,
Greiuit in hairt he was richt greitumlie.
Baith Ire and loue him ſet into ane rage,
Bot nocht for thy he ſoberit in curage,
Of this mater he tauld as I ſaid air,
To that guidlie how loue conſtrainit him ſair,
Scho anſwerit him richt reaſonably againe,
And ſaid I ſhall to your ſeruice be bane,
With all pleaſance in honeſt cauſes haill,
And I truſt nocht ze wald ſet to aſſaill,
For your worſhip to do me diſhonour,
And I ane Mayd and ſtands in mony ſtour,
Fra Engliſhmen to ſaue my womanheid,
And coiſt hes maid to keip me fra thair feid,
With my guid will I will na lemman be,

To

To na man bozne, thair foir me think ſould ze,
Deſyre me nocht bot into gudelines,
Perchance ze think I war to law percace,
Foz to pretend to be zour richteous wife,
Into your ſernice I wald vſe all my life,
Heir I beſeik foz zour wozſhip in armes,
Ze charge me not with na vngodly harmes,
Bot me defend foz wozſhip of zour blude,
Quhen Wallace weill hir true taill vnderſtude,
As in a pairt him thocht it was reaſoun,
Of hir deſire thairfoir to concluſioun,
He thankit hir and ſaid gif it might be,
Thzow Goddis will that our Kinrik be fre,
I wald zou wed with all heartlie pleaſance.
Bot at this time I may not take ſic chance,
And foz this cauſe no vther now I craue,
Ane man in weir may not all pleaſance haue,
Of thair talke then can I tell zou na mair,
To my purpoſe quhat band that thay maid thair,
Conclude thay this and to the denner went,
The ſair greuance remainit in his intent,
Loſe of his men and luſtie paine of loue,
His leiſe he tuike at that time to remoue.

How Wallace paſt to Lochmabane, and how thay cuttit his hors tailis, & how he ſchaue the blude latter. Chap. II.

SYNE to Gilbank he paſt oz it was nicht,
Vpon the mozne with his foure men him dicht,
To the Corheid without reſting he raid,
Quhair his Neuoy Thom Haliday him abaid.
And Edward Lytill als his Cuſing deir,
Quhilk was ſa blyth, quhen he wiſt him ſa neir,
Thankand great God he ſend him ſaue againe,
Foz mony dreamit he was in Stratherne ſlaine,
Gude cheir thay maid all out thay dayes thre,
Than Wallace ſaid that he deſyrit to ſe,
Lochmabane toun, and Engliſhmen that were thair,

On the feird day thay bounit thame to fair.
Sextene he was of gudely Cheualrie,
In the Knokwood he liuet all but thrie,
Thomas Haliday went with them to the towne,
Edward Littill and Keirly made them bowne,
To ane Miſtler Thomas Haliday led them richt,
And gaue command their denner ſhould be dicht,
To heare ane Pes in gude intent they zeid,
Of Inglith men they trowit there was no dreid,
Ane Cliffurde come was Emis Sonne to the Lord,
And thrie with him, in trueth for to record,
To their Innis ſone after Wallace paſt,
Quha aucht thay horſe in greit hathing he aſkt.
The guid wyfe ſaid for to haue pleaſit him beſt,
Thrie gentill men are cum out of the weſt,
Quha deuill them made ſa gayly for to ryde,
In faith with me ane wed thair man abyde,
Thir lewde Scottis hes leirnit littil gude,
Lo all their hors are ſchent for fault of blude,
Into greit ſcorne withouttin words mair,
The tailes all of thay thrie hors thay thair.
The gude wyfe crpit and piteouſly can greit,
Sa Wallace come and culd the Captane meit,
Ane woman tauld him thay had his horſe ſchent.
For proper ire he grew in matalent,
He followit faſt and laid gude friends abyde,
Hernice to take for thy craft in this tyde.
Parchell thou art without command of me,
Reward agans me thinke I ſould pay thee
Sen I of lait new come out of the weſt,
In this countrie ane barbour of the beſt,
To cut and ſchaif and that ane wonder guid,
Now thou ſall feill how I vſe to lait blude.
With his gude ſword the captaine hed he tane,
Quhill horſe again he marſchelit never ane,
Ane vther ſone vpon the heid ſtrake he,
Quhill chaftes and cheiks vpon the gate can flé,

Be that his men the other thrè had ſlane,
Thair horſe thay tuike and graithed them full bane,
Out of the toune for denner they had nane,
The wife he papit, that made ſo piteous mane,
Than Inglithmen, fra that Thirkane was deid,
To Wallace ſocht fra mony ſundrie ſteid.
From the Caſtel come cruell men and kene,
Quhen Wallace hes thair ſudane ſemblie ſene,
Towart ſome ſtrenth he dounit him to ryde,
For than him thocht it was na tyme to byde,
His horſe bled ſaft that gart him dreiding haue,
Of his gud men he wald haue had the laue,
To the Knockwood withouttin mair thay raid,
Bot into it na ſoiourning he made.
That wood as than was nouther thick nor ſtrang,
His men he gat ſyne lichtit he to gang,
Towart ane hight and led their horſe ane quhyle,
The Englithmen war than within ane myle.
On freſche horſe rydand full haſtilie
Seuin ſcoir as than was in that cumpany.
The Scottis lap on quhen they that power ſaw,
Towart the ſouth thame thocht it beſt to draw.
Than Wallace ſaid it was na wit in weir,
With our power to byde them bargan heir,
Zon are gude men thairfoir I reid that we,
Innermair ſeik quhile God ſend vs ſupplie,
Haliday ſaid we ſall do zour counſaill,
Bot ſair I dreid that thir hurt horſe will faill,
The Englithmen in birneiſt armour cleir,
We than to them approchod wonder neir,
Horſit Archers ſhot and wald not ſpair,
Of Wallace men they woundit to full fair,
In Ire he grew when that he ſaw them bleid,
Him ſelfe he turnit and on them ſone he zeid.
Sertene with him that worthie was in weir,
Of the formeſt richt ſcharplie doun thay beir,
At that returne fyftene in feild was ſlane,

The

The laue they fled vnto thair power againe,
Wallace followit with his gude Cheualrie,
Thomas Haliday in weir was full biſie,
Ane bulhment ſaw that cruell was and kene,
Twa hundreth haill of weill grathit Engliſhmen.
Unkill he ſaid our power is to ſmaw,
Fra this plaine feild I counſaill you to draw,
To few we ar againſs zone felloun ſtaill,
Wallace returnit full ſone at his counſaill,
At the Corheid full faine they wald haue bene,
Bot Engliſhmen hes weill thair purpoſe ſene
In plaine battell them followit hardelie,
In danger thus they held them awfullie,
Hew of Moreland Wallace followit faſt,
He had befoze maid manie Scot agaſt,
Haldin he was of weir the wozthieſt man,
In nozth England with thame was liuand than,
In his armour weill fozgit of fine ſteill,
Ane nobill curſour buir him baith faſt and weill,
Wallace returnit beſyde ane buirlie Aik,
And on him ſet ane fellonn ſicker ſtraik.
Baith coller baine and ſhoulder blaid in twa,
Throw the mid coaſt the gude ſwozd gart he ga,
His ſpeir he wan and als his curſour bricht,
Syne left his awne foz loſſit was his might.
Foz laik of blude he might na farther gang,
Wallace on hozs the Sutheroun men amang,
His men relieuet that doughtie war in deid,
Him to reſkew out of that felloun dreid.
Cruell ſtraiks fozſuith thair micht be ſene,
On ather ſide till blude ran on the grene,
Richt perillous the ſemblie was to ſe,
Hardlie and hait continuit the maillé,
Shawand reſkew of Scottis and Engliſh als,
Sum carvit bane in ſunder and ſum the hals,
Sum hurt, ſum hint, ſum dung vnto the heid,
The hardie Scottis ſa fleirit in that fleid,

With Haliday on fute that baldlie abaid,
Amang Sutheroun ane full greit rowme they maid,
Wallace on hors hynt him ane nobill speir,
Out throw thame raid as guid Chiftane in weir,
Thrie slew he thair or that his speir was gane,
Thus his guid sword in hand hes he tane,
Dang on derflie with straikis sad and fair,
Quhom that he hit, greuit the Scottis na mair.
Fra Sutheroun men be naturall treasoun knew,
How with ane straike ay ane man he slew,
Than maruillit thay he was sa mekill of mane,
For thair best man in that kinde he had slaine,
That his greit strength again helpit him nocht,
Nor nane vther in contrair Wallace socht,
Than said thay all liue he in strenth vnkane,
This haill Kinrik, he will win him allane,
Thay left thair field, and to thair power fled,
And tauld thair Lord how euill the formest sped,
Quhilk Graystok hecht was new cum in the land,
Thairfoir he trowit nane durst against him stand,
Wounder him thocht whenne he saw that sicht,
Quhy his gude men for sa few tuke the sicht.
At that returne in field twentie were tynt,
And Moreland als thairfore he wald not stynt,
Bot followit fall with thrie hundreth but dreid,
And swore he suld be dengit of that deid,
The Scottis wan horse becaus their awin did faill,
In fleing syne cheisit the maill availl.
Out of the feild thus wicht Wallace is gane,
Of his gude men he had not loisit ane,
Fyue woundit war but lichtlie furth thay raid,
Wallace ane spare behind thame ay abaid,
And Haliday prent weill in mony place,
And Siller Sone he was to gude Wallace,
Warlie thay raid and held thair hors on synd,
For they trowit weill the Sutheroun wald assynd,
With hail power at anis vpon them set,

But

Bot Wallace kest thair purpose for to let,
To brek thair ray he visite them full fast,
Than Englishmen sa greitlie was agast,
That nane of thame durst rush out of the staill,
All in array, togither held them haill,
The Sutheroun saw how that abandounly,
Wallace abaid neir hand their Cheualry,
Be Morlands hors thay knew him wonder weill,
Past to thair Lord and tauld him euer ilk deill.
Lo Sir they said forsuith this same is he,
That with his hands garris sa manie die.
Haue his horse grace vpon his feit to byde,
He doutis not throw fyue thousand for to ryde,
We reid ze ceise and follow him na mair,
For dreid that we repent it syne full sair,
He blamit thame and said men may weill se,
Cowarts ze are that for sa few wald flé,
For thair counsail zit leif wald he them nocht,
Into greit ire he on thame sadlie socht,
Wailling ane place quhair they micht bargane make,
Wallace was wa vpon him for to take,
And he sa few to byde them on ane plaine,
At Quenisbery he wald haue beue full faine.
Upon himselfe he tuik full greit trauell,
To fend his men gif that micht him auaill
Ane sword in hand richt manlike him to weir,
Ay waitand fast gif he micht get ane speir,
Now heir now thair befoir thame to and fra,
His hors gaue ouer and micht na farther ga,
Richt at the skirt of Quenisbery befell,
Bot vpon grace as my authour will tell,
Sir Iohn the Grahame that worthie was and wight,
To the Corheid come on the other night,
Threttie with him of nobill men at wage,
The first daughter he had in mariage,
Of Haliday, was Neuoy to Wallace,
Tythings to speir Sir Iohn past off the place,

With

With men to ſpeik quhair thay ane tryſt had ſet,
Richt neir the ſteid quhair Scottis and Englis met.
Ane Kirkpatrik that cruell was and kene,
In Eskdaill wood that halfe ane zeir had bene,
With Engliſhmen he could nat weill accord,
Of Torchorwald he Barroun was and Lord.
Of kin he was to Wallace mother deir,
On Crawfurd ſyde that mekill had to ſteir,
Twentie he had of worthie men and wicht,
Be than Wallace approachit to their ſicht,
Sir Iohn the Grahame when he the counter ſaw,
On thame he rade and ſtude but littill aw,
His gude father he knew richt wonder weill,
Beſt doune his ſpeir and ſunzeit not a deill,
Kirkpatrik als with worthie men of weir,
Fyftie in front atains doun they deir.
Throw the thickeſt of thair hundreth he raid,
On Sutheroun ſyde full greit ſlauchter they made,
Thame to reſkew that was in felloun thrang,
Wallace on fute the great power amang.
Gude rowme he gat throw help of Goddis grace,
The Southeron fled and left them in that place.
Horſis they wan to ſtuffe the chase gude ſpeid,
Wallace and his that douchtie wer in deid.
Grayſtock tuke ſicht on ſterne horſe and on ſtout,
Ane hundreth held togither in ane rout,
Wallace on them full ſadly can perſew,
The fleing weill of Engliſhmen he knew,
That ay the beſt wald paſſe with thair chiftane,
Befoir him fand gude Sir Iohn the Grahame,
Ay ſtrykand doun whom euer he micht hy,
Than Wallace ſaid this is bot waiſt foly,
Commons to ſlay quhair Chiftanes gais away,
Your horſ are freſh thairfoir do as I ſay,
Gude men ze haue ar zit in nobill ſtait,
To zon greit rout for Goddis luſe hald zour gait,
Hinder thame ſone we ſhall come at zour hand.

Quhen ſir Iohn had his taile weill vnderſtand,
Of nane vther fra thence forth toke he heid,
To the formeſt he followed weill gude ſpeid.
Kirkpatrik als conſidered their counſell,
Thay chargit thair men ay follow on the ſtaill.
At his command full ſone with them thay met,
Had ſtraikis and ſair ſadlie vpon them ſet.
His Vncle als he knew richt wonder weill,
Reſt downe his ſpeare and ſonzied not a deill.
Kirkpatrik als with worthie men of weir,
Threttie in front at anes downe thay beir.
Throw the thickeſt ſir Iohn the Grahame raid,
On Southeron ſide ful great ſlaghter they maid.
Gude roume he gat throw help of Goddis grace,
The Southeron fled and left them in that place.
Horſes they wan to ſtuffe the chace gude ſpeid,
Wallace and his that doughtie wer in deid.
Grayſtock fled faſt on ſterne horſe and on ſtout,
An hundreth held together in a rout.
Wallace on them full ſadlie could perſew,
The fleeing weill of Ingliſhmen he knew:
Wallace on horſe he hint a nobill ſpeir,
And followed faſt as gude Chiftane in weir.
Three ſlew he there ere that his ſpeare was gane
Thus his gude ſword in hand hes he tane,
Dang on derflie with ſtraiks ſad and ſair,
Quhom that he hit greeued the Scots na mair.
Fra Southeron men by naturall reaſon knew,
How with a ſtraik euer a man he ſlew.
Vpon the laue fechtand full wonder faſt,
And many grime they maid full ſair agaſt.
The Inglifmen that buſie were in weir,
Aſſailzed ſair them from the moſſe to beir,
Richt perellous the ſemblie was to ſe,
Hardlie and het continued the mellie,
Shewing reſkew of Scots and Inglis als,
Some carued bane in ſunder, and ſome the hals.

Sir Iohn the Grahame to Grayſtock fall he ſocht,
His penſane than it helpit him richt nocht.
Vpon the craig ane graith ſtraik gaue him richt,
The burelie blaid was braid and burneiſt bricht.
In ſunder keruit the mailzeis of ſyne ſteill,
Throw braine and bane it ruſhit euerilk deill.
Deid with that dint to the ground down him drawe,
Be that Wallace aſſemblit on the laue.
Derflie to death ſeill freikis there he dicht.
Rais neuer againe quhom euer he hit richt.
Kirkpatrik come, Tom Haliday and thair men,
Thair douchtie déeds wer nobill for to ken.
At the Knokheid the bald Grayſtock was ſlaine,
And monie men quhilk wer of meikill maine.
To ſaue thair lyues part in the wood they paſt,
The Scottiſmen thay ran togither faſt.
When Wallace with ſir Iohn the Grahame met,
Right gudlie he with humbleneſſe him gret:
Pardon he asked of the reproke befoire,
Into the chace, and ſaid he ſuld na moire,
Information mak to him that was ſa gude,
Quhen that ſir Iohn Wallace weill vnderſtude,
Do away he ſaid thairof as now na mair,
Ze did full richt it was for our weilfair.
Wyſer in weir ze ar all out then I,
Father in armes ze are to me for thy.
Kirkpatrik ſyne that was his Couſing deir,
He thankit him richt on ane gude maneir.
Eightſcore were ſlaine or they wald leaue that ſtead,
The fláing folke they knew of na remeid.
Nocht ane was loſt of all their Cheualrie,
Sir Iohn the Grahame to them come happilie.
The day was done, approchand was the nicht.
At Wallace ſyne they aſkit counſell richt.
He anſwerit thus, I ſpeik bot with your leiue,
Richt laith I wer ony gude man to greiue.

Bot this I fay in tearmes schort for me.
I wald assaill gif ze think it may be.
Lochmabane house quhilk now is left allane,
For weill I wait that power in it is nane.
Carlauerok als zet Maxwell hes in his hand,
And we had thir they micht be baith ane wand,
Agains Sutheroun that now hes our countrie,
Say quhat ze will this is the best thinke me,
Schir Iohn the Grahame gaif first his gude consent.
Syne all the lane richt with ane haill intent,
To Lochmabane richt hastelie they ryde.
Quhen thay come thair not halfe ane myle besyde,
The nicht was mirk to counsell are they gane,
Of Moone or Starne appeirance was thair nane,
Then Wallace said we think this land at rest,
Thom Haliday thou knawes the cuntrie best,
I heir na noyes of feill folkis heir about,
Thairfoir I trow we are the les in doubt.
Haliday said I will take ane with me,
And ryde befoir the cuntrie for to se,
Watsouu he called with me thou make thee boun,
With them thou was ay nichbour in this toun,
I grant I was with them against my will,
And my intent was euer to do them ill.
Unto the zet peartlie thae twa furth raid,
The Porter come without langer abaid,
At Iohn Watsoun then tythings culd he speir,
Oppin he bade the captaine cummis neir,
The zet but mair vnwysely vp he drew.
Thom Haliday soone be the craig him threw
And with ane knyfe he stickit him in that steid,
In ane darke hole doun dreidles kest him deid,
Iohn Watsoun hes hint the keyes in his hand,
The Porter then with Wallace was cummand,
They entrit in befoir them fand na ma,
Except wemen and simple seruants twa,
In the Kitching long scudlers had they bene,

Scho

Wone they wer slaine, quhen the Lady had sene,
She cryed grace, for him that died on tre.
Then Wallace said, Madame your noise let be:
To women yet we do bot little evill,
And young children we like not for to spill.
I wald haue meate, Haliday quhat saist thou?
For fasting folke to dyne gude tyme were now.
Great purueyance was ordained them before,
Baith bread and ale, gude wine and vther store,
To meat they bowned, for they had fasted lang,
Gude men of armes into the close causde gang:
Part fleing folke on fute they from them glade,
On the Knokheid quhair grit mellie was made:
Ay as they came Iohn Watson let them in,
And done to death withouttin noyse or din.
No man left there that was of England borne,
The Castell weill they bested on the morne.
For Iohnstoun sent a man of god degre,
Second daughter forsuith wedded had he,
Of Halidayes deir Nevoy to Wallace,
Great captane then they maid him of that place,
They left him there into a gude arap,
Then ished forth vpon the second day.
Women had leaue in England for to fair,
Sir Iohn the Grahame & gude Wallace cuid fair,
To the Corheid and ludged them that nicht,
Vpon the morne the Sun was at the heicht,
Efter dinner they wald na langer byde,
Thair purpois luik in Crawfurde muire to tryde.
Sir Iohn the Grahame with Wallace that was wicht,
Tom Haliday againe returned richt.
To the Corhall and there remained but dreid,
Na Southeron will principall quha did this deid.
Kirkpatrik past in Eskdaill woods wyde,
In saiftie there he thocht he suld abyde.
Sir Iohn the Grahame and gude Wallace in feir,
With them fourtie men of armes cleir,

Throw Crawfurd mure as they then tuke thair way,
On Englishmen thair mynde remainet ay.

How Wallace wan the Castell of Crawfurd, and how he slew the Captain thairof. Chap. III

FRa Crawfurd Iohn the water doun they ryde,
Neir hand the nicht they lichtit vpon Clyde:
Thair purpois tuike into ane quyet haill,
Then Wallace said I wald we might assaill
Crawfurde Castell with sum gude ieopardie,
Schir Iohn the Grahame how say ze best may be?
This gude Knicht said, and the men were without,
To take the hous thair is bot littill dout,
Ane Squyar than rewlod that Lordship haill,
Of Cumberland borne, his name was Mortindaill,
Then Wallace said my selfe will passe in feir,
And ane with me of herberie for to speir,
Follow on dreich gif that we misser ocht,
Edward Litill with his Maister furth socht,
To ane Oistellarie and with ane woman met,
Scho tauld to them that Sutheron thair was set,
And ze be Scottis I counsall zou pas by,
For and they may ze will get euill herberie,
At drinke they are, sa haue they beine richt lang,
Great word thair is of Wallace thame amang,
They trow that he hes found his men againe,
At Lochmabane feill Inglish men are slaine.
The hous is tint that garris them be full wa,
I trow to God that they shall sone tyne ma,
Wallace speirit of Scotland gif scho be,
Scho said him zea, and thinkis zit to se
Horrow on them throw help of Goddis grace,
He askit hir quha was into the place?
Na men of fence, was left that hous within,
Twentie are heir makand greit noyes and din,
Allace scho said gif that I might anis se,
The worthie Scottis in it maist maister be.

With

With this woman he wald na langer ſtand,
Ane bekin he made, Schir Iohn come at his hand,
Wallace went in and ſaid Benedicite,
The Captain ſpeirit quhat bellamie may thou bee
That cummis ſa grim ſum tythings to vs tell,
Thou art ane Scot, the deuill thy nation quell,
Wallace braid out his ſword withouttin mair,
Into the breſt, the bryme captain he bair.
Throwout the coſt and ſtikkit him to the deid,
Ane vther he hit akwart vpon the heid.
Quhom euer he ſtraik, he brittit baine and lyre,
Feill of them deid fell flatlings in the fyre,
Haikkie payment he made them on the flure,
And Edward Littill keipit weill the dure.
Schir Iohn the Grahame full fane wald haue bene in,
Edward him bade at the caſtell begin,
For of thir folke we haue bot littill dreid,
Schir Iohn the Grahame fall to the caſtell zeid.
Wallace rudelie ſic routs on them gaue
That twentie men derflie to deith they draue.
Fiftene he ſtrake and fyftene hes he ſlaine,
Edward ſlew fyue quhilk was of meikill mane,
To the Caſtell Wallace had greit deſyre,
Be that Schir Iohn had ſet the hous on fyre,
Nane was thairin that greit defence could ma,
Bot wemen ſair fall weipand into wa,
Without the place ane bald bulwarke was maid,
Wallace zeid ouir withouttin longer baid.
The wemen ſone he ſauit fra the deid,
Waik folk he pat and barnes fra that ſteid,
Of purueyance he fand littill or nane,
Befoir that time thair victuall was all gane,
Zit in that place they ludgit all that nicht,
Fra Miſtlarie brocht ſik gude as they micht.
Vpon the morne houſes they ſpuilzeit fall,
All things they docht out of that place they call,
Treine warke they brint that was within thae wains,

Wallis brak down that stalwart was of stains.
Spilt that they micht, syne wald na langer byde,
Unto Dundaff the samin nicht they ryde.
And ludged there with all mirth and all pleasance,
Thankand great God that lent them sik gude chance.

IN THIS SIXT BOOKE IS DE-clared the Spousage of Wallace, and how Hesilrig slew Wallace wife in the town of Lanerk, and how he slew Hesilrig for the same cause, and put the Englishmen out of Lanerk. Chap. 1.

THen passed wer the Octaues of Februar,
And part of March be richt digestioun.
Appearit then the last moneth of Ver,
The signe of sommer with his sweit seasoun.
Be that Wallace fra Dundaff made him boun,
His leaue he tuke, and to Kilbank can fair.
The rumour rais throw Scotland vp and doun,
With Inglishmen that Wallace liuand were.

Into Apryle quhen cleithit is but wane,
The abill ground throw working of natour,
And woods hes won their worthie weids of grein
Quhen Nympheus in building of his bour,
With oyle and balme fulfilled of sweit odour,
Canettis in trace as they wer wont to gang,
Walkand their cours in euery casuall hour,
To glaid the Hunters with their merie sang.

In this same time to him approched new,
His lustie paine the quhilk I spak of air,
Be loues cace he thocht for to persew,
In Lanerk toun, and hidder can he fair,
At residence ane quhyle remained thair,
In hir presence as I haue said befoir:

Thocht

Thocht Englishmen greimit at his repair,
Zit he delytit the thing that set him fair,

The fyre of loue him rewlsd at sic wyse,
He lybit weill with that guidlie to be,
Quhylis he wald think of danger for to ryse,
And vther quhylis out of hir presence fle.
To ceis of weir it wer the best for me,
Thus win I nocht bot sadnes on ilk syde,
Sall neuer man this cowartnes in me se,
To weir I will for chance that may betyde.

What is this loue it is bot greit mischance,
That me wald bring fra armes verrely,
I will not change my worship for pleasance,
In weir I think my time to occupy,
Zit her to loue I will not let for thy,
Mair I sall desyre my worship to reserue,
Fra this day furth then euer mair did I,
I feir of weir quhidder I liue or sterue.

Quhat sall I say Wallace was plainly set,
To loue hir best in all the warld sa wyde,
Thinkand he suld of his desyre to get,
And sa befell be concord on ane tyde,
That scho was made at his command to byde,
And this began the stinting of this strife,
The band began with graith witnes beside,
Syne authour sayes scho was his wedded wyfe.

Now liue in peace, now liue in gude concord,
Now liue in play, now liue in haill pleasance:
For scho be chance hes baith hir loue and Lord,
He thankis loue that did him sa aduance,
Sa euinly held be fauour the Wallance,
Sen he at will may lay hir in his armes.
Scho thankit God of hir hie happie chance,
For in his time he was the floure of armes.

Fortune him shew hir doubill figurit face,
Feill syse or than he had bene set abuse:
In preson now, delyuerit now throw grace,
Now at vneis, now at vnrest, and ruse.
Now weill at will weildand his pleasant loue,
And thocht himselfe out of aduersitie,
Desyrand ay his manheid for to proue,
In courage set vpon the staiges hie,

The verey trueth I can not graithlie tell,
Into this lyfe how lang that they had bene,
Throw naturall course of generation fell,
Ane chyld was cheuit thir twa louers betwéne,
Quhilk gudelie was an Maiden brycht and shén
So farther furth became time to hir age,
Ane Squyar Shaw that then full weill hes séne,
This lyfe lait man gat hir in mariage.

This vther mayd wedded ane Squyar wicht,
Quhilk was weill knawin cummin of Balliols blude,
And their heires he lyne succéded richt,
To Lammintoun and vther lands gude.
Of this mater the richt quha vnderstude,
Heirof as now I will na mair proceid,
Of my sentence thortlie to conclude,
Of vther thing my purpois is to reid.

Richt gudelie men come of this Ladie zing,
Farther of them as now I speik na mair:
Bot Wallace furth into his weir can ring,
He micht not ceis great courage sa him bair.
Southeron to slay for dreid he wald not spair,
And they oft syse feill causes to him wrocht,
Fra that tyme furth quhilk mouit him sa sair,
That neuer in warld out of his mind was brocht,

Now leaue thy mirth, now leaue thy haill pleasance,
Now leaue thy blis, now leaue thy chyldis age,

Now

Now leaue thy zouth, now follow thy hard chance,
Now leaue thy luſt, now leaue thy mariage,
Now leaue thy loue, or thou ſall tyne ane gage,
Quhilk neuer in eird ſall be redeimit againe:
Felloun forfoun and all her feirs outrage,
Go liue in weir, go liue in cruell paine.

Fy on forfoun, fy on thy trinoll quheill,
Fy on thy traiſt for heir it hes no leſt:
That ſa tranſfigurit Wallace out of his weill,
Quhen he traiſtit for to haue liued beſt.
His pleſance heir to him is bot ane jeſt:
Throw thy feirs cours that hes na hap to ho:
Him thou ouerthrew out of his lykand reſt,
Fra greit pleaſance, in weir, trauell, and wo.

Quhat is Forfoun quha drawis the dait ſa faſt,
We wait thair is baith weill and wickit chance.
Bot this fals warld with mony doubill caſt,
In it is nocht bot very variance,
It is na thing to Heuinly gouernance:
Than pray we all to the maker aboue,
Quhilk hes in hand of Juſtice the ballance,
That he vs grauntit of his deir leſtand loue.

Heirof as now farther I ſpeik na mair,
But to my purpoſe ſhortlie will I fair.

TWelue hundreth zeir thairto nyntie and ſeuin,
Fra Chriſt was borne the richteous King of Heuin.
William Wallace into gude lyking gais,
In Lanerk toun amang his mortall fais.
The Inglilſhmen that euer fals hes bene.
With Heſſilrig that cruell was and kene.
And Robert Thorne ane felloun ſubtle knicht,
Hes found the way be quhat meine beſt he micht.
How that they ſuld mak contrait to Wallace,
Be argument as he come vpon cace.

On fra the Kirk that was without the toun,
Quhill their power micht be in armes boun.
Sir Iohn the Grahame that worthie was and trew,
To Lanerk toun gude Wallace could perseu,
Of his weilfair as he full oft had sene,
Of men he had in cumpanie fyftene.
And Wallace nyne they wer na feiris ma,
Upon the morne vnto the Mas can ga,
Thay and thair men graithed tu gudelie grene,
For the seasoun sik vse full lang hes bene.
Quhen sadlie thay had said their Deuotioun.
Ane argued them as they went throw the toun.
The starkest man that Hesilrig then knew,
And als he had of lichtlie wordis anew.
He saluit them as it were bot in scorne,
Dew gaird, gude day bon senzour, and gude morne,
Quhom scornes thou (quod Wallace) quha keirit the?
Quhy sir (said he) come ze not ouir the se?
Pardoun me than for I weind ze had bene,
Ane Ambassade to bring an vncouth Quene.
Wallace answerit, sic pardoun as we hane,
In vs to giue, thy pairt thou sall not crane,
Sen ze are Scottis zit saluit sall ze be,
Gude euin daucht Lord, Ballanch, Wanzenochadie.
Sa Southeron men to them assemblit neir,
Wallace was laith as then to mak ane steir.
Ane maid ane scrip and tit at his lang sword,
Hald still thy hand (quod he) and speik thy word.
With thy lang sword thou makis meikill boast,
Thairof (quod he) thy dame maid littill coast.
Quhat caus hes thou to weir that gudelie grene?
My maist caus is bot for to make the tene.
Quhat suld ane Scot do with sa fair ane Kyrtle,
He said the Preist that last janglit thy wyfe,
That woman lang hes callit him sa fair,
Quhill that his Chylde worthit to be thy air.
Me think (quod he) thou dyrues me to scorne,

Thy

Thy Dame was ſaipit or euer thou was borne.
The power then aſſemblit him about,
Twa hundreth men that ſtalwart were and ſtout.
The Scottis ſaw their power was cummand,
Sir Robert Thorne and Heſſilrig at hand.
Great multitude with weapons burneiſt bene,
The worthie Scottis quhilk cruell were and kene.
Amang Southeron ſic dyntis gaue that tyde,
Quhill blude on breid birſtit fra wounds wyde.
Wallace in ſtoure was cruellie fechtand,
Of ane Southeron he ſmot aff the richt hand.
And quhen that carle of fechting micht na mair,
With the left hand in yre held an buckler.
Then fra the ſtump the blude ſprang out full faſt,
In Wallace face aboundantlie can it caſt.
Into great part it marrit him of his ſicht,
Sir Iohn the Grahame ane ſtraik hes tane him richt.
With his gude ſword vpon the ſoutheron ſyre,
Derflie to death drane him into that yre.
The perrell was richt awfull, hard, and ſtrang.
The ſtour indured merueilous and lang.
The Inglifmen zit gatherit wonder faſt.
The worthie Scottis the gait left at the laſt.
Quhen they had ſtaine and wounded monie ane,
To Wallace Innis the gaineſt way ar gane.
They paſſit ſone, defended them richt weill,
He and ſir Iohn with ſwordis ſtiff of ſteill.
Behind their men quhill they the zet had taine,
The Woman than quhilk was full will of waine.
The perrell ſaw with felloun nopis and din,
Set vp the Zet and leit them enter in.
Throughe to ane ſtrenth they paſſit off that ſteid,
Fyftie Southeron vpon the gait lay deid.
This fair Woman with buſineſſe and micht,
The Inglis men did tarie with ane ſlicht,
Quhill that Wallace into the wood was paſt,
Then Cartlane craigs they perſewed full faſt.

Quhen

When Southeron saw that chapit was Wallace
Againe they turnit, the Woman tuik on cace,
Pat hir to deith I can not tell zow how,
Of sic mater I may not tarie now.
Quhair greit dule is but redeiming againe,
Renewing of it is, and bot eiking of paine.
Ane trew woman had serued her full lang,
Out of the toun the gainest way can gang.
To Wallace tauld how all the deid was done,
The painfull wo socht to his heart full soone,
Wer not for shame he had shot to the ground,
For bitter baill that in his breist was bound.
Sir Iohn the Grahame baith wise, gentle & free,
Great murning made that pitie was to see.
And als the laue that wer assemblit thair,
For pure sorrow with heart weipit full sair.
Quhen Wallace felt their courage was so small,
He fenzeit him for to comfort them all.
Ceis men he said this is ane buteles bane,
For we cannot cheueis hir lyfe againe.
Uneis ane word he micht bring out for teene,
T he bailfull teirs brist braithlie fra his eene.
Sichand he said sall neuer man me see
Rest into eis quhill this dead wroken be.
The saikles slaghter of hir baith blyth & bricht,
That I avow to the maker of micht,
Of that Natioun I sall neuer forbeir,
Zoung nor auld that abill is to weir.
Priests nor women I thinke not for to slae,
In my default but if they causing mae.
Sir Iohn he said let all this murning be,
And for hir saik thair sall ten thousand die.
Quhair men may weip their courage is the les,
It slaikes yre of wrang they suld redres.
Of thair complaints as now I speik na mair,
Of Auchinlek in Kilbank dwelland thair,
Quhen he heard tell of Wallace vexation,

To Cartlane wood with ten men made him boun,
Wallace he fand sum pairt within the night,
To Lanerk toun in all haist they them dight,
The watche as then of them had littill dreid,
Partit thair men syne diuers wayes zeid,
Schir Iohn the Grahame and his gude cumpanie,
To schir Robert Thorne full fast they hy,
Wallace and his to Hessilrig soone they past,
In ane heigh house quhair he was sleipand fast.
Struike at the doore with his fute hardely,
Quhill bar and brais in the flure he gart ly,
The Schiref cryit quha makes this great deray,
Wallace he said quhilk thou hes socht this day,
The womans deith will God thou sall deir by,
Hessilrig thocht it was na time to ly,
Out of that house full fane he wald haue bene,
The nicht was mirk zit Wallace hes him sene,
Feirslie him strake as he come in greit yre,
Upon the heid bristit throw bane and lyre.
The scheirand sword glaid to his schoulder bane,
Out ouer the stair among them he is gane,
Gude Auchinlek trowit not that he was deid,
Thryse with ane knyfe he strake him in that steid,
The scry about rais rudelie in that streit,
Feill of the laue were fulzeit vnder feit,
Zoung Hessilrig and wicht Wallace is met,
Ane sicker straik William hes on him fet.
Derflie to deith ouir the stair dang him doun,
Monie that nicht they slew in Lanerk toun,
Sum greissis lap, and sum stikked within,
Effeirit they were with hideous noyes and din,
Sir Iohn the Grahame had set the hous in fyre,
Quhair Robert Thorne was brint vp bane and lyre.
Twelf scoir they slew that war of Ingland borne,
Wemen they leuit and Priests on the morne,
To pas thair way of blis and gudis bair,
And swore that they again suld cum na mair.

Quhen

Quhen Scottis hard thir tyne tythings of new,
Out of all pairts to Wallace fast they drew.
Pleneist the toun quhilk was their heritage,
Thus Wallace straue againsthat greit barnage.
Ay he began with strife and stalwart hand,
To cheueis againe, some rowmes in Scotland.
The worthie Scottis that semblit tot im thair,
Cheisit him for cheif thair chiftane and leidair,
Aymer Wallange ane felloun tyran knicht,
In Bothuell dwelt King Edwards man full richt,
Murray was out thocht he was richteous Lord,
Of all that land, as true men will record.
Into Arrane he was dwelland that tyde,
And vther men in this land durst not byde,
Bot this fals knight in Bothuell winnand was.
Ane man he gart sone to King Edward pas.
And tauld him haill of Wallace ordinance,
How he had put his people to mischance,
And plainly was rissen again to King.
Grieuit thairat richt greitly was the King,
Throw all England he gart his doars cry,
Power to get and said he wald plainly,
In Scotland pas that realme to statute new,
Feill men of weir to him richt fast they drew.
The Queine felt weill how that his purpose was,
To him scho went on knies syne can scho as.
He wald desist and not in Scotland gang.
Ze suld haue dreid to worke a felloun wrang,
Cristnit they are, zon is thair heritage,
To reaue thair Croun it is ane greit outrage,
For hir counsell at hame he wald not byde,
His Lords him feit in Scotland for to ryde,
The Scottis man that dwelt with King Edward,
Quhen he heard tell that Wallace tuike sic pairt,
He stall fra thame as paintlie as he may.
In Scotland syne he come vpon ane day,
Scikand Wallace he made him reddie boun.

This

This Scot was borne at Kyle at Richardtoun,
In England coast he knew it wonder weill,
Fra Hull about to Bristow euerie deill.
Fra Carlyle through Sandwich that Royal steid,
Fra Dover ouer vnto Saint Bayis heid.
In Picardy and Flanders baith had bene,
All Normandie and France hes he sene,
Ane Pursevant to King Edward in weir,
Bot he could neuer gar him his armes beir.
Of greit stature and sumpairt gray was he,
The Inglishmen callit him bot Grymisbie.
To Wallace come and into Kyle him fand,
He tauld him haill the tythings of England.
They turnit his name fra that time they him knew,
And called him Iop, of ingyne he was trew.
In all his time gude seruice in him fand,
Gaue him to beir the armes of Scotland.
Wallace againe in Cliddisdaill sone he raid,
And his power semblit withouttin baid.
He gart command quha wald his peace tak,
Ane frée remit he suld gar to him mak,
For all kin deid that they had done before,
The Persies peace, and sir Rannalds was woone.
Feill to him drew that baldly durst abyde,
Of Wallace kin of mony diuers syde.
Sir Rannald then send him his power haill,
Himselfe durst not be knowne in battaill:
Againe Southeron, for he had maid ane band,
Lang time befoir to hald of them his land.
Adam Wallace past out of Richardtoun,
And Robert Boyde with gude men of renoun.
Of Cunninghame and Kyle come men of baill,
To Lanerk socht on hors ane thousand haill.
Sir Iohn the Grahame and his gude Cheualrie,
Sir Iohn of Tynto with men that he micht be.
Gude Auchinlek that Wallace Uncle was,
Monie true Scot with their Chiftane culd pas.

Thrè thousand haill of liklie men of weir,
And feill on fute quhilk wantit hors and geir.
The tyme by this was cummand vpon hand,
The awfull hoist with Edward of England.

The Battell of Bigger.

TO Bigger come with fertie thousand men,
In weir weidis that cruell was to ken.
They plantit their feill tents and palliouns,
Quhair Clarions blew with manie michtie sounds.
Pleneist that place with gude vittaill and wyne,
In Cairtis brocht their purueyance full fyne.
This awfull King gart twa Heralds be brocht.
Gaue them command in all the haist they mocht,
To charge Wallace that he suld cum him till,
Without promeis, and put him in his will.
Becaus I wait he is ane gentle man,
Cum in my grace and I sall saue him than.
As for his life I will vpon me take,
And after this gif he will seruice make,
He sall haue wage that may him weill suffice,
That Rebald weinis for he hes done suppryse,
To my people oft vpon auenture,
Against me that he may lang indure.
To this proffer gainstanding if he be,
Heir I avow he sall be hangit hie.
The zoung Squyar was brother to sir Hew,
He thocht he wald ga disagysit to persew.
Wallace to sè that tuke sa hie ane part,
Bozne sisters sonne he was to King Edward.
Ane coat of armes he tuke on him but baid,
With the Herauld full priuilie furth raid.
To Tinto hill withouttin residence,
Quhair Wallace lay with his folk at defence.
An likly hoist as of sa few they fand,
To him they socht and wald na langer stand.
Gif ze be he that reallis all this thing,

Tre

Credence we haue brocht fra our worthie King.
Than Wallace gart thé knightis to him call,
Syne red the writ in presence of them all.
To them he said, answer ze sall nocht craue,
Bot word or writ quhilk lykis zou best to haue.
In writ they said it were the lyklieſt.
Then Wallace thus began to dyte in haiſt.
¶ Thou rebar King thou chargis me throw cace
That I suld cum and put me in thy grace,
Giue I ganestand thou hechtis for to hang me,
I bow to GOD and euer I may tak thé:
Thou sall be hangit ane crampill to giue
To King of reik, als lang as I may liue.
Thou proffeiris me of thy wages to haue,
I thé defy power and all the laue;
That helps thé heir of thy fals Nation,
Will GOD thou sal be put fra this Regioun,
Or die therefore contrair thoch thou had sworne,
Thou sall vs sé or nyne houris the morne.
Battell to giue, manger of all thy kin,
For fallie thou seiks our Realme within.
This writ he gaue to the Heralds but mair,
Ane gude reward he gart deliuer them thair.
Bot Iop knew weill the Squyar zoung sir Hew,
And tauld Wallace for he was euer trew.
He them commandit that they suld sone him tak
Himselfe began sair accusing to mak.
Squyar he said, sen thou hes fenzeit armes,
On thé sall fall sum part of thir harmes,
Crampill to giue to all thy fals Nation,
Upon the hill he gart syne set them doun.
Straik off his heid or he wald farther go,
To the Herald said syne withouttin ho.
For thou art fals to armes and mansworne,
Throw thy cheiks thy toung salbe outthorne.
Quhen that was done, than to the third said he,
Armes to Iudge thou sall neuer graithlie sé,

He gart ane Smyth with his turkas ticht thair,
Pull out his eyne, syne gaue them leaue to fair,
To zour fals King thy fellow fall thé leid,
With thy answer, turs him his Nevoyes heid.
Thus sayd I dreid the King and all his hoist,
His dum fellow led him vnto thair Oist.
Quhen King Edward his Heralds thus hes sén,
In proper ye he wore neir wod for téne.
That he wist nocht, in quhat wyse him to wreak,
For sorrow almaist ane word he could not speik,
Ane lang quhyle he stude wythand in ane rage,
On loud he said, this is ane fell outrage,
This deid to Scottis, full fair it sall be bocht,
Sa despitefull in warld was neuer wrocht.
Fra this Regioun I think not for to gang,
Quhill tyme that I sall sé that Rebell hang.
I lat his thus invyte and sorrow dwell,
Of the gude Scottis shortlie I will tell.

FOrth fra his men than Wallace raikit richt,
To him he callit Sir Iohn Tynto the Knicht.
And leit him wit, to bely he wald ga,
The Inglish Oist, and bade him tell na ma.
Quhat euer they speirit, quhil that he com again,
Wallace disagyst thus bownit ouir ane plaine,
Betuix Culter and Bigger as he past,
He was sone war quhair ane warkman come fast.
Ourquand a meir and pitcheris for to sell,
Gude friend he said in trueth will thou me tell.
With this chaufry quhair passis thou truelye
To ony place quha lykis for to by.
It is my craft and I wald sell them faine,
I will them by, sa God in help fra paine.
Quhat pryce lat heir, I will haue them ilk ane,
Bot halfe ane mark, for sik pryce haue I tane.
Twentie shillings, Wallace said thou sall haue,
I will haue Meir, pitchers and all the laue.

Thy

Thy gowne and hois in haſte thou put of ſyne,
And mak ane change, for I ſall giue the myne.
And thy auld hude, becaus it is threid bair,
The man weind weill he had ſcornit him thair.
Thou tarie noeht, it is ſuith that I ſay,
The man keſt off his ſebill weid of gray,
And Wallace his, ſyne payit Muer in hand,
Pas on he ſaid thou art ane bad Merchand.
The gowne and hois in clay that claggit was,
The hude heklit, and ſyne maid him to pas.
The quhip he tuik and furth the Meir can call,
Attour the bray the vpmaiſt pot gart fall.
Brak on the ground, the man leuch at his fair,
But thou beware, thou tynis of thy chauffair.
The Sun be than was paſſit out of ſicht,
The day was gane, and cummin was the nicht.
Amang the Southeron full buſilie he paſt,
On ather ſide his éne he can to caſt.
How Lords lay, and had their ludging maid,
The pauillion quhair that the Leopards baid.
Spyand full faſt, quhair his auaill micht be,
He cuid weill wink, and luik vp with an eye,
Sum ſcornit him, ſum gleyd carle cald him thair
Aggréuit they wer of their Heralds miſſair.
Sum ſpeirit of him how he ſald of the beſt,
For fourtie pennies he ſaid quhill they map leſt.
Sum brak ane pairt, ſum prickit at his Eye,
Wallace ſlaid out priuatlie and leit them be.
Vnto his hoiſt againe he paſſit richt,
His men be than had tane Tynto the Knicht.
Sir Iohn the Grame gart bind him wonder faſt,
For he wiſt weill he was with Wallace laſt.
Sum bad birne him, ſum hang him in ane cord,
They ſwore that he defaut had their Lord.
Wallace be this was enterit them amang,
To him he zeid, and wald not tarie lang.
Syne he gart louſe him of thae bands new,

And said he was baith sober wise and trew,
To supper sone boūdnit but mair abaid,
He tauld to thame what market he had maid.
And how that he the Sutheroun saw full weill,
Sir Iohn the Grahame displeisit was sum deill,
And said to him nocht chiftane like it was,
Throw wilfulnes in sic perrill to pas.
Wallace answerit, or we win Scotland fre,
Baith ze and I in perrill mair mon be,
And many other the quhilk full worthie is,
Now of ane thing we do sum pairt in mis,
Ane littill sleip I wald fane that we had,
With zone men syne luke how we may vs glaid.
The worthie Scots tuik gud rest quhil neir day,
Than rais thay vp, to array sone ordainit thay.
The hill is left and to ane plaine is gane,
Wallace himselfe the vangard first hes tane,
With him was Boyd and Auchinlek but dreid,
With ane thousand of worthie men in weid,
As monie syne in the middill waird put he,
Sir Iohn the Grahame he gart thair leidar be.
With him zoung Adam the Lord of Richartoun,
The third thousand in the reir waird he dicht,
To Walter gaue of Newbigging the knicht,
With him Tinto that douchtie was in deid,
And Dauid Sonne to Sir Walter to leid.
Behind thame neir the fute men gart he be,
And bad thē byde quhill they thair tyme micht se
Ze want wapins and harnes in this tyde,
The first Counter ze may them not abyde.
Wallace gart sone the Chiftanes to him call,
His charge he gaue for chance that micht befall.
To take na heid to geir nor zit pillage,
For thay will flie as wod folke in ane rage,
Win first the men the gude syne ze may haue,
And take na tent of couetise to craue,
Throw couetise men lossis gude and lyfe,

I zou command forbeir sic in our stryfe,
Luke ze saue nane Lord Captaine nor yet knicht,
For worship worke and for our Elders richt,
GOD blis vs all that we may in our veyage,
Put thir fals folke out of our heritage,
Than thay inclinit all with ane gude will,
His plaine command they hecht it to fulfill,
On the greit Oist the parties can furth draw,
Cummand to them out of the South they saw,
Thrie hundreth men into thair armour cleir,
The ganest way to thame approachet neir,
Wallace said soone thay ar na Englishmen,
For by this Oist the gats weill they ken,
Thom Haliday thay men he guydit richt,
From Annandaill he had led them that nicht,
His twa gudesonnis Iohnstoun and Rutherfurd
Wallace was blyth fra that he hard that word,
Sa was the laue of that gude Cheualry.
Iardane thair come into thair company,
And Kirkpatrik befoir in Eskdaill was,
Ane wing thay war in Wallace host to pas.
The Inglis watch that nicht had bein on steir,
Drew to thair host right as the day can peir.
Wallace knew weill for he befoir had seine,
The Kings pauillioun quhair it had buskit beine
Than with rich hors the Scots vpon them raid,
At the first counter sa greit abasing maid,
That all the Oist was stoneist at that sicht,
Full monie ane derslie to deith was dicht,
Feill of them as than was out of thair array,
The mair awfull and hastie was the fray.
The noyes was hudge throw straiks that they dang,
The rumour rais sa rudelie them amang,
That all the Oist was than in point to flée:
The wise Lords fra thay the perrill sée,
The felloun fray als raisit was about,
And how thair King stude in sa mekill dout.

To his pauillion full many thousand focht,
Him to reskew be onie way they mocht.
The Earle of Kent that nicht walking had bene,
With fiue thousand of men in armour kene.
About the King full suddenlie they gang,
And traist him weill the assalze was richt strang.
All Wallace folk in vle of weir was gude,
Into the stour some lichtit quhair they stude.
Quhom euer thay hit na harnesse micht them stint,
Fra they on fute assemblit with swords dynt,
Of manheid they in hearts full cruell was
They thocht to win, or neuer hyne to pas.
Feill Inglishmen befoir the King they slew,
Sir Iohn the Grahame come with his power new
Amang the hoist with the middill ward he raid,
Great martyrdom on Sutheron men they maid.
The rein ward then set on sa hardelie,
With newbigging and all the Cheualrie.
Pauillioun raipis they cuttit all in sunder,
Borne to the ground and monie smorit vnder.
The futemen come the quhilk I spak of air,
On frayit folks with straikis sad and sair.
Thoch they befoir wantit baith hors and geir,
Aneuch they gat quhat they wald waill to weir.
The Scottis power then all together were,
The kings pauillion byrnlie down they bair.
The Erle of Kent with ane gude Axe in hand,
Into the stour full stoutlie can he stand.
Befoir the King makand full greit debait,
Quha best did than he had the best estate.
The felloun stour sa stalwart was and strang,
Thairto continuit meruelouslie and lang.
Wallace himselfe full sadly could persew,
And at ane straik the chief Chiftane he slew.
The Sutheron folk fled fast and durst not byde,
Horsit their King and off the field can ryde.
Agains his will he was full laith to flie,

Into

Into that time he thocht not for to die,
Of his best men thre thousand there was deid,
Or he could find to flie and leaue that steid.
Twentie thousand fled with him in ane staill,
The Scots gat hors and followed the battaill.
Throw Culter hope befoir they wan the hicht,
Feill Southeron folk wer marrit in that nicht.
Slaine be the gait as their King fled away,
Baith fair and bricht and richt clein was the day
The Sun risen chinand ouir hill and daill,
Than Wallace kell quhat was his best auaill,
The fleand folke that off the field first past,
Unto their King again resemblit fast.
Fra ather side sa manie assemblit thair,
Then Wallace wald let follow them na mair.
Befoir he raid gart his folke turne againe,
Of Inglishmen sextin thousand there was slaine.
Than Wallace hoist againe to Bigger raid,
Quhair Inglishmen great purueyance had maid
The Jowalrie as they wer hither led,
Pauillions and all they leauit quhen they fled.
The Scots gat gold gude geir and vther wage,
Releinit they wer that partit that pillage.
To meat they went with great mirth & plesance,
They spared nocht King Edwards purueyance.
With solace syne ane littill sleip they ta,
Ane priuat watch he gart amang them ga.
Twa Cuiks fell their lines for to saue,
With deid crocis that lay vnput in graue.
Quhen they saw weill the Scots wer at rest,
Out of the field to steill they thocht it best.
Full law they crap quhill they wer out of sicht,
Efter the hoist syne ran in all their micht.
Quhen that the Scots had sleipit bot a quhyle,
Then rais they vp, for Wallace dreidit gyle.
He said to them the Southeron may persew,
Againe to vs for they are folk anew.

Quhair Inglischmen prouisioun makes in weir,
It is full hard to do thame mekill deir.
On this plaine feild we will thame not abyde,
To sum gud place my purpois is to ryde.
The purueyance that left was in that steid,
To Roppis Boig he gart feruandis it leid:
With ordinance that Sutheroun brocht in thair,
He with the Dill to Dauid Schaw can fair,
Quhair they remanuit ane greit space of the day,
Of Inglischmen zit sum thing I will say,
As king Edward throw Culter hoppis socht,
Quhen he persauit the Scottis followit nocht,
In Iohnes graine he gart his host byde still,
Feill sleand folks assemblit sone him till,
Quhen they wer met the king neir woxthit mad,
For his deir kin that he thair lossit had.
His twa Emes into the field was slaine,
His second sonne that mekill was of mane,
His brother Hew was killed thair ful cauld,
The Erle of Kent that cruell was and bauld,
With greit worschip tuke deid befoir the king,
For him he mournit sa lang as he migt ring,
At this semblie as they in sorrow stand,
The twa Cuiks come sone in at his hand,
And tauld to him how they escaipit wair,
The Scottis all as swine lyis drunkin thair,
Of your wicht wine ze gart vs hither leid,
Full weill ze may be vengit of their deid.
Upon our lyues is suith that we you tell,
Returne againe ze sall find them your sell,
He blamit thame and said na wit it was,
That he againe for sic ane taill sould passe,
Thair Chiftane is richt marvellous in weir,
Fra sic perrill he can full weill thame beir,
For to seik mair as now I will not ryde,
Our meit is lossit thairfore we mae not byde,
The hardie duke of Longcastell and Lord,

Soueraine

Soueraue he said to our counsall concord.
Gif this be trew we haue the mair auaill.
We may them win, and make bot licht trauaill.
Wer zon folk deid quha now againis vs stand,
Than neid we nocht for meit to leaue the land.
The king answerit, I will not ryde againe,
As at this time my purpose is in plaine.
The Duke said sir gif ze determined be,
To mone zon mair effeirs not to me.
Command power againe with me to wend,
And I of this sall se the finall end.
Ten thousand haill he chargit for to ryde.
Heir in this strenth all nicht I sall zon byde.
We may get meit of bestiall in this land,
Gude drink as now we may not bring to hand.
Of Westmureland the lord had met them thair,
On with the Duke he graithed him to fair.
At the first straik with thame he had not bene,
With him he led ane thousand weill beseine,
And Patrick Lord was with ane thousand boun,
Of king Edward he keipit Calice toun,
Thir twelf thousand into the toun can fair,
The twa captains sone met them at Bigger,
With the haill stuke of Roxburgh and Berwick.
Sir Rauf Gray saw that they were Sutheron lyk,
Out of the south approchit to their sicht,
He knew full weill with him it was nocht richt,
Amer Wallange with his power come als.
King Edwards man ane tyrane knicht and fals.
Quhen thay wer met they fand not els thair,
Bot deid crocis and they wer spulzeit bair.
Then marueilit they quhair the Scottis suld be,
Of them about appearande they cuid not se,
Bot spyis them tald that came with sir Aymer,
In Dauid schaw thay saw them mak repair.
The feill Southeron sone past to that place,
The watch was ware and tauld it to Wallace.

He warnit the hoist out of the toun to ryde,
In Roppis bog he purposit to abyde.
Ane lytill schaw vpon the ane syde was,
That men on fute out of the Bog micht pas.
The hors they left into that littill hald,
On fute they thocht the Mos that they suld hald.
The Inglis hoist had weill their passage sene,
And followit fast with cruell men anv bene.
Thay trowit that Bog micht make them littill baill,
Growin ouir with rispe, and all the sward was haill.
On them to ryde they ordainit with great Ire,
Of the formest ane thousand in the myre.
Of hors with men are plungit in the deip,
The Scots of thair comming tuke gude keip.
Vpon them set with straiks sad and sair,
Zeid nane away of all that enterit thair.
Licht men on fute vpon them derfly dang,
Feill vnder hors was smoirit in that thrang.
Strampit in Mos, and with rude hors ouirgane,
The worthie Scots the dyre land then hes tane,
Vpon the leane fechtand full wonder fast,
And monie grume they maid full fair agast.
The Inglismen that busie wer in weir,
Assailzeit sair them fra the Mos to beir.
On ather syde bothen it was na bute,
The strenth they held richt awfullie on fute,
To men and hors gaue many grievous wound,
Feill to the death they stikkit in that stound.
The Pikard Lord assailzeit sharpelie thair,
Vpon the Grahame with straiks sad and sair.
Sir Iohn the Grahame with a stiff sword of steill
His bricht bryneis he peirsit euery deill.
Throw all the stuffe and stikkit him in that steid,
Thus of his dynt the bauld Pikard was deid.
The Inglish hoist tuik plaine purpose to flie,
In their turning the Scots gart many die.
Wallace wald fane at the Wallange haist bene,

Or

Of Westmureland the Lord was them betwene,
Wallace on him he set ane awfull dynt,
Throw Basnet and tuf, that na treil micht out stint,
Derfly to death he left him in that place.
Swa the false knicht escaipit throw this cace,
Gude Robert Boyde hes with ane Captaine met,
Of Berwik than ane sad straik on him set,
Quirthort the craig, and keruit the Pekape,
Throw all his weid in sunder strake the bane.
Feill horsemen fled fast and durst not abyde,
Rebutit euill vnto thair King they ryde.
The Duke him tauld of all his Journey haill,
His heart for Ire boldnit in bitter baill,
Heithlie he thocht he sould neuer London se.
On Wallace deid quhill he reuengit be,
Or lose his men agane as he did air,
Thus South he socht, with greit sorrow and cair,
Than at the Kirk ane littill tary maid:
Syne throw the land ouir Sulway fast he raid,
The Scots Dill ane nicht remanit still,
Upon the morne thay spulzeit with gude will.
The deid corps caryit wes to Braidwood with greit cair,
At ane counsall thrie dayes they soiornit thair
At the Forrest Kirk ane meiting ordanit he,
Thay cheisit Wallace Scottis wardane for to be,
Traisting he suld thair painfull sorrowes ceis,
He resauit all that wald come to his peis.
Schir Williame come that Lord of Dowglas was,
Forsuke Edward at Wallace peace can as.
In that thirlage he wald na langer be,
Tribut befoir to England payit he.
In contrair Scottis with thame he neuer raid,
Far better cheir Wallace thairfoir him made.
Thus treitit he and cherist wounder fair,
Trew Scottis men, that feildte made him chair,
And gaue greitly feill gudes that he wan,
He warnit it nocht to na gude Scottis man,

Quha

Nuha wald rebell and gang contrair the richt,
He puneist sair war he Squyar or knicht,
Thus maruelouslie gude Wallace tuke in hand,
Likly he was richt fair and weill farrand.
Manly and stout and thairwith liberal,
Pleasand and wise in all gude generall,
To slay forsuith Sutheron he spairit nocht,
To Scottis men full great profite he wrocht,
Into the South forsuith then passit he,
As him best thocht he reulit that countrie.
Schirreffis he maid that cruell was and kene,
And Captaines of true wise Scottis men,
Fra Gamylis path the land obeyit him haill,
To Vr watter baith strenth forrest and daill.
Agains him in Galloway hous was nane,
Except Wigtoun biggit of lyme and stane,
That Captaine heard the reull of Wallace,
Away be sey he stall out of that place.
Leauit all waist, and culd in England wend,
Bot Wallace soone ane keiper to it send,
Ane gude Squyar and to name he was cald,
Adame Gordoun as the Storie me tauld.

Ane strenth thair was at the water of Cre,
Within an roch richt stalwart wrocht of tre
Ane gait befoir na man micht to it win,
But the consent of thame that dwelt thairin.
On the bake syde ane roch and water was,
Ane strait entrie forsuith thair was to pas.
To vesie it Wallace himselfe soone went,
Fra he it saw he kest in his intent,
To win the hald he hes chosin ane gait,
That they within suld make littill debaite,
His power haill hes gart byde out of sicht,
Bot thrie with him quhill tyme that it was nicht
Than tuke he twa quhen that the nicht was dym
Stevin of Ireland and Keirly that culd clim,

Up ſone they went againis that roch ſa ſtrang,
Thus enterit they the Sutheroun men amang,
The watch befoir tuke na tent to that ſyde
Thir tꝛie in fier ſone to the Pꝛoꝛter thay glyde.
Gude Wallace than ſtraik the Pꝛoꝛter himſell,
Weid ouir the roch into the dyke he fell,
Leit doun the bꝛig and blew his hoꝛne on hicht,
The buſchment bꝛak and come in all their micht,
At their owne will ſone entrit in that place,
To Engliſhmen thay did full littill grace.
Sertie they ſlew in that hald was na ma,
Bot ane ald Pꝛieſt and ſimpill wemen twa,
Greit purboyame was in that roch to ſpend,
Wallace baid ſtill quhill it was at ane end.
Brak doun the ſtrength both bꝛig and Bulwark all,
Out quer the roche they gart the timber fall,
Under the gait, and wald na langer byde,
In Carrik ſyne they bownit them to ryde.
Haiſtit them not bot ſoberlie can fair,
To Turueburie that Captaine was of Air,
With Lord Perſie to take his counſell hail,
Wallace purpoſed that place for to aſſaill,
Ane woman tauld quhen the Captaine was gane,
Gude men of fence into that ſteid was nane,
They filled the dyke with eird and timber haill,
Syne fyꝛit the hous na ſuccour micht auhill,
Ane Pꝛieſt theꝛ was and gentill wemen thairin,
Quhilk in thair maner made hideous noyes and din,
Mercy they cryit foꝛ him that died on tꝛe,
Wallace gart ſlake the fyꝛe and let them bꝛe,
To make defence na ma was leuit thair,
Be them commanded out of the land to fair,
Spulzeit the place and ſpilt all that they mocht,
Upon the moꝛne to Cumnok ſone they ſocht.
To Lanerk ſyne and ſet ane tyme of air,
Wildoers keill he gart be puneiſt thair,
To gude true men he gaue ane nobill wage,

His brothers Sonnes put to thair heritage,
To the blake Craig of Cumnok paſt againe,
His houſhold ſet with men of metikill maine,
Thrie moneths there he dwelt into gwd reſt,
The ſubtill Sutheroun fand weill it was the beſt,
Trewis to take, for to eſchew ane chance,
To further this they ſent for Knicht Wallance,
Bothwell zit that tratour keipit ſtill,
And Air all haill was at Lord Peirſies will.
Throw greit ſupplie of the Captaine of Air,
The Biſchop Beik in Glaſgow he dwelt thair,
Erll of Stanefurd was chancellar of England,
With Sir Aymer this tratour tuke on hand.
To procure peace be any maner of cace,
Ane ſaifconduct thay purchaſt of Wallace,
In Ruglane kirk the tryſt thair haue they ſet,
And promeis made to meit Wallace but let,
The day of this approached wonder faſt,
The greit Chancellar and Aymer hidder paſt,
Syne Wallace come and his men weill beſene,
With him fiftie arrayit all in greine.
Ilk ane of thame ane bow and arrowes bair,
And lang ſwords the quhilk full ſharplie ſchair,
Within the kirk ſo ſone they entrit had,
Vnto his prayer he paſt but mair abaid,
Syne vp he rais and to his tryſt he went,
And his gudemen full cruell of Intent,
In Ire he grew that traitour quhen he ſaid,
The Engliſhmen of his face ſtod great aid.
Wit reullit him that he did nane outrage,
The Erle beheld faſt to his hie curage,
Forthocht ſumpairt that he come to that place,
Greitlie abaiſit for the vult of his face,
Sir Aymer ſaid this ſpeich ze man begin,
He will not bow to na Prince of zour kin,
Aſſouerit ze are I traiſt ze may ſpeik weill,
For all England he will not break a deill,

His

His saif conduct quhair he makis ane band,
The Chanceller than profferrit him his hand,
Wallace stude still and culd na hands take,
Friendship to thame na lyklines wald make.
Sir Aymer said Wallace ze vnderstand,
This is ane Lord and Chancellar of England,
To salute him ye may be proper skill,
With schort auise he made answer him till,
Sic salusting I vse to Englishmen,
Sa sall they haue where euer I may them ken,
At my power that make I GOD avow,
Out of conduct gif that I had him now,
Bot for thy lyfe and all this land sa braid,
I will not breake the promeis that is made,
I had leuer at mine awin will haue the,
Without conduct that I micht wrockin be,
Of thy false deid thou dois in this regioun,
Than of pure gold ane kings great Ransoun.
Bot for my band as now I will let be.
Chancellar say furth quhat ze desyre of me,
The Chancellar said the maist caus of this thing,
To procure peace I am sent fra the King,
With the greit seill and voice of his parliament,
Quhat I bind heir our barnage shall consent,
Wallace answerit ouir littill mends we haue,
Syne of our richt ze occupy the laue.
Quytclame our land and we sall not deny,
The Chancellar said of na sik charge haue I.
We will giue gold or our purpois suld faill,
Than Wallace said in waist is that trauaill.
We ask na gold be fauour of your kin,
In weir of zou we tak quhat we may win.
Abaissit he was to mak answer againe.
Wallace said Sir we iangill all in vaine
My counsell giues I will na fabill make,
As for ane finall peace to take,

Noch

Nocht for my ſelfe that I bind to your Seill.
I can not trow that euer ze will be leill.
But poore folk that greatlie hes bene ſuppryſit,
I will tak peice quhill farther we be aduiſit.
Than band thay thus thair ſuld be na debait,
Caſtell and toun ſuld ſtand in their ilk ſtait,
Fra that day furth quhill ane zeir was at end,
Seillit this peice, and tuik their leaue to wend.
Wallace fra them paſſit into the Weſt,
Paid plaine repair quhair that him lykit beſt.
Zit ſair he dred that thay ſuld him diſſaue,
The Indentour to ſir Rannald he gaue.
His deir Unkill quhair it micht keipit be,
In Cumnok fyne to his dwelling went he.

THE SEAVENTH PART OF THIS Booke declares how Wallace brint the barnes of Air, and put Biſhop Beeke out of Glaſgow, and ſlew Lord Perſie. Chap. I.

IN Februar befell the ſamin race,
That Inglithmen tuik trewes with Wallace,
This paſſit ouir quhill March away was ſocht,
The Inglithmen keſt all the wayes they mocht.
With ſubtill and wickit concluſioun,
The worthie Scottis to put to confuſioun.
Into Apryle the king of England come,
In Cumberland of pumfret fra his home.
Into Carlyle to ane counſell he zeid,
Quhairof the Scots micht haue full mekil dreid.
Monie Captaine that was of England borne,
Hither they paſt ſemblit their King beforne,
Na Scottis man to that counſell thay cald,
Bot ſir Aymer that traitour was of ald,
At him thay ſpeirit how thay ſuld tak in hand,
The richteous blude to ſtroy out of Scotland.

Sir

Sir Aymer ſaid thair Chiftane can weill do,
Richt wiſe in weir and hes great power to.
And now this trewis gaue them ſic hardiment,
That to zour faith they will not all conſent.
Bot wald ze do richt as I can zou leir,
The peice to them it ſuld be ſald full deir.
Than deimit he the fals Southeron amang,
How they beſt micht the Scottis barrouns hang
Four great Warnis at that tyme ſtude in Air,
Wrocht for the King quhen his bigging was thair.
Biggit about that na man enter micht,
Bot ane at anis nor haue of vther ſicht.
Ane Juſtice maid quhilk was of mekill mane.
There ordained they theſe Lords ſuld be ſlaine.
To Lord Perſie of this matter they laid,
With ſad anſe againe to them he ſaid.
Thae men with me hes keipit treuth ſa lang,
Deceitfully I may not ſe them hang.
I am thair ſae and warne will I them nocht,
Sa I be quyte I rek not quhat ze wrocht.
Fra thence I will and toward Glaſgow draw,
With our Biſhop to heir of his new Law.
Than cheiſit they ane Juſtice feirs and ſell,
Quhilk Arnulfe hecht as my Author will tell.
Of South Hamptoun he hecht baith heire & lord,
He vndertuike to pyne them with ane cord,
Ane vther aire in Glaſgow ordainit thay,
For Cliddiſdaill men to ſtand the ſamin day,
Syne chargit them in all wayes earneſtly,
Be na kin meane Wallace ſuld chaip them by,
For weill they wiſt and thir men wer ouirthrawin,
Thay micht at will bruik Scotland as their awin.
This band they cloſe vnder their Seillis faſt,
Syne ſocht ouir mure againe King Edward paſt.
The new Juſtice reſault was in Air,
The Lord Perſie can vnto Glaſgow fair.
This aire was ſet in Iune the auchtene day,

And

And plainly cryit na frie man were away,
The Scots meruellit and peace tane in the land,
Quhy Inglishmen sic maistrie tuke on hand,
Sir Rannald set and day beloir this air,
At Monktoun kirk his freindis to meit him thair
Willame Wallace vnto the tryst couth pas,
For he as than Wardane of Scotland was,
Thus Maister Iohn a worthie clarke was thair,
He chairgit his kin for to bide fra that air,
Richt weill he wist fra Persie left that land,
Greit perrill was to Scottis appeirand,
Wallace fra thame into the Kirk he zeid,
Pater Noster he said and als ane Creid.
Syne to the Grece leanit him soberly,
Vpon ane sleip he fell full sudainly,
Cleland followit and saw him fall on sleip,
He maid na noyes bot wisely couth him keip.
In that slumber cummand him thocht he saw,
Ane stalwart man that towart him couth drauw.
Sone be the hand he hint him haistilie,
I am he said in voyage chargit with the,
Ane sword him gaue of burely burneist steill,
Gude son he said this sword thou sal bruik weill
Of Copasioun him thocht the Plumat was,
Baith hilt and all glitterand as the glas,
Weir sonne he said, we tarie heir to lang.
Thou sall ga sie whair wrocht is mekill wrang,
Than he him led to ane montane on hicht,
The warld he thocht he micht see at ane sicht:
He left him thair and syne fra him he went,
Thairof Wallace studyit in his intent,
To see him thair he had full greit desire,
Thairwith he saw begin ane felloun fyre.
Quhilk braithlie brint on breid out throw the land,
Scotland all ouir fra Ros to Sulway sand,
Than sone to him dissendit there ane Quéne,

Illuminat licht schinand full bricht and schene,
In hir presence appeirit sa mekill licht,
That all the fyre scho put out of his sicht,
Gaue him ane wand of cullour reid and grene,
With ane Sapheir saynit his face and ene.
Welcome scho said I cheis thee to my loue,
Thow art grantit be the greit God aboue,
To helpe people that suffers mekill wrang,
With thee as now I may not tarie long,
Thou sall returne to thine awin Oist againe,
Thy deirest kin are here in mekill pane,
This richt Regioun thou mon redeme it all,
Thy last reward in earth shall be bot small,
Let not thairfore, take redresse of this misse,
To thy reward thou sall haue heuinis blis,
Of hir richt hand scho betaucht him ane buik,
Humbly thus hir leif than scho tuik.
Unto the cloude ascendit out of sicht,
Wallace brake vp the buike in all his micht,
In thrie parts the buik weill writtin was,
The first letters was gros letters of bras.
The second gould, the thrid fyne siluer schene,
Wallace maruelit quhat this writing sould mene
To reid the buik he besyit him so fast,
His spreit again to waknand mynd it past.
And vp he rais syne sudainly furth went,
Thus Clerk he fand and tauld him his Intent,
Of his visioun as I haue said befoir,
Compleitlie, furth quhat neids words more?
Deir Sone he said my wit vnabil is,
To ratifie sic for dreid I fay amis,
Zit I sall deme thocht my cunning be small,
God grant na chairge efter my words fall,
The stalwart man gaue thée that sword in hand,
Fergus it was first winner of Scotland.
That montane is quhair he thée had on hicht,
Knawledge to haue of wrang that thou mon richt

That fyre ſall be feill tydings to ye pairt,
Quhilk will be tauld in monie ſundrie airt.
I can not wit quhat Quéene that that will be,
Bot gif it be Fortoun ane Lady quhyls richt frée.
The prettie wand I trow by my intent,
Betaikens reull and cruell chaſtiſement.
The reid collour quha graithly vnderſtude,
Betaikens all to greit battell and blude.
The grein courage that thou art now amang,
In truble and weir thou ſall continew lang.
The Sapheir ſtane ſcho bliſſit thé withall,
Is happie chance will God ſall to thé fall.
The thréfald buik is bot this brokin land,
Thou mon redéeme be worthines of hand.
The braſſe letters betaikens bot to this,
The greit oppres of weir and mekill mis.
The quhilk thou ſall bring to the richt againe,
Bot thou therefoir mon ſuffer mekill paine.
The gold betaikens honour and worthines,
Victor in armes, manheid and noblenes.
The ſiluer ſchawis cleane life and heuins blis,
To thy reward that mirth thou ſall not mis.
Dreid not therefore be out of all diſpair,
Farther as now heirof I can na mair.
He thankit him and thus his leaue hes tane,
To Corsby fyne with his Vnkill raid hame.
With mirthis thus all nicht ſoiornit thair,
Vpon the morne thay graithit them to the Air.
And furth thay raid till they come to Kincace,
With dreidfull heart thus ſpeirit gude Wallace,
At ſir Rannald for their Charter of peace,
Neuer he ſaid thir words are na lies:
It is lenit in Corsby in the Kiſt,
Quhair thou it laid thereof nane vther wiſt.
Wallace anſwerit had we it heir to ſchaw,
And they be fals we ſall not enter aw.
Weir ſonne he ſaid I pray thé pas againe,

Thocht

Thoch thou wald send thy trauell wer in baine.
Bot thou or I can nane it bring this tyde,
Greit grace it was maid him againe to tyde.
Wallace returnit tuik nane with him bot thre.
Nane of them knew this Indentour bot he
Unhap him led forbid him could he nocht,
Of fals deceit this gude Knicht had na thocht.
Sir Rannald raid but resting to the toun,
Wittand na thing of all this fals treasoun,
That wickit Signe sa reullit that planeit,
Saturne as then was in his hiest stait,
Aboue Iuno in his Melancholy,
Iupiter and Mars ay cruell of enuy,
Saturne as then auancit his nature,
Of tyrannie he power had and cure.
Rebellis reullis in mony fre Nationn.
Troublous wether makis mony ships to drown.
His preaching was with Pluto in the sey,
As of the land full of iniquitie,
Ye wakens weir full of pestilence,
Filling of walles with cruell violence.
Poysoun is ryfe amang thir vther things,
Suddane slauchter of Emperours and Kings.
Quhen Sampson pullit to the ground the pilleir,
Saturne was then into his hiest Spheir.
At Thebes als of his power they tell,
Quhen Phionax sank throw the earth to hell,
Of the Trojans he had full mekill cure,
Quhen Achilles at Troy slew gude Hecture.
Burdeous shent and monie cities mo,
His power zit it hes na hap to ho.
In braid Brittane feill vengence hes bene seine,
Of this and mair ze wait weill quhat I meine.
Bot to this hous that stalwart was and strang,
Sir Rannald come and micht not tarie lang.
Ane balk was knit all full of taips kene,
Sic ane Tolbuith sensyne was neuer sene.

Strang men was set the entrie for to hald,
Nane micht pas in bot ane as they were cald.
Sir Rannald first to make fewtie for his land,
The knicht went in and wald na langer stand,
Ane rynnand cord they slippit ouer his heid,
Hard to the balk and hangit him to deid,
Sir Brice the Blair nixt efter in he past,
Vnto the deith they haillit him full fast.
Be he enterit his heid was in the snair,
Knit to the balke hangit to deith richt thair.
The third entrit greit pitie was for thy,
Ane gentill knicht Sir Neill of Mongomry.
And vther feill of landit men about,
Mony zeid in bot na Scottis come out,
Of Wallace pairt thay put to that derfe deide,
Mony Craufurds sa endit in that steid,
Of Carrick men Kennedies slew thay als,
And kinde Campbels that neuer had bene fals,
Thir rebellit nocht agains thair richteous croun
Sutheroun for thy thame put to confusioun,
Barklayis, Boydis, and Stewartis of gude kin,
Na Scot eschaipit that tyme that enterit in,
Vpon the balk they hangit mony pair,
Besyde thame deid in ane nuke cuist them thair.
Sen the first tyme that any weir was wrocht,
To sic ane deith sa mony zeid their nocht
Vpon ane day, throw curssit Saronis seid,
Vengence of this out throw the kinrent zeid,
Grantit it was fra the greit God of heuin.
Sa ordainit that law sould be thair stenin,
To the fals Saronis for thair fals Judgement,
Thair wickitnes ouer all the warld is went,
Ze Nobill men that are of Scottis kynde,
Thair piteous deith ze keip it in your mynde,
And vs reuenge quhen we are set in thrang,
Dolour it is heiron to tarie lang.
Thus auchtene scoir derflie to deith thay dicht,

Of

Of Barrouns bauld and mony worthy knicht.
Quhen they had slaine the worthiest was thair,
For waik people na langer they wald spair,
Into the gairth kest them out of that steid,
As they were borne spuilzeit bair and deid.
Gude Robert Boyde vnto the tauerane zeid,
With twentie men that douchtie wer in deid.
Of Wallace hous full cruell in intent,
Ye gouernit thame quhen Wallace was absent,
Keirly returnit with his maister againe,
Cleland and Boyd that mekill was of mane,
Stevin of Ireland went furth into the streit,
Ane true woman full sone with him culd meit,
Ye speirit at hir what happinit in the Aire.
Sorrow scho said is nothing ellis thair,
Feirtlie scho said, allace quhair is Wallace?
Fra vs againe he passit at Kincace.
Ga warne his folke and charge thame off the toun,
To keip himselfe I shall be ready boun,
With hir as than na mair tarie he maid,
To his fellowes he went withouttin baid,
And to them tauld of all this grit missair.
To Laglane wod thay bownit withouttin mair,
Be this Wallace was cummand wonder fast.
For his friends he was full sair agast.
Vnto the Barne sadlie he culd persew,
To enter in, for he na perrell knew:
This trew woman vpon him loud can call,
O feirs Wallace feill tempest is befall,
Our men is slaine great pitie is to se,
As bestiall hounds hangit ouir ane tre.
Our true barrouns be twa and twa past in,
Wallace welpit for greit lois of his kyn,
That with vneis vpon his horse he baid,
Mair for to speir to this woman he raid,
Deir Nece he said if thou the trueth can tell:
Is my Eme deid or how the cace befell.

Out of ȝon Barne forſuith I ſaw him bozne,
Naikit laid law and cald earth him befozne,
His frollie mouth I killit in that ſteid.
Richt now manlyke, now bair and bzocht to deid,
And with ane claith I conered his Lichame,
Foz in his life he did neuer woman ſchame.
His ſiſters ſonne thou art wozthie and wicht,
Reuenge his death foz Goddis ſaik at thy micht.
Als I ſall helpe as I am woman trew,
Weir wicht he ſaid greit God gif that thou knew.
Gude Robert Boyd quhair euer thou can him ſie
William Craufurd als gif he liuand be,
Adam Wallace ſwald help me in this ſtrife,
I pzay to God to ſend them all on lyfe,
Foz Goddis ſaik bid thame ſone come to me,
The iuſtice innes thou ſpy foz charitie,
And in quhat feir that they thair iudging make,
Sone eſter that we ſall our purpoſe take,
Into Laglane quhilk he ȝit their ſuccour bene,
Adew market and welcome wods grene.
Heirof as than to hir he ſpake na mair,
His bzydill turnit and fra hir can he fair.
Sic murning maid foz his deir wozthie kyn,
Him thocht foz baill his bzeiſt neir bziſt in twyn,
As he thus raid in greit anger and tene,
Of Inglichmen thair followit him fyfetene,
Wicht waillit men that towart him couth dzaw,
With ane Paiſſer to teich him to the Law,
Wallace returnit in griefe and matalent.
With his ſwozd dzawin amang them ſone he went,
The mydill of ane he mankit ſone in twa,
Ane vther thair vpon the heid can ta,
The third he ſtrake and thzow the coll him claue,
The fourt to ground richt deſtlie doun he dzaue,
The fyft he hit in greit Ire in that ſteid,
Without reſkew dzeidles he left thame deid.
Than his thzie men had ſlaine the vther fyue,

Fra

Fra thame the laus eschaipit with thair lyue,
Fled to thair Lord and tauld him of this cace,
To Laglane wod then rydis wicht Wallace,
The Sutheroun said quhat ane had he hit richt,
Without mercie dreidles to deith was dicht,
Weruell they had sic strenth in ane suld be,
Ane of thair men at ilk straik he gart die.
Than demit thay it sould be Wallace wicht,
To thair language then answerit ane auld Knicht,
Forsuith he said be he eschaipit this Air,
All zour new deid is eiking of zour cair,
The Justice said quhen thair sic rumours rais,
Ze wald be feirit and there come monis fais.
That for ane man me think ze like to flie,
And wait not zit in deid gif it be he,
And tho it wer I compt him bot full licht,
Quha bydis heir ilk gentill man sall be Knicht.
I think to deill thair landis haill to mozne,
To zou about that are of England bozne,
The Sutheroun drew to their iudging but mair,
Foure thousand haill that nicht was into Air,
In greit Warns biggit without the toun,
The Justice lay with mony bauld Barroun.
Than he gart cry about thae wanis wyde,
Na Scottis beirne amang thame there suld byde,
To the Castell he wald not pas forzeis,
Bot soiournit thair with thing that micht him pleis,
Greit purueyance be sea was to them brocht,
With wine and aill the best that could be bocht,
Na watch was set becaus they had na doubt:
Of Scottis men that liuand was without.
Labourit in minde thay had bene all that day,
Of aill and wyne aneuch choisin had they,
As beistlyke folk tuik of them selfe na keip,
In thair vains sone slaid the slouthfull sleip,
Throw fould gluttonie in swair swappit lyke swyne,
Thair chiftane was great Bacchus God of wyne.

This wyse woman lang tyme amang thame was,
Feill men scho warnit and gart to Laglane pas,
Hir selfe formell quhen they with Wallace met,
Sum comfort than into his hart was set,
Quhen he thame saw he thankit God of micht,
Tythings he askit the woman tauld him richt.
Sleipand as swyne are all 3on false meinzie,
Na Scottis man is in 3on cumpanie,
Than Wallace said if they all drunkin be,
I call it best with fyre them for to se.
Of gude men than thrée hundreth to him socht,
The woman had tauld thrée trew Burges that brocht.
Out of the toun with nobill aill and breid,
And vther stuf als mekill as they micht leid.
Thay eit and drank the Scottis men that mocht,
The Nobils than Iop hes to Wallace brocht,
Sadlie he said deir friends now ze se,
Our kyn are slaine thairfoir is greit pitie.
Throw foull murther the greit despite is more,
Now sum remeid I wald we set thairfore,
Suppois that I was maid wardane to be,
Part are away sic chargis put to me,
And ze ar heir cummin of als gude blude,
And richteous borne, be auenture and als gude.
Als forward fair als likelie of personn,
As euer was I thair for conclustoun.
Lat vs chuse fyue of this gude companie,
Syne Cauils cast quha sall our maister be.
Wallace said Boyd and Craufurd of Renoun,
And Adam als than Lord of Richartoun,
His father than was desepit with seiknes,
GOD had him tane into his lestand grace,
The fyft Auchinleck in weir ane Nobill man,
Cauils to cast about the fyue began.
It wald on him for ocht thay wald deuise,
Continually quhill thay had castin thryse,
Than Wallace rais and out ane sword can draw,

He

He said I abow to the maker of aw,
And to Marie his mother Virgin cleir,
My Unkillis deith now sall be sauld full deir.
With mony ma of our deir worthie kin.
First or I eate or drinke I shall begin,
For sleuth nor sleip shall neuer remaine with me,
Of this tempest quhill I auengit be,
Than all inclynit richt humble of ane accord
And him resauit as their Chiftane and Lord.
Wallace ane Lord he may be clepit weill.
Thoch rurall folk thairof haue littill feill.
Thay deme na Lord bot landis be thair pairt,
Had he the warld and be wretchit of hart.
He is na Lord bot to the worthynes,
It can not be but frédome Lordlynes.
At the Roddis thay make full many ane,
Quhilk worthie are that lands thay haue nane,
This disculling we leif heraulds to end,
Unto my matter breiflie I will wend.
Wallace commandit ane Burges for to get,
Fyne calk aneuch that his deir Nece micht set,
At ilk set whair Sutheroun were on raw.
And twentie men he gart sone widdies thraw,
Ilk man vpon his arme ane pair he threw,
Unto the toun full fast thay can persew.
The woman past befoir him subtillie,
Calkit ilk set they neidit not ga by.
Than festnit thay the durris with widdeis fast,
To clapill and hesp with many sick er cast,
Wallace gart Boyd neir hand the Castell ga,
With fyftie men ane Jeopardie to ma,
Gif ony Ischit the fyre quhen that they saw,
All fast to the set he ordainit them to draw,
The laif with him about the Barnis zeid,
This true woman him seruit weill ind eid,
With lynt and fyre that hastie kendill wald,
In euerilk nuik thay festnit blassis bald,

Wallace

Wallace commandit to all his men about,
Na Suther oun men that thay ſuld lat breake out.
Quhat euer he be reſkewes of thair kin,
Fra the reid fyre himſelfe ſall pas therein,
The lemand low ſone lanſit vpon hicht,
Forſuith he ſaid this is ane pleaſant ſicht,
To our hearts it ſhall be ſum redreſſe,
War thir away thair power were the les,
Vnto the Juſtice him ſelf on loud can caw,
Lat vs to borgh our men fra your fals Law.
That leuand are and chaipit fra your Air,
Deill not thair land the vnlaw is ouir ſair.
Thou had na richt it ſall be on thé ſene,
The rumour rais with carefull cry and kene.
The bailfyre brynt richt brymlie vpon loft,
To ſleipand men thair walkning was vnſoft,
The ſicht without was awfull for to ſe,
In all the warld na greiter pane micht be.
Than they within ſufferit for to dwell,
That euer was wrocht bot purgatrie or hell.
Ane paine of hell weill neir it may be calde,
Pad folke in fyre hamperit in monyfald.
Feill biggings brynt that worthie were and wicht,
Gat nane away knaue Captaine, nor knicht.
Quhen brands fell of rufe treis thame amang,
Sum rudelie rais in bitter pains ſtrang.
Sum nakit brynt with belchis all away,
Sum neuer rais bot ſmorit quhair they lay:
Sum ruſhed faſt to aire gif they micht win,
Blyndit with fyre thair deids were full dym,
The reik fillit with filth of carioun,
Amang the fyre richt foull of infectioun.
The people beirit lyke wod beiſts in that tyde,
Within the wall rampand on ather ſyde.
Rumeiſt with rueth, and monie ane greiſlie grane,
Sum grimlie grat quhyll their lyfe dayes wer gane,
Sum durris ſocht the entrie for to get,

Bot

Bot Scots men ſa wiſelie them beſet.
Giue onie brake be auenture off that ſteid,
With ſwords ſone brymit they war to deid,
Or els againe be force dreuin in the fyre,
Thair chaipit nane bot drint vp bane and lyre.
The ſtinke ſkaldit of deid bodyes ſa wyde,
The Scottis abhorrit neir hand them for to byde.
Zeid to the wind and leit them euin alane,
Quhill the reid fyre had that falſe blud ouergane.
Ane Freir Drumlaw was prysour than of Air,
Seuin ſcoir with him that nicht tuik harbery thair,
Intill his innes for he micht not them let,
Quhill neir midnicht ane watch on thame he ſet,
Him ſelf woke weill quhill he the fyre ſaw ryſe,
Sum mends he thocht to take of that ſupprylſe,
His brethren ſeuin ſone to harnes they zeid,
His ſelfe Chiftane, the remanent to leid.
The beſt they waill of armour and gude geir,
Syne wapinnes tuik richt awfullie in effeir.
Thir aucht Friers in thrie parts they ga,
With ſwords drawne in ilk hous zeid thay twa.
Sone entrit in where Sutheroun ſleipand war,
Upon them ſet with ſtraiks ſad and ſair,
Feill freiks thair thay Friers dang to deid.
Sum nakit fled and gat out of that ſteip,
The water ſocht abaſit out of ſleip,
Into the frier wall that was both lang and deip,
Feill of thame fell that brake out of that place,
Drounit to ground and deit withouttin grace.
Drounit and ſlane was all that herberied there,
Wen callis it zit the friers bleſſing of Air.
Few folke of baill was leuit vpon cace,
In the caſtell, Lord Perſie from that place
Befoir the Air fra thine to Glaſgow drew,
Of wyne and ſtufe it was to purvey new,
Zit they within ſaw the fyre burning ſtout,
With ſhort auiſe ishit and maid na dout,

The

The bulchment than as weriours wise and wicht
Leit thame alane and to the house past richt,
Boyd wan the Port entrit with all his men,
Keipers in it were left bot nyne or ten.
The formest soone him self seisit in hand.
Paid quyte of him syne slew all that he fand,
Of purueyance in the Castell was nane,
Short tyme befoir fra it Persie was gane,
The Erll Arnulf had reskuit that hald,
Quhilk in the toun was brynt to powder cald,
Boyd gart remaine of his twentie men still,
Himself past furth to wit of Wallace will,
Keipand the toun quhyle nocht was leuit thair,
Bot the wod fyre and bigging brint full bair:
Of likelie men was borne of England,
Be sword and fyre that nicht deit fyue thousand,
Quhen Wallace men was weill togidder met,
Gude freinds he said ze knaw that there was set,
Sick Law as this now into Glasgow toun,
The Bishop Beik and Persie of renoun,
Thairfore I will in haist ze hidder fair.
Of our gude kin sum part is lokit thair,
He gart full sone the Burgessis to him call,
And gaue commaud in generall to them all.
In keiping thay sould take the house of Aire.
And hald it haill quhill tyme that we heir mair,
To byde our King Castellis I wald we had,
Cast we doun all we may be demit ouer-bad.
They gart meit cum for he had fastit lang,
Lyttill he tuik syne bounit him to gang,
Fors thay cheise that Sutheron had brocht thair,
Anew at will and off the toun can fair,
Richt wonder fast raid this gude Chevalrie,
Thrie hundreth haill was in that cumpanie:
To Glasgow brig that biggit was of trie,
Hone passit ouer or Sutheron micht them se,
Lord Persie wicht that bisie was in weir,

Semblit

Semblit his men richt awfullie in effeir.
Then demit they all that it was wicht Wallace,
He had befoir effaipit throw monie cace,
The Bischope Beik and Persie that was wicht,
Ane thousand led of men in armour bricht
Wallace saw weill quhat number semblit thair,
He maid his men in twa pairts for to fair,
Graithit them weill without the toun end,
He callit Auchinleck for he the passage kend.
Uncle he said be besy into weir,
Quhither will ze the Bischops taill vp beir,
Or pas befoir and take his bennisoun,
He answerit him with richt schort prouisioun,
Unbischopit zit forsuith I trow ze be,
Zour self sall first his blissing take for me,
For sikerlie ze seruit it best to nicht,
To beir his taill we sall in all our might.
Wallace answerit sen we mon sundrie gang,
Perrel it is and ze byde fra vs lang.
For zons are men will nocht be soons agast,
Fra tyme we meit for Gods sake by you fast,
Our sindring I wald na Sutheroun saw,
Behind thame rum in throw the northeist raw,
Gude men of weir are in Northumberland,
They pairtit thus tuke vther be the hand,
Auchinleck said we sall do that we may,
We wald like euill to byde ocht long away.
Ane bosteous staill betuixt vs sone mon be,
Bot to the richt almichtie God haue eye
Adam Wallace and Auchinleck was boun,
Sevin scoir with them on the back syde of the toun,
Richt fast they zeid quhyle they wer out of sicht
The vther part arrayit them full richt,
Wallace and Boyd the plaine streit vp canga:
Sutheroun marueilit becaus thay saw na ma,
Thair Cusenze cryit on the Persies syde,
With Bischop Beik that baldlie couth abyde,

Ane-

Ane fair semblie was at their meiting sene,
As fyre in flint it fairit thame betwéne.
The hardie Scottis richt awfullie thame abaide,
Wrocht feill to ground throw weid that weill was maid,
Pearsit plaits with points stif of steill,
Be force of hand gart monie cruel kneill,
The strang flour rais as reik aboue thame fall,
Or myst throw Sone vp to the cluds pall.
To help them self ilk ane had mekill neid.
The worthie Scottis stud in ane felloun dreid.
Zit forduart fall they preist for to be,
And thay on them greit wonder was to se.
The Persies men in weir were vsit weill.
Richt ferslie faucht and sonzet not a deill,
Adame Wallace and Auchinleck come in,
Ane part of Sutheron richt cruelly thay twyn.
Returnit to them as nobill men of weir,
The Scottis gat rowme and manie doun they beir,
The new counter assailziet thame so fast,
Throw Inglishmen maid slopis at the last,
Than Wallace self into the felloun thrang,
With his gude sword that heauie was and lang.
At Persies face with ane gude will he bair,
Baith baine and braine the frushit steill throw thair.
Thrie hundrith men when Lord Persie was deid,
Out of the gait the bishop Beik they leid.
For than them thocht it was no time to byde,
By the Freir Birk to ane wod thair beside,
In the Forrest forsuith thay tareit nocht,
On fresh horse to Bothwell sone they socht.
Wallace followit with worthy men and wicht,
Forfochten thay wer and trauellit all the nicht,
Zit feill thay slew into that chase that day,
The Bishops selfe and gude men gat away,
Aymer Wallang reskewit thame in that place,
That knicht full oft did greit harme to Wallace,
Wallace began that nicht at ten houres in Air,

On

On day be mynē in Glasgow semblit thair,
Be ane ouir none at Bothwell zet he was,
Reprouit Wallang or he wald farder pas,
Syne turnit again as witnessis well the buik,
To Dundaf raid and thair resting he tuik,
Tauld gude Sir Iohn of thair tythings in Air,
Greit mane he made he was not with thame thair,
Wallace soiournit in Dundaf at his will,
Fyue dayes out quhile tythings come him till,
Out of the hicht quhere gudemen were forlorne
For Buchane rais Atholl, Menteith and Lorne
Upon Argyle ane felloun weir they make,
For Edwards saik this thay can vndertak.
The Knicht Cambel in Argyle than was still,
With his gude men agains King Edwards will,
And keipit fre Lochow his heritage,
Bot Makfadzeane did him great outrage,
This Makfadzeane to Englishmen had sworne,
Edward gaue him baith Argyle and Lorne,
Fals Iohn of Lorne to that gift can accord,
In England than he was new made ane Lord.
Thus falsly he gaue ouer his heritage.
And tuke at London of Edward ane greit wage.
Duncan of Lorne zit for the land straue,
Quhill Makfadzeane ouerset him with the laue.
Put him on force to gude Cambell the Knicht,
Quhilk into weir was wyse worthie and wicht.
This Makfadzeane was entrit in Scotland,
And meruelouslie that tyrant tuke on hand,
With his power the quhilk I spake of air,
Thir thrie Lordships all semblit to him thair:
Fyuetene thousand of curssit folk in deid.
Of all gaddring in Dill he had to leid.
And monie of thame was out of Ireland brocht,
Bairnis nor wyfis that people sparit nocht:
Waistit the land as far as they micht ga,
Thay beistlie folk couth nocht bot birne and sla.

Into

Into Lochaw he enterit ſuddanly.
The gude Knicht Campbell ſaw gude defence for thy,
To Craghumyre with thrée hundreth he zeid,
That ſtrenth thay held for all their cruell feid.
Syne brak the brig that they micht ourpas,
Bot throw ane fuird quhair narrow paſſage was.
Abandonly Campbell againſt them bade,
Faſt vpon Awfe that was baith deip and braid.
Makfadzeane was vpon the other ſyde,
And there on force behouit him to byde.
For at the fuird he durſt not enter out,
For gude Campbell micht ſet him then in dout.
Makfadzeane ſocht, and ane ſmall paſſage fand,
Had he leaſer he micht pas off the land.
Betwix ane Roche and ane great Water ſyde,
Bot four in front thair micht nane ga nor ryde.
Into Lochaw wes beikis great plentie,
Quhair that he thocht and all his hoiſt to be,
And vther ſtuf that they had with them brocht,
Bot all his hoiſt auaillit him richt nocht.
Duncane of Lorne hes ſéne this ſuddane cace,
Fra gude Campbell he went to ſeik Wallace.
Sum help to get of their fozment and tene,
Togither befoir in Dundie they had bene,
Leirand at ſchule into thair tender age,
Ye thocht to ſlaik Makfadzeans hie courage.
Gilmichell than with Duncane furth him dicht,
Ane gupde he was ane ſuteman wonder wicht.
Sone gat they wit quhair Wallace ludgit was,
With thair complaint to his preſence they pas.
Erle Malcolme als the Lennox held at peis,
With his gude men to Wallace can he preis.
To him there come gude Richard of Lundy,
Into Dundaf he wald na langer ly.
Sir Iohn the Grahame als bownit him to ryde,
Makfadzeans weir ſa grieuit him that tyde.

How

THan Wallace thoght his greit power to se,
In quhat array he reulit that countrie:
At he Ruikbie than keipit with greit wrang,
Striuiling Castell that stalwart was and strang,
When Wallace come be south it in ane vaill,
To Erle Malcolme he said he wald it saill.
In diuers parts he gart disseuer his men,
Of thair power the Sutheron sould not kene,
Erle Malcolme baid in bushment out of sicht,
Wallace with him tuik gude sir Iohn the Knicht.
And ane hundzeth of wise weir men about,
Throw Striuiling raid gif onie wald ishe out.
Towart the brig the gainest way they pas,
Quhen Ruikbie saw quhair that their power was.
He tuik seuin scoir of Archars that was thair,
Upon Wallace thay followit wonder sair.
That feill bikker did them mekill deir,
Wallace in hand gript ane nobill speir,
Againe returnit, and hes the formest slaine,
Sir Iohn the Grahame that mekill was of maine,
Amang them raid with ane gude speir in hand,
The first he slew that he before him fand.
Upon ane vther his speir in sunder zeid,
Ane swozd he drew quhilk helpit him in neid.
Inglis Archars vpon them can renew.
That his gude hozs with arrowis sone they slew.
On fute he was quhen Wallace hes it sene,
He lichtit sone with men of armes kene.
Amang the ront fechtand full wonder fast,
The Inglismen returnit at the last.
At the Castell they wald haue bene full faine,
Bot Erle Malcolme with men of mekill maine,
Betuix the Sutheron and the zettis zeid,
Monie they slew that douchtie was in deid,
In the greit preis Wallace and Ruikbie met,
With his gude swozd ane straik vpon him set.

Derflie to deid the auld Ruikbie he draue,
His twa sonnes eshaipit amang the laue.
In the Castell be auenture thay zeid,
With threttie men na ma chaipit that dreid,
The Lennox men with thair gude Lord that was,
Fra the Castell thay said they wald not pas,
For weill they wist it micht not haldin be,
For na lang time, for thy this ordained he.
Erle Malcolme tuke the house to keip that tyde,
Wallace wald not fra his first purpose byde,
Instance he maid to this gude Lord and wyse,
Fra thame to pas he wald on na kin wise.
Quhill that he had Striuiling the Castell strang,
Trew men him tauld thay micht not hald it lang.
Than Wallace thocht was maist on Makfadzeane,
Of Scottismen he had slane monie ane.
Wallace a bowit that he sould wrokin be,
On that Rebald or els thairfoir to die,
Of tyrannie King Edward thocht him gude,
Law borne he was and als of sempill blude,
Thus Wallace was sair greuit in his intent,
To this journey richt earnestlie he went.
At Striuiling brig assemblit to him richt,
Twa thousand men that worthie were and wicht,
Towart Argyle he bownit for to ryde,
Duncane of Lorne was their true siker gyde.
Of ald Ruikbie the quhilk I spak of air,
Twa sonnis on lyfe in Striuiling liuit thair.
Quhen thay brether consauit all at richt,
This hous to hald that they na langer micht,
For cause quhy thay wantit men and meit.
With Erle Malcolme they maid them for to treit,
Grace of thair lyfis and thay that with thame was,
Gaue ouir the hous syne couth in England pas,
On the the third day that Wallace fra thame raid.
With King Edward full manie zeir thay baid,
In Bruces weir againe come in Scotland,

Striuiling

Striuiling to keip the ane of thame tuke in hand,
Sentioun of Bruce is oft in Wallace buike,
To lend his richt full mekill pane he tuke,
Quhairfoir ſould I heir ony tary ma,
To Wallace furth now ſhortlie will I ga.
Duncane of Lorne Gilmichell fra him ſend,
Ane ſpy to be for he the countrie kend,
Be our partie was paſt by Straithfillane,
The ſmall fute folke began to irk ilk ane,
And hors alſua on force behouit to faill,
Than Wallace thocht that cumpanie to waill,
Gude men he ſaid this is not meit for vs,
In brokin array and we come to them thus.
We may tak ſkaith and harme our fais ſmall,
To thame in lyke we may not ſembill all.
Tary we lang in plaine feild quhill they get,
Upon them ſoone ſa weill we may not ſet,
Part we man leaue vs followand to be,
With me ſall pas our power into thre.
Fyue hundreth firſt to himſelf hes he tane,
Of Weſtlandmen were worthie knowne ilk ane,
To Sir Iohn Grahame als manie ordained he,
And fyue hundreth to Richard of Lundie,
In that part was Wallace of Richardtoun,
In all gude deide he was ay readie boun,
Fyue hundreth left and micht not with them ga,
Suppois that thay to byde was wonder wa.
Thus Wallace Diſk begouth to tak the hicht,
Quir ane mountaine fyne paſſit out of ſicht,
In Glendochar thair ſpy met thame agane,
With Lord Campbell than was our folk richt faine.
At thair meiting greit blythnes micht be ſene,
Thrie hundreth led that cruell were and kene.
He comfort them and bade thame haue na dreid,
Zone beſtlly folk they want wapins and weid,
Sone will thay flé ſhortlie and we perſew,
To Loch Douchane full ſuddainly they drew,

Than Wallace said ane lyfe we shall all ta,
For heir is nane will fra his fellow ga.
Upon the Pos ane Scurriour sone fand he,
The spy they send the cuntrie for to se.
To scour the land Makfadzeane had him send
Out of Craigmoir that day he thocht to wend
Gilmichell fast followit vpon him thair,
With ane gude sword that weill and sharplie share,
Paid quyte of him that tythings tauld he nane,
The out spy thus was lossit fra Makfadzeane.
Than Wallace Mist vpon their fute they licht,
Their hors they left thocht they war neuer sa wicht,
For Pos and craig they micht na langer dree,
Than Wallace said wha gangs best let se.
Throw the mos delyuerlie thay zeid,
Syne tuke the hals quhairof they had maist dreid,
Endlang the schore ay three in front they past,
Quhill all within were semblit at the last.
Lord Campbell said we haue cheisit this hald
I trow to God thair wakning shall be cald,
Heir is na gait to flie zon people can,
Bot rotchis heigh and waters deip and wan,
Auchtene hundreth of douchtie men indeid,
On the greit Mist but mair proces they zeid,
Fechtand in front and mekill maistrie made,
The frayit folk buskit withouttin baid.
Rudely to ray they rushit thame againe,
Greit part of them were men of mekill mane,
Gude Wallace men sa stoutlie can them steir,
The battell on backe fyne aiker braid they beir,
Into the stour feill tyrant gart they kneill,
Wallace in hand had ane gude staffe of steill,
Quhome euer he hit brymlie to ground them bair,
Rounnit him about ane large rude and mair,
Sir Iohn the Grahame in deid was weill worthie,
Gude Campbell als and Richard of Lundie,
Adame Wallace and Robert Boyd in feir,

Amang

Amang thair fais where deeds was fauld deir,
The felloun flour was awfull for to se,
Makfadzeane than fa greit debait maid he.
With Ireland men hardie and couragious,
The ſtalwart ſtryfe richt hard and perellous.
Aboundance of blude fra wounds wyde and wan,
Stikit to deid on ground lay monie man,
Twa hours large into the flour they ſtand,
The feircell they aneuch of ferhting fand,
That Iop himſelfe weill wiſt not quha ſould win,
Bot Wallace men wald not in ſunder twin.
To help them ſelfe they war of hardie will,
Of Ireland blude full fellonlie thay ſpill.
With fell fechting maid flops throw the thrang,
On the fals part our wicht weir men ſa dang.
That they to byde micht haue na langer micht,
The Ireland folk then made them for the flicht,
In craigs clame and ſum in waters flet,
Twa thouſand thair drownit withouttin let,
Borne Scottis men baid ſtill into the feild,
Reſt wapins them fra and on their kneis kneild.
With pitteous voice they cryit on Wallace,
For Gods ſaik to take them in his grace,
Greuit he was but reuth of them he had,
Reſſauit them fair with countenance full ſad,
Of our owne blude we ſuld haue greit pitie,
Luik ze ſlay nane of Scottis willzeildin be,
Of outland men let nane chaip with the lyfe.
Makfadzeane fled for all his felloun ſtrife,
Unto ane Caue within ane clift of ſtane,
Under Craigmoir with fyftene is he gane.
Duncane of Lorne, his leine at Wallace aſſ,
On Makfadzeane with worthie men he paſſ,
He grantit him to put them all to deid,
They left nane ſyne bot brocht Wallace his heid,
Upon ane ſpeir throw the field it bair,
The Lord Campbell ſyne hint it be the hair.

Heich on Craigmoir he maid it for to ſtand,
Still on the ſtone for honour of Ireland,
The lyſtait men that wer of Scotland borne,
Sone at his faith he gart them all be ſworne,
Reſtorit thame that wald cume to his leis,
He leit ſlay nane that wald cume to his peis,
Efter this déde in Lorne ſyne couth he fair,
Reullit the land had bene in mekill cair,
In Ardchatane ane counſall he gart cry,
Quhair mony men come to his Senzourie,
All Lorne he gaue to Duncane that was wicht,
And bad him hald in Scotland with the richt.
And thou ſall bruik this land in heritage,
Thy brother ſone in London hes greit wage.
Tit will he cume he ſall the lands haue:
I wald tyne nane that veritie micht ſaue,
Mony trew Scot to Wallace couth perſew,
At Ardchatane fra feill ſtrenthis they drew.
Ane gude Knicht come and with him men ſartie,
He had bene oft in monie jeopardy,
With Engliſhmen and ſonzeit not a deill,
Ay fra their faith he fendit him full weill.
Keipit him frée thorh King Edward had ſworne,
Sir Iohn Ramſay that richteous was borne.
Of Ochterhous and vther lands Lord,
And Schirref als as my buike will record,
Of nobill blude and auld ancetterie,
Continuit weill with worthie Chevalrie.
Into Stronchane lang tyme he had bene,
At greit debait amang his enemies kene.
Richt wichtlie wan his living into weir
To him and his Sutheron did mekill deir,
Weill he eſchewit and ſuffered great diſtres,
His Sonne was called the flour of courtlynes.
As witneſſis weill into this ſhort trety,
Efter the Bruce quha reids that hiſtorie,
He reullit weill baith into weir and peis,

Alexander

Alexander Ramſay to name he hecht butleis,
Quhen it was weir to armes he him keſt,
Under the crowne he was ane of the beſt,
In tyme of peace to courtlines he zeid,
But to gentrice he toke no other heid.
Quhat gentle man had not with Ramſay bene,
Of courtlines they comptit him not a prene,
Fredome and treuth he had as men wald as,
Sen he began na better ſquyar was,
Roxburgh hald he wan richt manfullie,
Syne held it lang quhill tratours treſonablie,
Cauſit his deith I dar not tell zou how,
Of ſik things I will ga by as now,
I haue had blame to ſay the ſuithfaſtnes,
Thairfoir I will bot lichtlie rin that rais.
Bot it be thing that plainlie ſclanderit is,
For ſik I trow they ſould not deme na mis.
Of Alexander as now I ſpeake na moir,
His Father come as I zou tauld befoir,
Wallace of him richt full greit comfort hes.
For he well couth do harming to his fais.
In weir he was richt mekill for to prayſe,
Bely and true, baith ſober wicht and wiſe,
Ane gude Prelat als to Ardchatane ſocht,
Of his Lordſhip as then he bruikit nocht.
This worthie Clark cummin of hie linage,
Of Sinkler blude nocht fourtie zeir of age.
Choſen he was be the Papis conſent,
Of Dunkeld Lord was made with gude intent,
Bot Engliſhmen that Scotland gripped haill,
Of benefice they leit him bruke bot ſmall,
Quhen be ſaid weill thairfoir he micht not mute
To ſaue his life thre zeirs he dwelt in Bute.
Leiſit as he micht and keipit ay gude part,
Under ſaiftie of Iames than Lord Stewart,
While gude Wallace quhilk Scotland wan with pane,
Reſtorit this Lord to his living againe.

And monie ma quhilk lang had bene ouerthrawin,
Wallace thame put richteouſlie to thair awin.
The ſmall Diſt the quhilk I ſpake of air,
Into the hicht that Wallace leauit thair.
Come to the field quhair Makfadzeane had bene,
Tuik that was left both weid and wapens ſchene,
Throw Lorne ſyn paſt as gudelie as they can,
Of thair nomber they had not loſſit ane man,
On the fyft day wan to Ardchatane,
Quhair Wallace baid with gude men monie ane,
He welcomit them vpon ane gudelie wiſe,
And ſaid they were richt mekill for to pryſe.
All trew Scottis he honorit into weir,
Gaue that he wan him ſelfe keipit na geir.

How Wallace wan Sanct-Iohnſtoun. Chap III.

QVhen Wallace wald na longer ſoiourne thair,
Fra Ardchatan out throw the land they fair,
Toward Dunkeld with gude men of renoun,
His maiſt thocht than was of Sanct-Iohnſtoun.
He callit Ramſay that gude Knicht of great daill,
Sadlie anyſit beſocht him of counſall.
Of Sanct-Iohnſtoun, now haue I remembrance,
Thair haue I bene and loſſit men throw chance,
Bot ay for ane we gart ten of them die.
And zit me think that is na mends for me,
I wald aſſay fra this land or we gang,
And let thame wit they occupy heere wrang.
Than Ramſay ſaid that toun thay may not keip,
The wallis ar laich ſuppois the ditch be deip.
Ze haue anew that ſall thame cummer ſa,
Fill vp the dyke that we may plainly ga,
In plaine battell ane thouſand outr at ains,
Fra this power thay ſall not baid zone wainis.
Wallace was glaid that he ſic comfort maid.
Furth talkand thus vnto Dunkeld thay raid,
Thre dayes thair they ludgeit with pleaſance,

Quhill

Quhill tyme thay had forfene thair ordinance,
Ramſay gart big ſtrang Baſtailzeis of trie,
Be gude wrichtis the beſt in that countrie.
Quhen thay war wrocht betaucht them men to leid,
The water doun quhyll thay come neir that ſteid.
Sir Iohn Ramſay richt gudely was their guyde,
Reullit them weill at his will for to byde.
The greit Oiſt than about the village paſt,
With eird and ſtane they fillit dyks faſt.
Flaikis they laid on tymmer long and wicht,
Ane rowme paſſage to the wallis they dicht.
Feill Baſtalzeis richt ſtarklie vp they rais,
With men of armes ſone to aſſailzie gais,
Sir Iohn the Grahame and Ramſay that was wicht,
The Turat byrig aſſegit in all their micht,
And Wallace ſelfe at miolyde of the toun,
Gude men of armes that was to bargane boun,
The Sutheroun men made greit defence that tyde,
With artailzie that felloun was to byde,
With Tablaſſer ganzie and ſtanis faſt,
And hand gunnis richt byrnilie out they caſt,
Funzeit with ſpeares as men of armes kene,
The Nobill Scottis that worthie ay hes bene.
At hand ſtraiks fra thay togidder met,
With Sutheroun blude thair wapins ſone thay wet,
Zit Inglifhmen that worthie war in weir,
Into the ſtour richt baldlie can them beir,
Bot all for nocht auaillit thame thair deid,
The Scottis throw force vpon them in they zeid,
Ane thouſand men ouir wallis zeid haſtilie,
Into the toun rais hiddeous nopes and cry,
Ramſay and Grahame the Turat zet hes winne,
And enterit in quhair great ſtrife did beginne,
Ane true Squyar quhilk Ruthuen hecht to name,
Come to the aſſault with gude ſir Iohn the Grahame
Threttie with him of men that preuit weill,
Amang thair fais with wapins ſtiff of ſteill,

Quhen

Quhen that the Scottis assemblit on ather syde,
Na Southeron was that micht their dint abyde.
Twa thousand soone was fulzeit vnder féet,
Of Sutheron blude thay stikkit in the stréet.
Sir John Psewart saw weill the toun was tint,
Tuik him to flicht aud wald na langer stint.
In ane licht Barge, and with him men saxtie,
The water doun socht succour to Dundie.
Wallace baid still quhill the feird day at morne,
And left nane thair that was of Ingland borne.
Riches they gat of gold and vther gude,
Pleneist the toun againe with Scottis blude.
Ruthuen he left their Capitane to be
In heritage gaue him the office of fée.
Of all Stratherne and Shireffe of the toun,
Syne in the North gude Wallace maid him boun.
In Aberdene he gart ane counsell cry,
Trew Scottismen sould assembill haistely.
To Cowper he raid to vesy that Abbay,
The Inglis Abbot was fled fra thyne away.
Bishop Sinklair without langer abaid,
Met them at Glammis syne furth with them he raid.
Into Brechin they ludgeit there all nicht,
Soone on the morne Wallace gart graith at richt,
Displayit on breid the banner of Scotland,
In gude array with nobill men at hand.
Gart plainly cry that sauit suld be nane,
Of Sutheron blude quhair thay micht be ou irtane.
In plaine battell throw out the Meirnis thay ryde,
The Inglismen that durst them not abyde.
Befoir the Oist full feiritly they flée,
To Dunnotter ane strenth within the sée.
Na farther thay micht win out of the land,
Thay assemblit there quhill they wer four thousand.
To the Kirk they ran and thocht girth to haue tane,
The laue remainit vpon the Roche of stane.
The Bishop then began treatie to ma,

Thair

Thair lyues to get out of the land to ga.
Bot thay wer rad and durst not weill assay,
Wallace in fyre gart set all haistely.
Brunt vp the Kirk and all that was therein.
Attour the Roche the laue ran with great din.
Sum hang on craigs richt dulefullie to die,
Sum lap, sum fell, sum slotterit in the sey.
Na Sutheron on lyfe was leuit in that hald,
And they within they brunt to powder cald.
Quhen this was done they fell on knées doun,
At the Bischop askit absolutioun.
Than Wallace leuch said, I forgiue you all,
Ar ze weirmen that repents for sa small.
They rewit vs not into the toun of Air,
Our trew barrouns quhen that they hangit thair.
To Abirdene than saiflie can they pas?
Quhair Inglismen richt besy slittand was.
Ane hundreth shippis that Ruther bure and Air,
To turs their gude in hauin was bydand thair.
Bot Wallace hoist come on them suddanlie.
There chaipit nane of all that great Mauie.
Bot feill seruants in them was leuit nane,
At an Eb sey the Scottis is on them gane.
Tuik out the geir syne set the shippis on fyre,
The men on land they brunt baith bane and lyre,
Zeid nane away but preists wyues and bairnis,
Spaid they debait they chaipit not but harmes.
Into Buchane Wallace maid him to ryde,
Quhair Lord Bewmont was ordanit to abyde,
Erle he was maid bot of schort time befoir,
Ye brukit it not for all his bousteous schoir.
When he wist weill that Wallace cummand was,
Ye left the land and couth to Slanis pas.
And syne be ship fled in Ingland againe,
Wallace raid throw the Northland into plaine.
At Cromartie feill Inglismen they slew,
The worthie Scottis vnto him south persew.

Returnit

Returnit agane and come to Aberdene,
With his blyth Diſt vpon the Lammes euin,
Stabillit the land as him thocht beſt to be,
Syne with ane Diſt he paſſit to Dundie.

How Wallace laid ane ſeig to Dundie and how he gaue battell at the brig end of Sriuiling, to Kirkinghame that was Theſaurar to Edward King, and to the Erll of Warrane. Chap. IIII.

GArt ſet ane Seige about the Caſtell ſtrang,
I leif him thair and farther I will gang,
Sir Aymer Wallange, haiſtit him full faſt,
Into England with his haill houſhald paſt.
Bothwell he left was Murrayes heritage,
And tuk him than to go to Edwards wage.
Thus his awin land he left for euer mair,
Of Wallace deid greit tythings tauld he thair,
Als Inglithmen ſair murnit in thair mude,
That loſſit heir baith lyfe lands and gude,
Edward as than couth not in Scotland fair,
Bot Kirkinghame that was his Theſaurer,
With him ane Lord that Erll was of Warrane,
He chargit them with numbers monie ane,
Richt weill beſene in Scotland for to ryde,
At Striuiling ſtill, he ordanit thame to byde.
Quhill he micht cum with ordinancis of England,
Scotland againe he thocht to take on hand,
This Diſt paſt furth and had bot littill dreid,
The Erll Patrik reſſauit thame at Tweid.
Malice he had at gude Wallace befoir,
Lang tyme bypaſt and that increaſſed more,
Bot throw ane cace, it hapnit of his wife,
Dumbar fra him ſho held into ane ſtryfe,
Throw the ſupplie of Wallace into plane,
Bot he be meane gat his Caſtell againe,
Lang time or than and zit he couth not ceis,
Agains Wallace he preuit in monie preis,

With

With Inglishmen suppleit thame at his micht,
Contrair Scotland thay wrocht full greit unricht.
Thair musture than was awfull for to se,
Of fecht and men thousands were sartie.
To Striuiling brig past or thay lykit to byde,
To Erll Malcolme ane sege they layd that tyde,
And thocht to keip the command of thair King,
Bot gude Wallace wrocht for ane vther thing.
Dundie he left and maid ane gude Chiftane,
With twa thousand to keip that hous of stane.
Of Northland men and dwellars of Dundie,
That samin nicht to San&Iohnstoun went he,
Upon the morne to Schirrek mure he raid,
And thair ane quhple in gude aray he baid,
Sir Iohn the Grahame said we haue vndertane,
With les power sik thing that weill is gane,
Than Wallace said quhair sik thing cummis of neid,
We sould thank God that maks vs for to speid,
Bot nere the brig my purpose is to be,
And worke for them sum subtill ieopardie.
Ramsay answerit the brig we may keipe weill,
Of way about the Sutheron hes littill feill.
Wallace send Iop the battell for to set,
To Tuisday nixt to fecht withouttin let,
On Setterday vnto the brig thay raid,
Of gude plaine burd was weill and joyntlie maid.
Gart watchis wait that nane sould to thame pas,
Ane wricht he tuke the subtillest that was,
And ordanit him to saw the burd in twa,
Be the mid trest that nane micht ouer it ga,
On Cornell bands, naillit it full sone,
Syne fillit it with clay as nathing had bene done.
The other end he ordanit for to be,
How it should stand vpon rollers of trie,
Quhen ane were out that the laue doun sould fall,
Him self vnder he ordainit thair with all,
Bound on the trest in an Cradill to sit,

To

To louse the pin quhen Wallace leit him wit.
Bot with ane horne when it was time to be.
In all the Dist na man soud blaw bot he.
The day approached of the greit battell,
The Inglishmen for power wald not faill.
Ay sax they were agains ane of Wallace,
Fyftie thousand maid thame to battell place.
The remanent baid at the Tastell still,
Baith feild and hous they thocht to take at will,
The worthie Scots vpon the other syde,
The plaine feild tuk on fute made thame to byde.
Hew Kirkinghame the vangard than led he,
With twentie thousand of likelie men to se.
Threttie thousand the Erle of Warrane had,
Bot he did than as the wise man him bad,
All the first Dist befoir him ouer was send,
Sum Srots man that weill the mater kend.
Bad Wallace blaw and said they war anew,
He haistit nocht bot sadlie couth persew.
Quhill Warrans Dist thik on the brig he saw,
Fra Iop the horne he hint and couth it blaw.
Sa asperlie and warnit gude Iohn Wricht,
The Rollar out he straik it with greit slicht.
The laue zeid doun quhen that the pinnis out gais,
Ane hideous cry amang the people rais.
Baith hors and men into the water fell,
The hardie Scots that wald na langer dwell,
Set on the laue with straiks sad and sair,
Of thame thair ouir as than sowerit they wair.
At the foir breist thay preuit hardelie.
Wallace and Grahame, Boyd, Ramsay and Lundie,
All in the stour fechtand face for face.
The Sutheroun oft bak rerit in that place,
At the first straik fyue aiker braid and mair,
Wallace on fute ane greit sharpe speir he bair,
Amang the thickest of the preis he gais,
On Kirkinghame ane straik he chosen hes,

In

In the birneis that polist was full bright,
The prunzeand heade the plaits pearsit richt,
Throw the bodie stickit him but reskew,
Derflie to deith that Chistane was adew,
Baith man and horss at that straik he bair doun,
The Inglis Dist that war in battell boun.
Comfort they tint when thair chistane was slane,
And manie ane to flé began in plane.
Zit worthie men baid still into that steid,
Quhill ten thousand war brocht vnto the deid,
Than fled the laue and micht na langer byde,
Succour thay socht in monie diuers syde,
Sum Eist sum West and sum fled to the North
Seuin thousand hail at anis flotred in Forth.
Plungit in deip drounit without mercie,
Nane left on lyfe of all that haill menzie,
Of Wallace Dist na man was slaine of baill.
Bot Androw Murray into that strang battell,
The South part then that saw their men was tint,
Als ferflie fled as fyre dois fra the flint,
The place hes left Striuiling Castell and toun,
Towart Dumbar in greit hast maid them boun,
Quhen Wallace Dist had win the feild be micht,
Tuk vp the brig and lousit gude Iohn Wricht,
On the flears syne followit wonder fast,
Erle Malcolme als out of the Castell past.
With Lennox men to stuke the chase gude speid,
Ay be the way they gart feill Sutheron bleid.
In the Torwood they gart full monie die,
The Erle of VVarrane than can full ferflie flie.
With Corspatrik that graithlie can him guyde,
Vnchanging horse out throw the land they ryde.
Straicht to *Dumbar* bot few with them they led,
Monie wer slane ouer slathfullie that fled.
The Scottis horss had run full wonder lang,
Monie gaue ouer and micht na farther gang,
Wallace and Grahame euer togidder baid,

At Haddingtoun full great ſlachter they maid
Of Inglíſmen quhen their hoꝛs tyꝛit had,
Quhen Ramſay come gude Wallace was ful glad
With him was Boyde and Richard of Lundie,
Thꝛé hundꝛeth haill was of gude Cheualrie.
And Adam Wallace als of Richartoun,
With Erle Malcolme they fand at Haddingtoun
The Scottiſmen on ſlauchter taꝛyit was,
Quhill to Dumbar the twa Chiftanis couth pas.
Full ſpytfull wer foꝛ their contrarie cace,
Wallace followit quhill they gat in that place,
Of their beſt men and Kirkinghame of renoun,
Thꝛettie thouſand was deid but redemptioun.
Beſyde Beltoun Wallace returnit againe,
To follow mair then was it bot in vaine.

IN Haddingtoun lodging he maid all nicht,
Upon the moꝛne to Striuiling paſſit richt.
On the aſſumption day beſtell this cace,
Ay louit be the Loꝛd of his gude grace.
Conboyer oft he was to gude Wallace,
And helpit him in monie ſundꝛie place,
Wallace in hatſt ſone efter this battaill,
Ane greit aith tuik of all the barrouns haill,
That with gude will wald cum to his preſence,
He hecht them als to byde at their defence.
Sir Iohn Menteith was than of Arrane Loꝛd,
To Wallace coime and maid ane plaine concoꝛd,
With witnes thair with his aith he him band,
Lawtie to keip to Wallace and Scotland.
Quha wald not with fré will to richt applie,
Wallace beſoꝛe puneiſt them rigoꝛouſlie.
Part put to deith, part put in preſoun ſtrang,
Greit woꝛd of him thꝛow baith thir realms rang
Dundie they gat ſoone be an thoꝛt treatie,
Bot foꝛ thair lyues they fled away be ſey,
Inglis Capitanes that hous had in hand,

Left

Left Caſtels fre and ſtall out of the land,
Within ten dayes efter this time was gaine,
Engliſh Captains in Scotland then was nane,
Except Berwick and Roxburgh Caſtell wicht,
Zit Wallace thocht to bring them to the richt.

That tyme there was ane worthie trew Barroun,
To name he hecht Criſtell of Setoun.
In Iedbrugh wood for ſaftie he had bene,
Againe Sutheron full well he couth conteine.
Edward couth not fra Scots faith him get,
Thoch them gaue ane milleon of gold weill met,
Herbottell fled fra Iedburgh Caſtell wicht,
Towart England thair Setoun met him richt,
With fourtie men Criſtell in bargane baid,
Agains ſeuin ſcoir and mekill maiſtrie made,
Slew that captane and monie cruell man,
Full greit riches in that Journey he wan,
Houſhald and gold as they thould pas away,
The quhilk before they keipit monie a day,
Iedburgh he tuke and Ruthuen leanit he,
At Wallace will thair captane for to be.
Bald Setoun ſyne to Loutheane maid repair,
In this ſtorie ze may heir of him mair.
And into Bruce quha lykis for to reid,
He was with him in monie cruell deid,
Gude Wallace than full ſadlie can deuiſe,
To rulel the land, with worthie men and wiſe,
Capitans he maid and Sthirreffs that was gude,
Part of his kin and of trew vther blude.
His deir Cuſing in Edinburgh ordainit he,
With frue Craufurd that ay was full worthie,
Keiper of it with nobill men at wage,
In Manwell than he had gude heritage,
Scotland was fre that lang in baill had bene,
Wallace it wan fra our fals enemies kene,
Greit gouernour of Scotland he couth ring,
Waitand ane tyme to get his richteous King,

For Inglishmen that held him in bandoun,
Lang wrangouslie fra his owne richteous Croun.

The Aucht part of this booke declares how Wallace put Corspattik out of Scotland, Chap I.

FYue moneths thus Scotland stude in gude rest,
Ane counsell cryit them thocht it was the best,
In Sanct-Iohnstoun quhair it sould halden be,
Assemblit Clark Barroun and Burges fre.
Bot Corspatrik wald not come at thair call,
Baid in Dumbar and maid scorne at them all,
They spake of him feill Lords of that Parlament,
Than Wallace said, will ze heirto consent.
Forgiue him frie all things that is by past,
Sa he will come and grant he hes trespast.
Fra this time furth keip lawtie to our croun,
They grant thairto Clerk Burges and Barroun,
With haill consent thair wrytting to him send,
Richt lawlie thus they them to him commend,
Besocht him fair as ane then of the land,
To cum and take sum gouernance in hand.
Lichtlie he leuch in scorne as it had bene,
And said he had ilk Pellage seldom sene
That Wallace now as gouernour sall ring,
Heir is great falt of ane gude Prince and King,
That King of Kyle I cannot vnderstand,
Of him I held never ane fur of land.
That bauchler trowes for fortoun shawes her quheill,
Thairwith to lett it shall not lang be weill.
Bot to zou Lords and ze will vnderstand,
I make you wise I aucht to make na band,
Als fre I am in this regioun to ring,
Lord of mine awne as euer was prince or king,
In England als greit part of land I haue,
My anrent thairof thair will na man me craue.
Quhat will ze mair? I warne zou I am free,

For zour ſummonds ze get na mair of me,
To Sanct-Iohnſtoun this writ he ſend againe,
Before the Lords was manifeſt in plaine,
Quhen Wallace heard the Erle ſik anſweir maks,
Ane greit heit throw courage then he taks.
For he wiſt weill thair could be bot ane King,
Of this regioun atanis for to ring,
Ane King of Kyle for that he callit Wallace,
Lords he ſaid this is ane vncouth cace.
Be he ſufferit we are war nor we was,
Thus rais he vp and maid him for to pas,
God hes vs tholit to do ſa for the laue,
On lyfe or deith in faith we ſhall him haue,
Or gar him grant quhome he halds for his Lord,
Or els war ſhame in ſtorie to record,
I bow to God with eaſe he ſall not be,
Into this realme bot ane of vs ſall die,
Les than he cum and knaw his righteous King,
In this regioun weill baith we ſhall not ring,
His lichtlie ſcorne he ſall repent full ſore,
Bot power faill or I ſhall end thairfoir,
Sen in this eird is ordained me na reſt.
Now God be Judge the richt he knawes beſt,
At that counſell langer he tarvit nocht,
With twa hundreth fra Sanct Iohnſtoun he ſocht,
To the counſall maid inſtance or he zeid,
Thay ſould contene and of him haue na dreid.
I am bot ane and for gude cauſe I ga,
Towart Kingorne the ganeſt way they ta.
Upon the morne ouer Forth ſouth they paſt,
On his voyage he haiſtit wonder faſt,
Robert Lawder at Muſſilburgh met Wallace,
Fra Engliſhmen he keipit weill his place,
Couth nane him treit Knicht Squyer nor zit Lord,
With King Edward for to be at concord.
On Erle Patrik to pas he was full glaid.
Sum ſaid before the Bas he wald haue had,

Gude men came als with Criſtell of Setoun,
Than Wallace was four hundreth of renoun,
Ane Squyar Lyle that weill the countrie knew,
With twentie men to Wallace couth perſew.
Beſyde Lyntoun and to thame tauld he than,
That Erle Patrik with many likelie man,
At Cokburns path he had his gaddering maid,
And to Dunbar wald come withouttin baid,
Then Lawder ſaid it were the beſt think me.
Faſter to paſ in Dunbar or he be,
Wallace anſwered we may at laiſer ryde,
With zone power he thinks bargane to byde.
And of ane thing ze ſall weill underſtand,
Ane hardyer Lord is not into this land,
Picht he be maid true ſteidfaſt to our King,
Be wit and force he can do mekill thing,
Bot willfullie he lykis to tyne him ſell,
Thus raid thay furth and wald na langer dwell,
Be eiſt Dunbar quhair men them tauld on cace,
How Erle Patrik was warnit of VVallace,
Neir Innerweik cheiſit ane feild at waill.
With nyne hundreth of lyklie men but faill,
Four hundreth was with VVallace in the richt,
And thay anone approchit to their ſicht,
Greit ſalt their was of gude treatie betwéne
To make concord and that ſtil ſone was ſéne,
Without reheirs of actioun in that tyde,
On ather part togidder ſall they ryde,
The ſtour was ſtrang and wonder perrillous,
Continuit lang with deids Thewalrous.
Monie their deit of cruell Scots blude,
Of this treatie the matter is not gude,
Thairfore I ceaſe to tell the deſtructioun,
Pitie it was and all of ane nationn:
Bot Erle Patrik the feild left at the laſt,
Richt few with him to Cokburnis paith thair paſt,
Aggrevit ſair that his men thus was tynt,

VVallace

Wallace returnit and wald na langer stint,
Toward Dumbar quhair suithfast men him tald
Na purveyance was left into that hald,
For men of fence, all had bene with their Lord,
Quhen Wallace hard the sicker trew record.
Dumbar he tuik all haill at his hanboun,
Gaue it to kep to Cristall of Seroun,
Quha stuffit it weil with men and gude vittaill,
Upon the morne Wallace that wald not taill,
With thre hundreth to Cokburnis path he socht,
Erle Patrik ishit for byde him wald he nocht.
Sone to the parke Wallace an range hes set,
To Bonkill wood Corspatrik fled but let,
And out of it to Norame passit he,
Than Wallace saw it micht na better be,
To Caldstreme raid, and ludgeit him on Twcid,
Erle Patrik then in all haist can him speid:
And passit by or Wallace power rais,
Without resting to Ettrik forrest gais.
Wallace followit bot he wald not assaill,
Ane range to mak as then it micht not vaill.
Quir few he had the strenth was thick & strang.
Twelue myle of breid, and thereto twyse as lang
Into Cokholme erle Patrik baid at rest.
For mair power Wallace past in the West,
Erle Patrik then him graithit haistelie,
In Ingland past to get him there supplie.
Out throw the land richt earnestly conth pas,
To Anthonie Beik that Lord of Durame was.
Wallace put him out of Glasgow befoir,
And slew Persie, thair malice was the moir.
The Bishop Beik gart sone great power ryse,
Northumberland vpon ane awfull wyse.
Thay ordainit Bruce in Scotland for to pas,
To win his awin bot euill disauit he was.
They gart him trow that Wallace was rebell,
And thocht to tak the Kingrik to him sell,

For fals they war and euer sit hes bene,
Lawtie and trueth was euer in Wallace lene,
To lend the richt was all he tuik on hand,
And thocht to bring Bruce fre to his land.
Of this matter as now I tarie nocht,
With strang power on Sutheroun togidder socht.
Fra Oyis water assemblit haill to Tweid.
The land Dell was thirtie thousand in deid,
Of Themis month send ships be the se,
To keip Dumbar that nane sould them supplie.
Erle Patrik past with twentie thousand bustet,
Befoir Dumbar ane stalwart seige he set,
The Bishop Beik and Robert Bruce baid still,
With ten thousand in Norame at their will,
Wallace be this that fast was labourand,
In Louthiane come with gude men fyue thousand,
Richt weill beseme into thair armour bricht,
Thocht to reskew the Setoun bald and wicht.
Under Zester that first night lugit he,
Hay come to him with ane gude Cheualrie,
In Doun Forrest all that time he had bene,
He had the cumming of the Sutheroun sene,
Fyftie he had of wise men into weir,
Thay tauld Wallace of Patrikis greit affeir,
Hay said forsuith and ze micht him ouerset,
Power againe richt sone he micht not get.
My counsall is that we giue him battell,
He thankit thame of comfort and counsell,
And said friend Hay in this caus that I wend,
Sa that we wyn I reke not for to end.
Richt suith it is that anis we mon die,
Into the richt quha suld in terrour be?
Erle Patrik thair an messenger gart pas,
Tauld Anthone beik that Wallace cummand was.
Of this tythings the Bishop was full glaid,
Ane mends of him full faine he wald haue had.
But mair prolong throw Laumyr mure thay raid,

Neir

Hære the Spotmure in bushment still he bade,
Where Erle Patrik than ordanit for to be.
Wallace of Beik vnwarnit then was he.
Zit he before was not hastie indeid,
But then he put both him and his in dreid,
Upon swift horse scurriours rade betwæne,
The comming then of Erle Patrik hes sæne.
The hous he left and to the mure is gane:
A plane feild with his hoist hes he tane.
Gude Seton then ished with few menzie,
Pairt of his men into Dumbar left he.
To Wallace rade was on the richteous syde,
In gude aray to Spotmure they ryde,
Some Scots dreade the Erle so many was,
Twenty thousand againtt so few to pas:
Bot Iop perceiued he bade Wallace should bide,
Tine not your men bot to some strenth ze ride,
And I shall pas to get zon power mair.
These are ouer god thus lichtlie for to wair,
Then Wallace said in trouth I shall not flie,
For foure of his ay ane while I may be.
We are ouer neir sik purpose for to take,
A dangerous chase they micht vpon vs make.
Hære is twentie with this power this day,
Would him allay suppose I wer away,
Many they are for Gods sake be we strang,
Zon Southeron folke in stour will not bid lang.

HOW CORSPATRICK BROGHT IN Scotland Bishop Beeke, and Robert the Bruce, and how Wallace gaue them battell, and put them out of Scotland. Chap. 11.

The hzime battell braithlie on either syde,
Greit reird there raise ouer all where that they ryde
The faire semblie when they together met,

For Inglishmen that held him in bandoun,
Lang wrangouslie fra his owne richteous Croun.

The Aucht part of this booke declares how Wallace put Corspattik out of Scotland, Chap I.

FYue moneths thus Scotland stude in gude rest,
Ane counsell cryit them thocht it was the best,
In Sanct-Iohnstoun quhair it sould halden be,
Assemblit Clark Barroun and Burges fre.
Bot Corspatrik wald not come at thair call,
Baid in Dumbar and maid scorne at them all,
They spake of him feill Lords of that Parlament,
Than Wallace said, will ze heirto consent.
Forgiue him frē all things that is by past,
Sa he will come and grant he hes trespast.
Fra this time furth keip lawtie to our croun,
They grant thairto Clerk Burges and Barroun,
With haill consent thair wryting to him send.
Richt lawlie thus they them to him commend,
Besocht him fair as ane then of the land,
To cum and take sum gouernance in hand.
Lichtlie he leuch in scorne as it had bene,
And said he had sik Message seldom sene
That Wallace now as gouernour sall ring,
Heir is great falt of ane gude Prince and King,
That King of Kyle I cannot vnderstand,
Of him I held neuer ane fur of land.
Bot bauchler trowes for fortoun shawes her quheill,
Thairwith to lest it shall not lang be weill.
Bot to zou Lords and ze will vnderstand,
I make you wise I aucht to make na band,
Als fre I am in this regioun to ring,
Lord of mine awne as euer was prince or king,
In England als greit part of land I haue,
Myanrent thairof thair will na man me craue.
Quhat will ze mair? I warne zou I am free,

For zour ſummonds ze get na mair of me,
To Sanct-Iohnſtoun this writ he ſend againe,
Before the Lords was manifeſt in plaine,
Quhen Wallace heard the Erle ſik anſweir maks,
Ane greit heit throw courage then he taks.
For he wiſt weill thair could be bot ane King,
Of this regioun atanis for to ring,
Ane King of Kyle for that he callit Wallace,
Lords he ſaid this is ane vncouth cace.
Be he ſufferit we are war nor we was,
Thus rais he vp and maid him for to pas,
God hes vs tholit to do ſa for the laue,
On lyfe or deith in faith we ſhall him haue,
Or gar him grant qnhome he halds for his Lord,
Or els war ſhame in ſtorie to record,
I vow to God with eaſe he ſall not be,
Into this realme bot ane of vs ſall die,
Les than he cum and knaw his righteous King,
In this regioun weill baith we ſhall not ring,
His lichtlie ſcorne he ſall repent full ſore,
Bot power faill or I ſhall end thairfoir,
Sen in this eird is ordained me na reſt.
Now God be Judge the richt he knawes beſt,
At that counſell langer he taryit nocht,
With twa hundreth fra Sanct Iohnſtoun he ſocht,
To the counſall maid inſtance or he zeid,
Thay ſould contene and of him haue na dreid.
I am bot ane and for gude cauſe I ga,
Towart Kingorne the ganeſt way they ta.
Upon the morne ouer Forth ſouth they paſt,
On his voyage he haiſtit wonder faſt,
Robert Lawder at Muſſilburgh met Wallace,
Fra Engliſhmen he keipit weill his place,
Couth nane him treit Knicht Squyer nor zit Lord,
With King Edward for to be at concord.
On Erle Patrik to paſs he was full glaid.
Sum ſaid before the Bas he wald haue had,

Gude men came als with Criſtell of Seroun,
Than Wallace was four hundreth of Renoun,
Ane Squyar Lyle that weill the countrie knew,
With twentie men to Wallace couth perſew.
Beſyde Lyntoun and to thame tauld he thau,
That Erle Patrik with many likelie man,
At Cokburns path he had his gaddering maid,
And to Dunbar wald come withouttin baid,
Then Lawder ſaid it were the beſt think me,
Faſter to pas in Dunbar or he be,
Wallace anſwered we may at laiſer ryde,
With zone power he thinks bargane to byde.
And of ane thing ze ſall weill vnderſtand,
Ane hardyer Lord is not into this land,
Micht he be maid true ſteidfaſt to our King,
Be wit and force he can do mekill thing,
Bot willfullie he lykis to tyne him ſell,
Thus raid thay furth and wald na langer dwell,
Be eiſt Dunbar quhair men them tauld on cace,
How Erle Patrik was warnit of VVallace,
Neir Innerweik cheiſit ane feild at waill.
With nyne hundreth of lyklie men but faill,
Four hundreth was with VVallace in the richt,
And thay anone approchit to their ſicht,
Greit ſalt their was of gude treatie betwéne
To make concord and that ſul ſone was ſéne,
Without reheirs of actioun in that tyde,
On ather part togidder faſt they ryde,
The ſtour was ſtrang and wonder perrillous,
Continuit lang with deids Cheualrous.
Monie their deit of cruell Scots blude,
Of this treatie the matter is not gude,
Thairfore I ceaſe to tell the deſtructioun,
Pitie it was and all of ane natioun:
Bot Erle Patrik the feild left at the laſt,
Richt few with him to Cokburnis paith thair paſt,
Aggreuit ſair that his men thus was tynt,

VVallace

Wallace returnit and wald na langer ſtint,
Toward Dumbar quhair ſuithfaſt men him tald
Na purveyance was left into that hald,
For men of fence, all had bene with their Lord,
Quhen Wallace hard the ſicker trew record.
Dumbar he tuik all haill at his bandoun,
Gaue it to kep to Criſtall of Setoun,
Quha ſtuffit it weil with men and gude victaill,
Upon the morne Wallace that wald not faill,
With three hundreth to Cokburnis path he ſocht,
Erle Patrik iſchit for byde him wald he nocht.
Sone to the parke Wallace an range hes ſet,
To Bonkill wood Corſpatrik fled but let,
And out of it to Norame paſſit he,
Than Wallace ſaw it micht na better be,
To Caldſtreme raid, and ludgeit him on Twcid,
Erle Patrik then in all haiſt can him ſpeid:
And paſſit by or Wallace power rais,
Without reſking to Ettrik forreſt gais.
Wallace followit bot he wald not aſſaill,
Ane range to mak as then it micht not vaill.
Quhir few he had the ſtrenth was thick & ſtrang.
Twelue myle of breid, and thereto twyſe as lang
Into Cokholme erle Patrik baid at reſt,
For mair power Wallace paſt in the Weſt,
Erle Patrik then him graithit haiſtelie,
In Ingland paſt to get him there ſupplie.
Out throw the land richt earneſtly couth pas,
To Anthonie Beik that Lord of Durame was.
Wallace put him out of Glaſgow befoir,
And ſlew Perſie, thair malice was the moir.
The Biſhop Beik gart ſone great power ryſe,
Northumberland vpon ane awfull wyſe.
Thay ordainit Bruce in Scotland for to pas,
To win his awin bot euill diſſauit he was.
They gart him trow that Wallace was rebell,
And thocht to tak the Kingrik to him ſell,

For fals they war and euer sit hes bene,
Lawtie and trueth was euer in Wallace sene,
To send the richt was all he tuik on hand,
And thocht to bring Bruce fre to his land.
Of this matter as now I tarie nocht,
With strang power on Sutheroun togidder socht.
Fra Oyis water assemblit haill to Tweid.
The land Dill was thirtie thousand in deid,
Of Themis mouth send ships be the sé,
To keip Dumbar that nane sould them supplie.
Erle Patrik past with twentie thousand bublet,
Befoir Dumbar ane stalwart seige he set,
The Bishop Beik and Robert Bruce baid still,
With ten thousand in Nerame at their will.
Wallace be this that fast was labourand,
In Louthiane come with gude men fyue thousand,
Richt weill besene into thair armour bricht,
Thocht to reskew the Setoun bald and wicht.
Under Zester that first night ludgit he,
Hay come to him with ane gude Cheualrie,
In Doun Forrest all that time he had bene,
He had the cumming of the Sutheroun sene,
Fyftie he had of wise men into weir,
Thay tauld Wallace of Patrikis greit affeir,
Hay said forsuith and ze micht him ouerset,
Power againe richt sone he micht not get.
My counsall is that we giue him battell.
He thankit thame of comfort and counsell,
And said friend Hay in this caus that I wend,
Sa that we wyn I reke not for to end.
Richt suith it is that anis we mon die,
Into the richt quha suld in terrour be?
Erle Patrik thair an messenger gart pas,
Tauld Anthone beik that Wallace cummand was.
Of this tythings the Bishop was full glaid,
Ane mends of him full faine he wald haue had.
Bot mair prolong throw Laumyr mure thay raid,

Neir

Héere the Spotmure in bushment still he bade,
Where Erle Patrik than ordanit for to be.
Wallace of Beik vnwarnit then was he,
Zit he before was not hastie indeid,
But then he put both him and his in dreid,
Upon swift horse scurriours rade betwéene,
The comming then of Erle Patrik hes séene.
The hous he left and to the mure is gane:
A plane feild with his host hes he tane.
Gude Seton then ished with few menzie,
Pairt of his men into Dumbar left he.
To Wallace rade was on the richteous side,
In gude aray to Spotmure they ryde,
Some Scots dreade the Erle so many was,
Twenty thousand againtt so few to pas:
Bot Iop perceiued he bade VVallace should bide,
Tine not zour men bot to some strenth ze ride,
And I shall pas to get zou power mair,
Thése are ouer gód thus lichtlie for to wair,
Then VVallace said in treuth I shall not flée,
For foure of his ay ane while I may be.
We are ouer neir sik purpose for to take,
A dangerous chase they micht vpon vs make.
Héere is twentie with this power this day,
Would him allay suppose I wer away,
Many they are for Gods sake be we strang,
Zon Southeron folke in stour will not bid lang.

HOW CORSPATRICK BROGHT IN Scotland Bishop Beeke, and Robert the Bruce, and how VVallace gaue them battell, and put them out of Scotland. Chap. II.

The brime battell braithlie on either side,
Greit reird there raise ouer all where that they ride
The faire semblie when they together met,

Feill ſtraiks there they ſadly on ather ſet.
Pꝛuinzeand ſpears thꝛow plaits pꝛeiſſit faſt,
Monie off hoꝛs doun to the ground they caſt.
Hadels thay teim of hoꝛs but maiſters there,
Of the ſouthſyde fyue thouſand doun they bair.
Gude Wallace Diſt the foirmeſt cummerit ſa,
That the laue was in will away to ga.
Erle Patrik baid ſa cruell of intent,
All his haill Diſt of him tuik hardiment.
Againſt Wallace in monie ſtour was he,
Wallace knew weill that his men wald not flé,
Foꝛ na power that liuand was on lyue,
Quhill thay on heill micht be ay ane foꝛ fyue.
In that great ſtryfe manie was handlit hait,
The feill dints, the cruell hard debait,
The feirs ſtryking maid many greuous wound,
Upon the eird the blude maid to abound.
All Wallace Diſt into ane compas baid,
Onhair ſa they turnit full greit ſlachter they maid,
Wallace and Grahame with Ramſay ful woꝛthie,
The bald Seton and Richard of Lundie.
And Adam Wallace als of Richartoun,
Baith Hay and Lyll with gude men of Renoun.
Boyd, Barklay, Baird, & Lawder that was wicht,
Feill Inglíſmen derflie to death they dicht.
Bot erle Patrik full feirflie faucht againe,
Thꝛow his awin hand monie he put to paine.
Our men on him thꝛang foꝛdwart into thꝛa,
Waid thꝛow the Diſt feill ſlopis to and fra.
The Inglíſmen began plainly to flé.
Than Biſhop Beik full ſuddanlie they ſé.
And Robert Bruce contrare his natiue men.
Wallace was wa fra tyme he couth him kene.
Of Bruces deids he was aggréeuit mair,
Than all the laue that day that ſemblit thair,
The greit buſhment atanis bꝛake on bꝛeid,
Ten thouſand haill that douchtie wer indeid,

The ſtears than with erle Patrik releiuit,
Thay faucht again quhair monie wer miſcheiuit,
Quhen Wallace ſaw the buſhment brokin was,
Out of the field on hors he thocht to pas.
Bot he ſaw weill his hoiſt ſound in their weid,
He thocht to fray the formeſt or he zeid.
The new cum Diſt about him ſemblit thair,
On ather ſyde with ſtraikis ſad and ſair.
The worthie Scottis ſa feirſlie faucht againe,
Of Anthonis men full monie haue they ſlaine.
Bot that tyrant ſo vſit was in weir,
On Wallace Diſt he did full mekill deir.
And the bald Bruce ſa cruellie wrocht he,
Throw ſtrenth of hands feill Scottis gart he die,
To reſiſt Bruce, Wallace he preiſſit faſt,
Bot Inglifmen ſa thick betwix them paſt.
And erle patrik in all the haiſt he mocht,
Throw out the ſtour to Wallace ſone he ſocht.
On the peſant ane fellonn ſtraik him gaue,
Baruit the plait with his ſharp groundit glaue.
Throw all the ſtuff and woundit him ſum deill,
Bot Wallace thocht he ſould be dengit weill.
Followit on him and ane ſtraik ettellit faſt,
Bot ane Maitland rekleſlie betwix them paſt.
Vpon the heid gude Wallace hes him tane,
Throw heid and braine in ſunder ſtrak the bane.
Deid to the ground at that ſtraik he him draue,
Thus Wallace was diſſeuerit from the laue
Of his gude men amang them him alane,
About him ſocht feill enemies manie ane.
Stickit his hors to ground behuifit to licht,
To fend himſelfe as wyſelie as he micht.
The worthie Scottis that micht na langer byde,
With ſair hearts out of the field they ryde.
With them in feir they weind Wallace had bene,
On fute he was amang his enemies kene.
Gude roume he maid about him into breid,

With his gude ſwoꝛd that helpit him in neid.
Was nane ſa ſtrang that gat of him an ſtraik,
Eſter againe made neuer the Scots to waik.
Erle Patrik then that had great craft in weir,
With ſpeirs oꝛdanit gude Wallace doun to beir.
Anew they tuik was haill into the field,
To him thay zeid thocht he ſould haue na beild.
On ather ſyde faſt pꝛuinzeand at his geir,
He hewit off heids and wyſelie couth him weir.
The woꝛthie Scottis of this full lytill wiſt,
Bocht to gude Grahame quhen they their Chiftane miſt.
Lawder and Lyle, and Hay that was ſa wicht,
And bald Ramſay quhilk was a woꝛthie knicht.
Lundie and Boyd, and Criſtall of Setoun,
With fyue hundꝛeth that was in bargane boun.
Him to reſkew full rudelie in they raid,
About Wallace ane large roume they maid.
The Biſhop Beik was bꝛaithlie boꝛne to eird,
At that reſkew there was ane feſtoun reird,
Oꝛ he gat vp feill Sutheroun they ſlew,
Out of the pꝛeis Wallace they can reſkew.
Sone hoꝛſit him vpon ane Curſer wicht,
Towart ane ſtrenth they ride in all their micht.
Richt wyſelie fled reskewand monie man,
The Erle Patrik to ſtuff the chace began.
On the fleéars there littill harme they wꝛocht,
Gude Wallace folk away togither ſocht.
Thir fyue hundꝛeth the quhilk I ſpak of air,
Sa awfullie abandounit them and ſair.
Na followar durſt out fra his fellow ga,
The gude fleéars ſic turning in they ma.
Four thouſand haill had tane the ſtrenth befoir.
Of Wallace Diſt his comfoꝛt was the moir.
Of Glaſtaden that foꝛreſt thocht to hald,
Erle Patrik turnit thocht he was neuer ſa bald,
Againe to Beik, quhen chaipit was Wallace,
Curſand foꝛtoun of his miſchancefull cace.

The

The field he wan and ſeuin thouſand was loſt,
Deid on that day for all the Biſhops baſt.
Of Wallace men fyue hundreth ſlaine I ges
Bot na Chiftane, his murning was the les.
Neir euin it was bot Beik wald not abyde
In Lawmir mure thay turnit in that tyde.
Thair ludging tuik quhair he thocht to auaill,
For weill he trowit the Scottis wald aſſaill.
Vpon the field quhair thay gaue battell laſt,
The countrie men to Wallace gatherit faſt.
Of Edinburgh with Crawfurd that was wicht,
Four hundreth come into their armour bricht.
To Wallace raid be his ludging was tane,
Of Teuedaill come gude men monie ane.
Out of Iedburgh with Ruthuen at that tyde,
Togither ſocht fra monie diuers ſyde,
Sir Williame than that Lord was of Dowglas,
With him fourſcoir, that nicht come to Wallace.
Twentie hundreth of new men met that nicht,
Vpon their fais to venge them at thair micht.
At the firſt field thir gude men had not bene,
Wallace watchis thair aduerſars hes ſéne.
Into quhat wyſe they had their ludging maid,
Wallace bownit efter ſupper but baid.
In Lawmir mure they paſſit haſtelie,
Soone to array zeid this gude Cheualrie,
Wallace them maid in twa parties to be,
Sir Iohn the Grahame and Setoun ordanit he,
Lawder and Hay with thæ thouſand to ryde,
Himſelfe the laue tuik wyſelie for to gyde.
With him Lundie, baith Ramſay and Dowglas,
Barklay and Boyd, and gude Adam Wallace.
Be this the day approchit wonder neir,
And bricht Tytan in preſence can appeir.
The Scottis Diſt ſone ſemblit into ſicht,
Of their enemies they wer not reddie dicht.
Out of array feill of the Southeron was,

Richt

Richt awfullie Wallace can on them pas,
At this entrie the Scots sa weill thame bair,
Feill of thair fais to death was bvttinit thair.
Redles they rais and monie fled away,
Sum on the ground was smorit quhair thay lay.
Greit noyse and cry was raisit them amang.
Gude Grahame come in that stalwart was and strang,
Fra Wallace men wer weill togidder met,
On the south part sa awfullie thay set.
Incontrair thame the frayit folk micht not stand,
Atanis thair fled of Sutheron ten thousand,
The worthie Scots wrought vpon sike ane wyse:
Iop said that they war mekill for to pryse,
Zit Bishop Beik that selloun tyran strang
Baid in the stour richt awfullie and lang.
Ane Knicht Skeltoun that cruell was and kene,
Befoir him stude into his armour schene
To send his Lord full worthelie he wrocht,
Lundie him saw and sadlie to him socht.
With his gude sword ane ackwart straik him gaue,
Throw Pesane stuke his craig in sunder drawe.
Quhairof the laue war stoneist in that steid,
The bald Skeltoun of Lundyis hand was deid,
Than fled they all and micht na langer byde,
Patrik and Beik away with Bruce they ryde,
Fyue thousand held into ane flop away,
To Norhame hous in all the haist thay may,
Our men followit that worthie wer and wicht,
Monie slear derflie to deith thay dicht,
Thir thrie Lords to the Castell thay socht,
Full feill thay lossit that was of England brocht.
At this Journey twentie thousand they tint,
Drownit and slane with speir and swords dint,
The Scots at Tweid than haistit them sa fast.
Feill Sutheron men to wrang fuirds they past,
Wallace returnit in Norhame quhen they war,
For worthis Bruce his hart was wonder sair,

He

He had leuer hane had him at his large.
Fre till our croune then of fine gold to charge,
Mair than in Troy was quhen the greiks it wan.
Wallace paſſit with mony awfull man,
Quir *Patriks* land and waiſtit wonder faſt,
Tuik out greit guds and places doun can caſt.
His ſteids twelf that Bethamis was cald.
Wallace gart breake thay burlie biggings bald,
Baith in the Mers and alſo Louthiane,
Except Dumbar ſtandand he leuit nane,
To Edinburgh than vpon the eicht day,
Vpon the morne Wallace without delay,
To Perth paſt quhair ane counſall was ſet,
To the Barrous he ſhewit withouttin let,
How his greit wow richt weill eſchewit was,
To ane maiſter he gart Erle Patrik pas.
Becaus he ſaid of Scotland he held nocht,
To King Edward to get ſupplie he focht.
The Lords was blyth and welcommit weill Wallace,
Thankand greit God of his fair happie cace,
Wallace tuke ſtate to gouerne all *Scotland*,
The barnage haill maid him ane open band.
Than delt the land to gude men him about,
For Scotlands richt had ſet their lyues in doubt.
Stanetoun he gaue to Lawder in his wage,
The Knicht VVallang aucht it in heritage.
Then Birgem cruik he gaue Lyll that was wicht,
To *Skrymger* als full gude reward he dicht,
Syne Wallace toun and vther lands thairtill
To worthie men he delt with nobill will,
To his awin kin nane heritage gaue he,
Bot office haill that euerilk man micht ſe,
For couetice thair could no man him blame.
He baid reward quhill the King ſould cum hame.
Of all he did he thocht to byde the Law:
Befoir his king maſter quhen he him ſaw.
Scotland was blyth in dollour had bene lang,

In

In ilk ane part to gude labour they gang.

How Wallace past in England & remainit there thrie quarters of ane Zeir & come hame agane but battel. Chap. III.

BE this the time of October was past,
Nouember neir approchit wonder fast,
Tythings thair come, King Edward greuit was,
With his power in Scotland thocht to pas.
For Erle Patrik had gruin sic counsaill,
Wallace gat wit and semblit power haill:
Fourtie thousand in Rosling mure they met,
Lords he said this is King Edwards set,
Incontrair richt to seik vs in our land,
I hecht to God and to zou be my hand,
I sall him meit for all his greit barnage,
Within England to fend our heritage,
His fals desire sall on him selfe be sene,
Ye sall vs find in contrair of his ene.
Senhe with wrang hes ridden this regioun,
We sall now pas in contrair of his croun.
I will not bid greit Lords with vs fair,
For my intent plainlie I will declair.
Our purpose is outher to win or die,
Quha zeids him sall neuer ransonit be.
The Barrouns than him answerit worthelie,
And said they wald pas with thair Cheualrie,
Himselfe and Iop prouydit that menze,
Twentie thousand of waillit men tuke he,
Harnes and hors he gart amang them waill,
Wapins anew that might them best availl,
Graithit thir men that cruell wer and kene,
Better in weir in warld couth not be sene,
He bad the laue in labour for to byde,
In gude array fra Rosling mure they ryde.
At their muster gude Wallace couth them as,
Quhat myrkers ma in ane power to pas?
All of ane will as I trow set ar we,

In plaine battell can nocht discomfeist be.
Our realme is powre waistit with Sutheron blude,
Go win on them gold or vther gude.
The Dist inclynit all with humble will,
And said thay sould bidding than fulfill.
The Erle Malcolme with his Ireland men is gane,
Bot name of reull on him he wald take nane,
Wallace him knew ane Lord that was worthie,
At his counsall he wrocht full steidfastlie.
Starker he was gif he had battell sene,
For he befoir had in gude iourneyes bene.
Ane man of strenth that hes gude wit withall,
Ane haill regioun may comfort at his call,
As manlyk Hector wrocht into his weir,
Agains ane hundreth comptit was his speir,
Bot that was not throw his strength anerlie,
Sik reull he led of nobill Chevalrie,
Thir examples war worthie for to ken,
Hector I leif and speik furth of our men.
The Knicht Campbell maid him to that veyage,
Of Lochow cheif that was his heritage,
The gude Ramsay furth to that Journey went,
Sir Iohn the Grahame forward in his intent.
Wallace Cousing Adam full worthie was,
And Robert Boyd furth blythlie can they pas,
Waith Auchinlek and Richard of Lundie,
Lawder and Hay, and Seytoun full worthie.

THis Royall Dist but resting furth thay raid,
To Brokis feild and thair ane quhyll thay baid,
Than Wallace tuke with him fourtie but leis,
To Roxburgh yet raid swne or they wald ceis.
Sutheron mervellit giue it sould be Wallace,
Without assurance come to perseiw that place,
Of Sir Rauf Gray swne presence couth he as,
And warnit him thus farther or he wald pas.
Our purpose is in England for to ryde,

Na tyme we haue of Seiſing for to byde,
Tak tent and heir of our comming againe:
Giue ouer this hous ſend me the keyes in plaine.
This I command befoire thir witnes large
Giue thou will not, remaine with all the charge.
Bot this be done of force and I take thé,
Out ouer the wall thou ſhall be hangit hie,
With that he turnit and to his Oſt can wend,
This ilk command to Berwik ſone he ſend,
With gude Ramſay that was an worthie knicht,
The Oſt but mair richt awfullie he dicht.
Began at Tweid and ſparit nocht thay fand,
Bot brynt by force all haill Northumberland,
All Durame toun thay brint vp in ane gleid.
Abbayes they ſparit and kirks quhere they zeid,
To Zork they raid but baid or they wald blin,
To byrne and ſlay of them he thocht na ſin,
Na ſin they thocht the ſame to lat vs feill,
Bot VVilliam Wallace quet our quarrell weill.
Forts they wan and ſmall Caſtels caſt doun.
With aſper wapins payit their ranſoun,
Of priſoners they lykit not to keip,
Quhom they ouer tuke they maid thair freinds to weip
Na Sutheroun ſanit for all their greit richis.
All ſik truſtrie he callit wretchitnes.
Unto the zettis and Suburbs of the toun,
Braithlie they brynt, and brak their bigings doun,
At the wallis aſſailzeit fyftene days,
Quhill King Edward ſend to them in this wayis.
Ane Knicht ane Clark and ane Squyar of peace,
And prayit fair of birning for to ceaſe,
And hecht battell or fyuetene dayes were paſt,
Souerance ſo lang gif he lykit he aſt.
And als he ſpeirit quhy Wallace tuke on hand,
The felloun ſtryfe in defence of Scotland?
And ſaid he maruelit in his wit for thy,
Againe England, was of ſa greit party,

Hen

Sen ze haue maid meikill of Scotland fre,
It wer gude time for to let malice be.
Wallace hes heard the Meſſage ſay their will,
With manly voice richt thus he ſaid them till.
Ze may know weill that richt aneuch we haue,
Of his ſouerance I couet not to craue.
Becaus I am ane natiue Scottis man,
It is my det to do all that I can,
To fend our Kinrik out of dangering,
To his deſire we will grant him ſum thing.
Our Oſt ſall ceis for chance that may betyde,
Thir fyftene dayes bargane to abyde,
And ſall do nocht les than it moue in zow,
In this reſpite my ſelfe couth neuer trow.
King Edwards writ vnder his ſeale they gaue,
In fourtie dayes that they ſould battell haue,
Wallace than gaue his credence to thair King,
Thair leaue they tuke ſyne paſſit but reſting.
And tauld them hail how Wallace leit them ſeill,
Of thair ſouerance he cairit not a deill,
Sic reulit men ſa awfull in effeir,
Are not criſten that he leids into weir,
The King anſwerit and ſaid it ſould be kend.
It cumis of wit enemyes to commend.
They ar to dreid richt greitlie in certane,
Sadly they think of harmis that they haue tane.
Leif I thame thus at counſell with the King,
And of the Scots again to ſpeik ſumthing,

WAllace tranoyntit vpon the ſecond day,
Fra Zork they paſt vpon ane gude array,
Northweſt they went in battell buſkit boun,
Their ludging tuke beſide Northallartoun,
And cryit his peace their marcatis for to ſtand,
Thay fourtie dayes for people of Ingland,
Quha that lykit ony vittall to ſell,
Of all their ſchoir was meikill for to tell,

Sir Rauf Rymount Captane of Miltoun was,
With greit power be nicht ordainit to pas,
On Wallace Oist to make sum jeopardie,
Feill Scotismen that dwelt in that countrie.
Wist of this thing and gadderit to Wallace,
They maid him wise of all this felloun case,
Gude Lundie than to him he callit thair,
And Hew the Hay of Lochartquhart was Air,
With thrie thousand that worthelie was wrocht,
Syne priuatlie on fra the Oist they socht.
The men he tuik that come to him of new,
Guydis to be for they the countrie knew.
The Oist he maid in gude quyet to be,
Ane space fra thame he buskit priuatlie,
Sir Rauf Rymount with sevin thousand come in,
On Wallace Oist ane jeopardie did begin:
The bushment brake or thay the Oist come neir,
On Sutheron men the worthie Scots can steir,
Thrie thousand haill were braithlie brocht to ground,
Journey they socht and sickerlie hes found,
Sir Rauf Rymount was kickit on ane speir,
Thrie thousand slane that worthie were in weir,
The Sutheron wist quhen there Chiftane was slaine:
To Miltoun fast they fled in all thair maine.
Wallace followit with his gude Cheualrie,
Amang Sutheron they enterit sudainlie,
Scottis and Inglis vnto the toun attains,
Sutheroun men shot and braithlie cuist doun stanes,
Of their owne men richt feill then haue they slane,
The Scottis about that wer of mekill mane,
Up greissis ran and seisit all the toun,
Perfite to deith the Sutheron dang they doun,
Wallace thair hes fundin greit riches,
Jewellis and gold, wapins and harnes,
Spuilzeit the toun of wine and of vittaill,
To his Oist send with cariage of greit vaill.
Thrie dayes still within the toun he baid,

Syne

Syne brake doun warke that worthelie was made,
Wyfis and bairns thay put out of the toun,
Na man he faued that was of that natioun.
Quhen Scottis had tane and turfit thair deſire,
Wallis they brake and ſet the laue in fyre.
The tymber wark they brynt vp all in plaine,
On thy ſeird day to the Dill raid againe.
Gart caſt ane dyke that micht ſum ſtrenthning be,
To keip the Dill from ſudaine ieopardie.
Than Inglifhmen was richt graithlie agaſt,
Fra north and South vnto the King they paſt,
At Punfret lay and held ane Parliament,
To giue battell the Lords couth not conſent,
Bot Wallace wer of Scotland crounit King.
Thair counſell fand it was ane perellous thing.
For thoch they wan, they wan bot as they wair,
And gif they tint loſt Ingland euer mair.
In cace it wer put in the Scots hand,
And this decreit thair wit amang them fand,
Gif Wallace wald vpon him tak the croun,
To giue battell they ſould be reddie boun,
The ſamin meſſage to him they ſend againe,
And thair intent they tauld to him in plaine.
Wallace them chargit fra his preſence abſent,
His counſell callit and ſhew them his intent.
He and his men deſyrit battell to haue,
Be ony wayis of Ingland ouer the laue.
Him ſelfe ſaid firſt that wer ane ouer hie thing,
Agains my faith to reaue my righteous King.
I am his awin borne natiue of Scotland,
To weir the croun I will not take on hand,
To fend my realme it is my debt be ſkill,
Let God abone reward me as he will,
Sum bade Wallace vpon him take the Croun,
Wyſe men ſaid nay it wer deriſioun,
To croun him King but voyce of Parliament,
For they will not gif Scotland wald conſent,

Vther sum said it was the wrangous place,
Thus demit they of mony diuers cace.
The Knicht Campbell of wit ane worthie man,
As I said air with thame was present than.
Heard and answerit quhen monie said thair will,
This war the best and Wallace grant thairtill,
To Croun him king solempnitlie for ane day,
To get an end of all our lang delay,
The gude Erle Malcolme said that Wallace micht,
As for ane day in fence of Scotlands richt,
Thoch he refusit it lestandlie to beir,
Ressaue the Croun as into feir of weir,
The people all to him gane thair consent.
Malcolme of ald was Lord of Parliament,
Zit Wallace tholit and leit thame say thair will,
Quhen they had demit be monie diuers skill.
In his owne minde he abhorrit this thing,
The commonis cryit mak Wallace crounit King.
Than semblit he and said it sould not be,
At termes short ze get na mair of me.
Under cullour our answer we man make,
But sik ane thing I will not on me take.
I will zow suffer to say that it was swa,
It war ane scorne the croun on me to ta,
Thay wald not let the message of England,
Cume thame amang or thay sould vnderstand.
Twa Knights past to the message againe,
Maid thame to trow Wallace was crounit in plaine.
Gart thame traist weill that this was suithfast thing,
Delyuerit thus they passit to the King,
To Punfret went and tauld that they had sene,
Wallace crounit quhairof thay Lords were tene.
In barrat wor in Parliament quhair thay stude,
Than said thay all thir tithings are not gude.
He did sa weill in all his times before,
And now thair king he will doe mekill more,
Ane fortunat man na thing gais him againe,

And

And we giue battell we ſall repent with paine.
Ane vther ſaid, and battell will he haue,
Or ſtroy our land na treaſour may vs ſaue.
In his conqueiſt ſen firſt he couth begin,
He ſellis not, bot takis that he may win.
For Inglíſmen he ſets na dome bot deid,
Pryce or pennies may mak vs na remeid.
And Wodſtock ſayis, ze wirk not as the wyſe,
Gif that ze take the anture of ſuppryſe.
For thogh we win all that are in England,
The laue are ſtark againſt vs for to ſtand.
Be Wallace ſaid vther they compt bot ſmall,
For that me thinke it wer the beſt of all,
To keip our ſtrenths Caſtels and wallit toun,
Sa we ſall ſend the folk of this Regioun.
Thogh North be brint, better of ſouerance to be,
Then ſet all England in ane jeopardie.
They grantit all as Wodſtock can them ſay,
And thus they put the battell to delay,
And keſt them haill for vther gouernance,
Againſt Wallace to wirk ſum ordinance.
Thus Wallace hes in plaine diſcomfeiſt haill,
Againſt King Edward all his haill battell.
For throw falſet and his ſubtilitie,
They thocht he ſould for greit neceſſitie
And falt of fude to ſteill out of the land,
Then this decreit their wit amang them fand.
They gart the King cry all their markets doun,
Fra Trent to Tweid throuch fair and frée toun.
That in thae bounds na man ſould victuall leid,
Sik ſtuff and wyne vnder the paine of deid.
This ſame decreit they gaue in Parliament,
Of Scottis furth to ſpeik is myne intent.
Wallace lay ſtill quhill fourtie dayes wer gane,
Abydand them bot appearance ſaw nane,
Battell to haue as their promeis was maid.
He gart againe diſplay his banner braid,

Kepzouit Edward richt greitlie of this thing,
Wauchlit his ſeil, blew out on this fals king,
As reerpand turnit bak and zeid his gait,
Than Wallace maid full monie biggings hait,
Thay raiſit fyze bzint vp Northallartoun,
Again thzow Zork ſhyze baldlie made them boun.
Deſtroyit the land as far as euer they ryde,
Seuin myle about they bzint on ather ſyde.
And wzocht the Sutheroun monie wirkand wound,
Palices ſpilt greit Tours can confound.
Widowes weipit with ſozrowes in their ſang,
Wadynis murnit with greit meaning amang.
They ſparit nane bot wemen and the kirk,
The wozthie Scots of labour wald not irk,
Gaue to Abbayis richt largelie of their gude,
To all Kirkmen they did nothing bot gude,
The tempozall land they ſpulzeit at their will,
Gude gardings gay and great ozcharts they ſpill.
To Zork thay went thir weirmen of renoun,
Ane ſeige they ſet richt ſadlie to the toun,
Foz greit defence thay garneiſt them within,
Ane felloun fault without they can begin.

The Seige of Zorke. Chap. IIII.

Diuydit the Oiſt in foure pairts about,
With watchis fell that na man ſould ithe out:
Aboue the toun vpon the ſouth part ſyde,
Thair Wallace and gude Lundie did abyde,
Erle Malcolme ſyne at the weſt zet abaide,
With himthe Boyde that gude iourneyes had maid.
The Knicht Campbell of Lochow that was Lozd,
At the Nozth zet and Ramſay maid them fozd.
Sir Iohn the Grahame that wozthie was in weir,
Auchinleck Craufurd with full manly affeir.
At the eiſt pozt baldlie thay think to byde,
Ane thouſand Archers vpon the Scots ſyde.
Diſſeuerit thame amang the foure party,

Fyue

Fyuethouſand bowmen in the toun for thy,
Within the wallis arrayit them full richt,
Twelf thouſand ma that ſæmlie was to ſicht,
Than ſaid Wallace and 3one were on ane plaine,
In feild to feecht me think we ſould be faine.
Than ſailzeit thay richt faſt on euerie ſyde,
The worthie Scots that baldlie durſt abyde,
With ſpeir and ſheild for guns had they nane,
Within the dyks thay gart feill Sutheroun graine,
Arrowes they ſhot richt feirs as onie fyre,
Out ouer the wallis that flamit in greit ire,
Throw birneis bright with heids of fine ſteill,
The Sutheron blude of freindſhip nane they feill,
Quer ſhinand harnes ſocht the blude ſa ſhene,
The Englishmen that cruell wer and kene,
Keipit thair toun and fendit them full faſt,
Faggalds of fyre amang the Diſt they caſt.
With pick and tar of feill Sowes they ſent,
Monie wer hurt or they fra the wallis went.
Stanes of ſpringhalds they did caſt out ſa faſt.
And gadis of Irone made monie grome agaſt.
Bot neuerthelis the Scottis that war without,
The toun full-oft they ſet into greit dout,
Thair Bulwark brint richt brimlie of the toun,
Thair barmkin wan and greit garrets keſt doun.
Thus ſailzeit thay on ilk ſyde with greit micht,
The day was gane and cumming was the nicht.
The werie Diſt than drew them fra the toun,
Set out watchis for reſting maid them boun.
Weſh wounds with wine of them that was vnſound,
For nane was deid of greit mirth they abound.
Feill men war hurt bot na mourning they maid,
Conſtremit the Seige and ſteidfaſtlie thay baid.
Quhen that the Sunne on morrow rais vp bright,
Befoir the Chiftanis aſſemblit thay full right.
And ſaid amends of the toun they ſould take,
For all the fence that the Sutheroun micht make,

Arrayit againe as thay began befoir,
About the toun thay aſſailzeit wonder ſoir.
With felloun ſhot out ouer the wals full ſhéne,
Feill ingliſmen that cruell wer and kene,
With ſhot wer ſlaine for all their targes ſtrang,
Bziſted helmes monie to ground they dang.
Brim birning fyre thay keſt at euery zet,
The entries thus in perrell oft they ſet.
The defenders wer of full greit defence,
Keipit the toun throw ſtrenth and violence.
All thus the day they drauc vnto the nicht,
To Pauillions bownit mony wearie wicht.
All irkt of weir the toun was ſtrang to win,
Of artailzie and nobill men within.
Quhen that they trowit the Scottiſmen wer at reſt,
For jeopardy the Ingliſmen them keſt.
Sir Iohn Mortoun was knawin worthie and wight,
Sir William Leis than graithit them that nicht,
With fyue thouſand weill garneiſt and ſauage,
Upon the Scottis they thocht to make ſkirmage.
And at the zet iſhit out haiſtelie,
On erle Malcolme and his gude Cheualrie.
To chak the watch Wallace and ten hes béne.
Rydand about and hes their cumming ſéne,
He gart ane blaw was in his cumpanie,
The reddie men arrayit them haiſtelie.
Feill of the Scottis ilk nicht in harneſſe baid,
Be ordinance for thay ſic reull had maid.
With ſhort auyſe togither are they went,
Upon their fais quhair feill Sutheron wer ſhent.
Wallace knew weill the Erle to haiſtie was,
For that he ſped him in the preis to pas:
A ſword of war into his hand he bare,
The firſt he hit the craig in ſunder ſhare.
Another ackward vpon the face toke he,
Baith neis and front on the field gart he flé.
The hardie Erle befoze his men out paſt,

Into

Into the feild quhair feill war fechtand fast,
Ane sheirand sword he bair drawin in hand,
The first was fey that he before him fand.
Quhen Wallace and he together was set,
Thair lestit nane agane them that they met.
Bot outher deid or els fled thame fray,
Be this the Dist all in an gude array,
With the greit scry assemblit them about,
Than stud the Southeron into ane felloun dout,
Wallace knew weill the Englishmen wald fle,
For thy he thristit in the thikest to be.
Hewand full fast on quhom so euer he socht,
Agains his dint fyne steill auailit nocht,
Wallace of hand sen Arthour had na maik,
Quhom he hit richt was ay deid at ane straik,
That was weill knawin in mony places quhair,
Quhom Wallace hit they deirit the Scots na mair,
Als all his men did cruellie and weill,
That come to strayks that might the Sutherou feill,
The Englishmen fled and left the feild plainlie,
The worthie Scots wrocht there so hardelie,
Sir Iohn Mortoun in that place he was deid,
And twelf hundreth but onie mair remeid.
Thir monie wer left into the feild and slane,
The laue returnit into the toun agane,
And rewit full sair that euer they furth could found,
Amang thame was full monie wirkand wound,
The Dist agane Ilk ane to thair ward raid,
Commandit watch and na mair noyes maid,
Bot restit still quhill that the bricht day dew,
Againe began the toun to sailzie new.
All this day wrocht with full greit worthines,
Assailzeit sair be wit and hardines,
The Distis bitteill worthit skant and failzeit fast:
Thus lay they thair quhill dyuers dayes war past,
The land waistit and meit nane was to win,
Bot that wist not the folk that was thairin.

Than

Thay dreid full fair for thair awin dennisoun,
For souerance prayit the power of the toun.
To speik with Wallace thay than desyrit fast:
And he appeirit and speirit quhat they ast.
The Mair answerit, we wald pay zou ransoun,
To pas away and deir na mair the toun.
Great shame it were that we sould zelden be,
And touns haldin of les power than we.
Ze may not win vs lang thoch that ze byde,
We sall giue gold, and ze will fra vs ryde:
We may giue battell durst we for our King,
Sen he hes left it wer ouer hie ane thing
To vs to do without his ordinance,
This toun of him we hald in gouernance.
Wallace answerit, of zour gold rek we nocht,
It is for battell that we haue hither socht.
We had leuer haue battell of England,
Than all the gold that gude King Arthour fand.
On mont Michell, quhen he the Gyant slew,
Gold may be gane bot worship is ay new.
The King promeist that we sould battell haue,
His writ thairto vnder his Seill thay gaue.
Letter or band ze sé may not auaill,
Vs for this tyme of him to get battell.
We think we sould on his men wrokin be,
Vpon our kin monie great wrang wrocht he.
His deuil-lyke déde he wrocht vnto Scotland,
The Mair said, sir richt thus we vnderstand.
We haue na charge quhat our King gars vs do,
Bot in this kynd we sall be bound zou to.
Sum part of gold to giue zou with gude will,
And nocht efter to wait zou with nane ill,
Be na kin meane the power of this toun,
Bot gif our King make him to battell boun.
Into the Oist was monie worthie man,
With Wallace mae nor recken now I can.
Better it was, for at his will they wrocht,

Thoch

Thoch he was best zit vther lake we nocht.
All seruit thank to Scorland euermair,
For manlyke wit the quhilk they shewed thair.
The haill counsell thus deimit them amang,
The toun to siege thay thocht it was to lang.
And nocht ane way to win it with na slicht,
The counsell fand it was the best thay micht.
Sum gold to tak, sen that we get na mair,
Syne furth away into their voyage fair.
Then Wallace said my selfe will not consent,
Bot gif this toun mak vs this plaine content.
Tak our banner and set it on the wall.
For our power this Realme hes ridden all,
Zelden to be, quhen we think them to tak,
In Ingland lang residence and we mak.
This answeir sone they sent vnto the Pair,
And thay consentit the remanent that was thair.
The banner tuik vp and set it on the toun,
To Scotland was hie honour and renoun.
The banner there fra aucht hours vnto none,
Their finance maid, delyuerit gold full sone.
Fyue thousand pounds of gude gold of England,
The Diss resauit with vittaill aboundand,
Baith breid & wyne richt gladlie furth they gaue
And vther stuff that they lykit to haue.
Twentie dayes out the Diss remainit there,
Bot want of vittaill gart them fra it fare.
Zit still at peice the Diss ludgit all that nicht,
Quhill on the morne the Sun was rissen bricht.
Into Apryle amang thir Shawis sheene,
Quhen that the ground was cled with tender greene
Pleasant it wer to ony creature,
In lustie loue this tyme for to indure.
The gude wemen had freedome largely,
Bot fude was skant they micht get nane to by.
Tursit vp Tents, and in the countrie raid,
On Inglismen full greit heirschip they maid

Bring

Brint and brake doun biggings spaird they nocht,
Richt worthie Wallace law to the ground yame brocht,
All Mydlame land thay brint vp in ane fyre,
Brak Parks doun destroyit all the Schyre,
Wyld Deare they slew for vther beists was nane,
Thir weirmen tuik of vennesoun gude wane,
Towart the South they turnit at the last,
Maid biggings bair als far as euer they past.
The commouns all to London ar they went,
Befoir the King and tauld him thair intent.
And said thay wald bot he gart Wallace ceis,
Forsaik thair faith and take thame to his peis:
Na herald thair than durst to Wallace pas,
Quhairof the King greitlie agreuit was.
Thus Edward left his people into baill,
Contrair Wallace he wald not giue battell,
Nor byde in feild for nocht that they culd say,
Gaue ouer the cause to London past his way.
At men of wit this questioun heir I as,
Among Nobilis gif euer any was,
Sa lang in Ingland throw force or throw cace,
Sen Brutus deid but battell bot Wallace,
Greit Iulius the Impyre had in hand,
Zit twise on force was put out of England.
With Arthour als first of weir quhen he preuit,
Twyse did thay fecht suppois thay war mischeuit,
Awfull Edward durst not for Wallace byde,
In ane plane battell for all Ingland sa wyde.
In London lay and tuik him to his rest,
And brak his vow, quhilk hald ze for the best?
Deme as ze list gude men of discretioun,
Richt cleir it is to resolue this question.
To my sentence now breifly will I passe,
Quhan Wallace thus throw Zorkshire journeying was,
Uittall as than was nane left in the land,
Bot in housses qnhair it might be warrand.
The Oistheirof abaisit was to byde,

Far

Fra fude ſkantit na pleaſure was that tide,
Sum bad turne hame and ſum wald farther mair,
Wallace callit Iop and ſaid to him richt fair.
Thou knawis the land quhair maiſt aboundance is,
Be thou our guyde and than we ſhall not mis.
Wittaill to find that I wat wonder weill,
Thou hes I traiſt in England mekill feill,
The King and his to ſtarke ſtrenths are gane,
Bot ieopardie now perrell haue we nane,
Than Iop ſaid ſir be ze guydit be me,
The plenie ſtpart of England ze ſall ſée
Of wyne and wheit thair is in Rochmont ſhyre,
And vther ſtuf of fude as ze deſire,
Quhairof I trow ze ſhall be weill content,
The Diſt was glade and hidderwart they went,
Monie true Scot was ſemblit in that land,
To Wallace come weill ma nor nine thouſand,
Of preſoun part ſome had in labour wrocht,
Fra ather part, full faſt to him they ſocht.
Wallace was blyth of our awin natiue kin,
That come to him of baill that they war in:
And all the Diſt of comfort was blythar,
Fra thair awin folke was multipliand thair.
In Rochmont ſhyre thay fand aboundance,
Of breid and aill with vther purueyance,
Brak Parks doun and ſlew beiſts monie ane,
Of wyld and tame forſuith they ſpared nane,
Throwout the land they paſt in gude array,
Ane ſemelie place ſa fand they in thair way,
Quhilk Ramſwach hecht as Iop himſelfe fauld,
Fehew was Lord and Captaine in that hald,
Fyue hundreth men were ſemblit in that place,
To ſaue thair ſelf and thair gude fra Wallace.
Ane royall ſteade was by the forreſt ſyde,
With Turats fair and Garratis of greit pryde,
Beildit about richt likelie to be wicht,
With fyue greit towris weill biggit to the hicht,

Feill

Feill men about on wallis buskit bene,
In gude armour that birneist was full schene.
The Disk pask by and besyit bot that place,
Zit thay within on loud defyit Wallace,
And Trumpets blew with monie weirlyk soun,
Than Wallace said had we zon gallands doun,
On the plaine ground thay wald mair sober be.
Than Iop said sir ze gart his brother die,
In Herauld weid ze wait on Tinto hill,
Wallace answerit sa wald I with gude will,
Had I himself, but we may not him deir,
Gude men may thoill of harlots scorne in weir,
Sir Iohn the Grahame wald at the bikker bene,
Bot Wallace sone the perrell hes forsene.
Commandit him to lat his feirsnes bee,
We haue na men to waist in sik degree,
Wald we thame harme I haue ane vther gait,
How we with fyre within sall make thame hait,
For fyre hes bene ay felloun into weir,
On sik an place it may do mekle deir.
Thair bulwark ald I se of widdert alk,
Wer it in fyre it micht not stand ane straik.
Houses and wood heir is aneuch plentie,
Quha hewes best of this forrest let se.
Pull houses doun we sall not wane a deill,
The auld timber will gar the grene birne weill.
At his command richt biselie they wrocht,
Greit wod in haist about the place they brocht,
The Bulwark wan thir men of armes bricht,
To the Barmkin layd tymber vp on hicht.
Than bowmen shot to keip them fra the cask,
Bot thay about had festnit fyris fast.
Wemen and bairnes on Wallace loud they cry,
On kneis they fell and askit him mercy,
At ane quarterquhair fyre had not ouertane,
Thay tuik them out fra that castell of stane,
Syne bet the fyre with brands brim and bald,

The

The reid low rais full hie aboue that hald.
Barellis of pik for fence was hungin thair,
All strak in fyre thair mischeif was the mair,
Quhen the byrne fyre atouer the place was past,
Than thay within micht nouther schot nor cast.
Als bestiall of nolt and hors within,
Amang the fyre they maid ane hiddeous din,
The armit men in harnes was sa hait,
Sum doung to ground dulchit but mair debait,
Sum lay sum fell into the felloun fyre,
Smorit to deid and brint vp baine and lyre,
The fyre brak in at all opins about,
Nane baid on loft so felloun was the doubt,
Fehew him self lap rudelie fra the hicht,
Throw all the fyre can on the Barmkin licht.
With ane gude sword Wallace strak off his heid,
Iop hint it vp and tursit it fra that steid.
Fyue hundreth men that was into that place,
Gat nane away but deid without in grace,
Wallace baid still with his power that nicht,
Vpon the morne the fyre had failzeit micht,
Befoire the zet quhair it had brint on breid,
Ane rod they maid and to the Castell zeid.
Strake doun the zet and tuik quhat thay micht win,
Jewels and gold greit riches was thairin,
Spuilzeit the place and left not els thair,
Bot beists brint bodyes and wallis bair.
Than tuke thay hir that wife was to Fehew,
Gaue hir command as sho was woman trew,
To turs that heid to London to King Edward,
Sho it reseauit with greit sorrow in hart.
Wallace him self thir chargis to hir gane,
Say to your King bot gif I battell haue.
At London zetis we sall assailzie sair,
In this moneth we think for to be thair
Trust in the trueth, will God we shall not faill,
Unlesse I cease throgh charge of our counsaill.

The

The Southwest part of England we sall se,
Bot he seik peace or els bargan with me,
Upon a time he chargit me on this wise,
Richt bousteouslie to make to him seruice,
Sik sall he haue as he vs caus hes maid,
Than mouit they withoutin mair abaid,
Deliuerit scho was fra this Chevalrie,
Toward London scho dicht hir earnestlie,
Unto the toun but mair proces she went,
Quhair Edward lay sair mouit in his intent.
His Nevoys heid when he saw it was brocht,
Sa greit sorrow sadlie vpon him socht.
With greit vnease vpon his feit he stude,
Weipand in wo for his deir tender blude.
The counsell rais and prayit him to ceis
We lose England bot gif we purches peis,
Than Wodstok said this is my best counsall,
Take peice in time as for our awin auaill.
Or we tine mair, we slaik of our courage,
Efter ze may get help of our barnage,
The King granted and bad them message send,
Na man was thair that durst to Wallace wend.
The Quéne appeirit and saw this greit distance,
We ill borne scho was of the right blude of France.
Sho trowit weill thairfore to speid the mair,
Hir self purposit in that Pellage to fair.
Als scho forthoght that the king tuike on hand,
Aganst the right sa oft to reaue Scotland.
And feill men said the vengence hapnit sair,
Of greit murther his men maid into Air,
Thus déemit they the counsel them amang.
To this effect the Quéne bownit to gang,
Quhen scho hes séne ilk man forsake this thing,
On kneis scho fell and askit at the king.
Soueraine scho said gif it zour willes be,
That I desire zone chiftane for to se,
For he is knawin baith worthie wise and trew,

Per

Perchance he wald rather on wemen rew,
Then on zour men they haue done him sik deir,
When he them sées it moues him ay to weir.
Jt may not skaith, althogh J do not baill,
To help this land J wald make my trauell,
The Lords all of her desire was faine,
Unto the king made instance into plaine,
That she might pas, the king with ackwart will,
Halfe into yre he gaue consent thairtill.
Some of them said, the Quéne loued Wallace,
For the greit voice of his hie noblenes,
An hardie man that is séemlie with all,
Great fauour will of fortune to him fall,
Anent wemen is séene in many place.
So happened now in this time of Wallace.
In his rising he was a louer trew,
And choised ane, bot Englishmen her slew.
Yet said they nocht, the Quéne wald on her take
As for his loue sik trauell for to make.
Now loue or leaue, or for help of their land,
J make rehearse as J in old writs fand,
She graithed her vpon an goodlie wise,
With gold and geare and folke at her deuise.
Ladies with her none other would they send,
And old Priests that well the countrie kend,
Leaue J the Quéne to message readie dight,
And speake farther of Wallace trauell right,

The worthy Scots amang their enemies rade,
Destruction great vpon them haue they made:
Waisted the land about on either side,
No warmen then durst in their waies abide,
They ransoned nane but to the deith them dight,
In many steade made fyres braid and bright.
The host was glade and in ane good estate.
Na power was that wald make them debate,
Great riches wan of gold and geare theretill,

Leuing aneuch to take at thair awin will,
In awfull feir they trauell throw the land,
Baid biggings bair that they before themfand,
Greit barmkins brak of ſteids ſtark and ſtrang,
Thir wicht weirmen of trauell thocht not lang,
South in the land richt earneſtlie thay ſocht,
To Sanct-Albanis bot harme thair did thay nocht
The Prpour ſend them wyne and beniſon,
Refreſhit the Oſt with fude in greit fuſion.
The nicht appeirit quhen thay were at that place,
Thay harbrit than fra thyne a littill ſpace.
Cheſit ane ſteid quhair thay ſould byde all nicht,
Tents on ground and pauilions prondly picht.
Into a baill beſyde ane Riuer fair,
On ather ſyde quhair wyld beiſtis maid repair.
Set watches out that wyſely couth them keip,
To ſupper went and tymouſly couth ſleip,
Of meit and drink they haue full ſuffiſance,
The nicht was ſchort ouerdraue the dirkfull chance.

How the Queene of England come and ſpake with Wallace. Chap. V.

The mirrie day ſprang fra the Orient,
With beames bricht illuminat the Occident
Efter Tytan Phebus vpryſit fair,
Hich in his Spheir the Signis maid declare,
Zephirus began his michtie morrow cours,
The ſweit vapour did fra the ground reſours.
The donk dew doun fra the heauen did baill,
In euery meid baith firth forreſt and daill,
The freſh riuer amang the rochs rang,
Throw grein branches quhair birds blythly ſang
With iovous voyce in heuinly harmony,
Than Wallace thocht it was not tyme to ly.
He dreſſed him ſyne ſudainly vp he rais,
To take the air out of his tent he gais.

Waller

Maister Iohne Blair was readie haistelie,
To Gods seruice bownit richt reuerentlie,
Quhen that was done Wallace couth him array,
In his armour quhilk was baith gude and gay,
His chynand chield that birneist was full bene,
His leg harnes that claspit was full cleine,
Pullanis greis he claspit on full fast,
Ane close birney with mony siker cast,
Breist plait Brasseirs that worthie wer in weir,
Belyde him furth Iop couth his basnet beir.
His glitterand gloues grauen on ather syde.
He semit weill in battell for to byde,
Ane gude girdle and syne ane burely brand,
Ane staffe of steill he grippit in his hand.
The Dist him blissed and prayit God of his grace,
Him to conuoy fra all mistemperit cace.
Adam Wallace and Boyd furth with him zeid,
Endlang ane reauer out throw ane floreist meid.
And as they walked out ouer the feilds grene,
Out of the South thay saw quhair that the Quéne,
Towart the Dist come ryd and soberly,
Fyftie Ladies war in hir cumpany.
Wailit of wit and demit of renoun,
Sum widowes war and sum of Religioun,
And seuin Priests that wer entrit in age,
Wallace to sik did neuer great outrage.
Bot gif to him they maid ane great offence,
Thus they approchit on towart thair presence.
At the Pauilioun quhair thay the Lyon saw,
To ground thay licht and syne on kneis thay saw,
Prayand for peice they cry with piteous cheir,
Erle Malcolme said our Chiftane is not heir.
He bad hir ryse and said it is not richt,
Ane Quéne on kneis to bow to lawer wicht,
Vp be the hand the gude Erle hes her tane,
Outouer thay went to Wallace haue they gane.
Quhen sho him saw sho wald haue kneilit doun,

In armes ſone he clacht this Quéene with Croun,
And kiſſit hir withouttin wo3ds mo3e,
So did he neuer to na Sutheron befo3e,
Madame he ſaid right welcome mot ze be,
How pleiſit zou our Diſſing fo3 to ſé.
Richt weill ſho ſaid of friendſhip haue we neid,
God grant ze will our eirand fo3 to ſpeid,
Suffer we mon ſuppois it like vs ill,
Bot traiſt vs weill it is contrair our will,
Ze ſall remaine, with this Lo3d I mon gang,
Fra zour preſence we ſall not tarie lang,
The Erle and he vnto the pauilion zeid
With gude auyſe to déeme mair of this deid.
The counſall ſone Wallace gart call thame to,
Lo3ds he ſaid wait ze quhat is ado.
Of thair cumming my ſelf hes na pleaſance,
And thairfoir man we wirk with o3dinance,
Wemen may be contempting into weir,
Amang ſuillis that cannot them fo3beir,
I ſay not this be thir o3 be the Quéene,
I trow it be no gude that ſho ſhould meane,
Example take of lang time paſſit by,
At Runſay baill the treaſon was plainly,
Be wemen maid that Ganzelon with him bro3cht,
And Turky wyne fo3beir than couth they nocht,
Lang vſe in weir gart thame deſyre thair will,
Quhilk bro3cht King Charlis to felloun lois and ill,
The flour of France without redemption,
Thro3w that foull deid was bro3cht to confuſion,
Command zour men thairfoir in priuate wiſe,
On paine of life thay wirk not on ſik guyſe:
Mane ſpeik with thame bot wyſe men of great baill,
That Lo3ds are and ſwo3ne to this counſaill,
His charge they did as gudlie as they mocht,
This o3dinance thro3w all the Oſt was wro3cht,
He and the Erle baith to the Quéene thay went,
Reſſauit hir fair and bro3cht hir to the tent.

To

To denner bounit als gudelie as thay can,
And ſeruit was with monie liklie man.
Gude purueyance the Quéne had with hir brocht,
Ane aſſay ſho tuik of all that gude hir thocht.
Wallace perſauit and ſaid we haue na dreid,
I can not trow that Ladies will do that deid.
To poyſon men all England for to win.
The Quéne anſwerit giue poyſon be thairin,
Of ony thing that is brocht heir with me,
Apon my ſelf firſt forrow ze ſhall ſé:
Sone efter meit ane Marſhell gart all ablent,
Bot Lords and thay that to the counſell went.
Ladyes appeirit in preſence with the Quéne,
Wallace aſkit quhat hir cumming might méne,
For peice ſho ſaid that we haue to zou ſocht,
This birnand weir in baill hes monie brocht,
Ze grant vs grace for him that died on trie,
Wallace anſwerit Madame that may not be,
England hes done ſa great harmes to vs,
We may not pas and lichtlie leif it thus.
Zes ſaid the Quéne for chriſtin folk we ar,
For Gods ſaik ſen we deſire na mair,
We aucht haue peace. He ſaid that we deny,
The perfite caus than ſall I ſhaw for quhy,
Ze ſeik na peace bot for zour awin availl,
Quhen that zour King had Scotland grippit haill,
For na kin thing that he before him fand,
He wald not thoill the right blude in our land.
Bot reft thair rent ſyne put thair ſelues to deid,
Ranſon of gold micht make vs na remeid.
His fel fals weir fall on himſelfe be ſene,
Than ſoberlie to him anſwerit the Quéne,
Of thir wrangs amends wer maiſt fair,
Madame he ſaid of him we aſk na mair,
Bot that he wald byde vs into battaill,
And God be Judge he kenes the mater haill.
Sic thing ſho ſaid it war not gude thinkme,

Peice now war beſt and it micht purcheſt be.
Wald ze grant peice and trewes with vs to take,
Throw all England we ſall gar prayers make,
For zou and thame that in the weir wer loſt,
Than Wallace ſaid quhair ſik cumis throw boiſt,
Prayer of force quhair ſa that it be wrocht,
To vs helps outher litle or els nocht.
Warlie ſho ſaid this wyſe men hes vs kend,
Ay efter weir peice is the finall end.
Quhairfore ze ſould of your greit malice ceis,
The end of weir is cheritie and peice,
Peice is in heauen with blis and leſtandnes,
We ſall beſeik the Lord of his hie grace,
To command peice ſen we may do na mair,
Madame he ſaid or zour prayer come thair,
Wends of England we think than for to haue,
Quhat ſet zou thus on weir for to ſaue,
Fra violent weir that we think not to dwell,
Madame he ſaid the trueth I ſhall zou tell,
Efter the dait of Alexanders King,
Our land thrie yeir ſtude deſolate but King,
Keipit full weill at concord in gude ſtate,
Throw twa that clamit thair hapned greit debait,
Sa earneſtlie accord thame not they can,
Zour King they aſkit to be thair ouerman,
Helie he ſaid in ſtrenths of Scotland,
The kinrik ſyne he tuik at his awin hand.
He maid ane king agains our righteous law,
For he of him ſould haue the regioun aw,
Contrair his band wer all the haill barnage,
For Scotland zit was neuer in thirlage.
Great Iulius that tribute tuike of all,
His wynning was in Scotland bot richt ſmall.
Than your fals king vnder collour but mair,
Throw band he maid to Bruce that is our air,
Vndid that king quhilk he befoir had maid,
Throw all Scotland with greit power they raid,

To Bruce ſenſyne he keipit na cunnand,
He ſaid he wald not gang to conqueis land,
To vther men, and thus the cace befell.
Than Scotland throw he demanit him ſell.
Slew our Elders great pitie was to ſee,
In preſon ſyn lang tyme they preſonit me.
Quhill I was than caſtin out for deid,
Thankit he God he ſend me ſum remeid,
Nengit to be I preuit all my might,
Feill of that kin to deith ſen haue I dicht,
The rage of zouth gart me deſyre ane wife,
That re wit I ſair, and will do all my life.
Ane traitour knicht but mercie gart hir die,
Ane Heſſelrig, bot for deſpite of me,
Than rang I forth in trauell weir and pane,
Quhill we redemit part of our land agane.
Than zour counſel deſyrit of vs ane trew,
Quhilk maid Scotland full graithlie for to rew.
Into that peice they ſet ane ſubtill air,
Than auchtein ſcoir to deith they hangit thair,
That Nobils were and worthie of renoun,
Of coit armours eldeſt in that regioun,
The woman als that dulfullie was dight,
That deith we think to venge in all our might.
Out of my minde that deith will neuer ſlide,
Quhill God me take fra this fals warld ſa wyde.
On Sutheron ſen I can na pitie haue,
Zour men in weir I neuer think to ſaue.
The bright teirs was pitie to behald,
Brist fra his eyne quhen he this taill had tald.
The Quéene weipit for pitie of Wallace,
Allace ſho ſaid wa worth the wickit cace,
In warryit time that Heſſelrig was borne,
Monie worthie throw his deid are forlorne.
He ſuld haue pane that ſaikles ſik ane ſleuch,
England ſenſyne hes bocht it deir aneuch.
Thocht ſho had bene ane Quéene or ane Princeſſe,

Madame he ſaid, as God giue me gude grace,
Princeſſe or Quéne of quhat ſtate ſa they be,
Into hir tyme ſho was als deir to mé.
Wallace ſaid ſho, of this talk we will ceis,
The mends thereof is gude prayer and peis.
I grant he ſaid of me as now na mair,
This is richt nocht bot eiking of my cair.
Thé Quéen fand weill language nathing hir bet,
Sho trowit with gold that he micht be ouirſet.
Thrée thouſand pound of fyneſt gold ſo reid,
Sho gart be brocht to Wallace in that ſteid.
Madame he ſaid, na ſik tribute we craue,
Ane vther mends we wald of England haue,
Or we returne fra this Regioun againe,
Of zour fals blude that hes our Elders ſlaine.
For all the gold and riches of zour Ring.
Ze get na na peice but deſpyte of zour King,
Quhen ſho ſaw weill gold micht hir not relieue,
Sum part in ſport ſhe thocht him for to prieue,
Wallace ſho ſaid ze are clipit my loue,
Mair abundantlie I maid me for to proue.
Traiſking therefoir zour rancour for to ſlaik,
Me think ze ſould do ſum thing for my ſaik.
Richt wyſelie he maid anſwer to the Quéne,
Madame he ſaid, and veritie wer ſeene,
That ze me louit, I aucht loue zou againe:
Thir words are all nathing bot in vaine.
In ſpeich of loue ſubtill ze Sutheron are:
Ze can vs mock ſuppois we get na mair.
To tak ane lyking, and ſyne get na pleaſance,
Sik loue as that is nathing to auance.
In London ſho ſaid, for zou I ſufferit blame,
Our counſell als will lauch quhen I cum hame.
Sa may they ſay wemen are feirs of thocht,
To ſeik friendſhip and ſyne can get richt nocht.
Madame ze wait how ze wer hidder ſend,
Ze trow we haue bot littill for to ſpend.

Firſt with zour gold, for ze are rich I wis,
Ze wald vs blind, ſen Scottis are ſa nys.
Syne pleaſant wordis of zou and Ladies fair,
As quha ſould dryue the birds into ane ſnair.
With ane quhiſſell pype, for it will freſheſt call,
Madame as zit ze may not tempt vs all.
Greit part of gude is left amang our kin,
In England als we find aneuch to win.
Abaiſit ſho was, to mak anſweir him till.
Weir ſir ſho ſaid, ſen that it is zour will.
Weir or peice, quhat that zou lykis beſt,
Let zour hie wit and gude counſell digeſt.
Madame he ſaid, now ſall ze vnderſtand,
The reaſoun quhy that I will mak na band.
With zou Ladies, I can na trewis bind
For your fals King wald ſone heirefter find:
Quhen he ſaw time to breik it at his will:
And plainly ſay he grantit not thairtill.
Than had we nane bot Ladies to reproue,
That ſall not be, be God that ſits aboue.
Upon wemen I will na weir begin,
On zou in field na worſchip is to win.
All the haill peice on himſelfe he ſall tak,
Of peice or weir, quhat we happin to mak.
The Quæne grantit this anſwer ſufficient:
So did the laue in plaine that was preſent.
His delyuerance thay held of greit anaill,
And ſtark aneuch, to ſhaw to their counſell.
Wa was the Queene hir trauell helpit nocht,
The gold ſho tuik that they had with her brocht.
Unto the Diſt richt freely ſho it gaue,
To euery man that lykit for to haue.
Menſtrels and Heralds ſho gaue aboundantlie,
Beſeikand them hir friend that they wald be.
Than Wallace ſaw the freedome of the Queene,
Sadlie he ſaid the ſuith weill hes bene ſeene.
Wemen may temp the wyſeſt hes bene wrocht,

Zour

Zour greit gentrice it ſall not be for nocht.
We zou aſſure our Diſt ſall do nathing,
Quhill tyme ze may ſend meſſage fra the King.
Gif it be ſwa that he accord and we,
Than for zour ſaik it ſall the better be.
Zour Heralds als ſall faiſlie cum and ga,
For zour fredome we ſall trouble na ma.
Scho thankit him of his grant monie ſyſe,
And all hir Ladyis on ane gudly wyſe.
Gladly they drank the Queene and gude Wallace,
Hir Ladyes als and Lords in that place,
Hir leaue ſcho toke forout langer abade,
Fyue myle that nicht ſouth to ane Nunry raid.
Upon the morne to London paſſit thay,
In Weſtmynſter quhair that the counſell lay.
Wallace anſweir ſho gart ſchaw to the King,
It neidis not heir now mair rehearſe this thing.
The greit commend than ſho to Wallace gaue,
Befoir the King in preſence of the laue,
To trew Scots it ſould greitlie appleaſe,
Thoch Inglifmen thairfoir had lytill eaſe.
Of worſhip, wit, manheid and gouernance,
Of frédome, treuth, key of remembrance.
Sho callit him there into their preſence,
Thoch contrair them he ſtude at his defence.
Sa Chiftane-lyke ſho ſayis, as he is ſene,
Into Ingland I trow hes neuer bene.
Wald ze of gold giue him this Realmes rent,
Fra honor he will not turne his intent.
Aſſurit ye are quhill he may meſſage make,
Of wyſe Lords ſum part I reid you take.
To purcheſſe peice without in words mair.
For all Ingland may rew this raid full ſair,
Zour Heralds als, to pas to him hes lieue,
In all the Diſt there ſall na man them grieue.
Than thankit they the Queene for hir trauell,
The King and Lords that wer of his counſell.

Of

Of hir anſweir the king appeiſit was,
Than three great Lords they ordainit to pas.
Thair counſell haill hes found it for the beſt,
Trewis to take or els they get na reſt.
Ane Herald went in all the haiſt he may,
To Auane wall quhere that the Scottis lay.
Conduct to haue till they had ſaid their will.
The counſell ſone ane Conduct ſend them till.
Againe he paſt with ſouerance to his King,
Than cheiſit they three Lords for this thing.
The kene Cliffurd that then was Wardane haill,
Bewmont, Wodſtock, all men of mekill vaill.
Quhat thir three wrocht, the laue ſould ſtand theretill,
The Kings ſelfe hes giuen them at their will,
Sone they wer brocht to ſpeiking with Wallace,
Wodſtock then ſhewit furth monie ſubtill cace.
Wallace hes heard thair Sophyſmis euerilk deill,
As yet he ſaid me think we mein bot weill.
In wrang ye hald, and dois vs great outrage,
Of houſes part that is our heritage.
Out of this peace in plaine I make them knawin,
Them for to win, ſen that they are our awin.
Roxburgh, Berwick, that ours lang time hes bene,
Into the hands of your fals King I wene.
We aſk here als be vertew of this band,
Our awin young King be wrang led fra Scotland.
We ſall them haue withouttin words mair,
To his deſyre the Lords grantit thair.
Richt at his will they haue conſentit haill,
Fra na kin thing the peace they wald not faill.
The young Randaill that than in London was,
The Lord of Lorne in this band he can as.
The Erle of Buchane bot than in tender age,
Efter he grew a man of greit vaſſalage.
Cumming and Fowlis he gart deliuer als,
Quhilk efter was to King Robert full fals.
Wallange fled ouer and durſt not byde that mute,

In

In Picardie to aſk him was na bute.
Bot he wald erer haue had that fals knicht,
Than ane thouſand of fyneſt gold ſo bright.
The Bruce he aſkit bot he was had away,
Befoir that time to Calice monie ane day,
King Edward preuit that they might not him get,
Of Gloceſter his vncle had him ſet.
That Calice had haill into his keiping,
Wallace that time gat not his richteous king,
The Erle Patrik als fra London they ſend.
With Wallace to gang as weill befoir is kend.
Of this mater and finall gouernance,
To King Edward he gaue vp his legence,
And tuik to hald of Scotland euer mair,
With full glaid hart Wallace reſauit him thair:
Thay honourit him right reuerentlie as Lord,
The Scots was all reioyſit of that concord.
Ane hundreth hors with young Lords of renoun,
To Wallace come all fred of that preſoun.
Vnder his ſeale King Edward than gart ſend,
For to giue ouer and make ane finall end.
Roxburgh Berwik quhilk wer of mekill baill,
To Scots men and all the bounds haill.
For fyue yeirs trues they promeiſt be thair band,
Than Wallace ſaid we will pas neir Scotland.
Or ocht be ſeilit and thairfore make vs boun,
Agane we will beſyde Northallartoun.
Quhair King Edward firſt battell hecht to me,
As we began thair ſall it endit be.
Greit weill the Quéne he chargit the meſſage.
It is for her that we left our veyage,
Ane day he ſet quhen they ſould meit him thair,
And ſeill the peice withoutin proces mair.
Vpon the morne the Mift but mair auyſe,
Tranoyntit north vpon ane gudly wyſe.
To the ſet tryſt that Wallace had thame maid,
The Inglis meſſage come but mair abaid.

Thay

Thay ſeilit the pace without langer delay,
The Paſſage than vpon the ſecond day:
To London went in all the haiſt they can,
The worthie Scottis with monie lyklie man.
To Bamburgh come with all thair power haill,
Sartie thouſand all Scots of greit availl.
Ten dayes befoze Alhallowes euin thayfare,
On Lammes day thay light in Carhame mure.
Thair ludgit thay with pleaſure as thay mocht,
Quhill on the mozne thair Prieſtis to thame brocht,
In Carhame kirk and ſeaſit in his hand,
Roxburgh keyis as thay had maid cumand.
And Berwik als quhilk Inglishmen had lang,
They fred the folke in England foz to gang.
Foz thair lyfes iſhit off ather place,
Thay durſt not weill byde rekning of Wallace,
Captaine he made in Berwik of renoun,
That worthie was gude Criſtell of Setoun,
Keiper he made to Roxburgh Caſtell wicht,
Sir Iohn Ramſay ane wyſe and wozthy knicht,
Syne Wallace ſelf with Erle Patrik in plaine,
To Dumbar raid and reſtozit him againe,
In his Caſtell, and als his heritage,
With the conſent of all the haill barnage.
Quhen Wallace was agreit with this Lozd,
To reull the Realme he maid him gudlie fozd.
Scotland outouer fra Ros to Sulway ſand,
He raid it thzyſe and ſtatute all the land.
In the Lennox ane quhile he made repair,
Sir Iohn Menteith ane quhyle was captaine thair,
Als twyſe befoze he had his Goſſop bene,
Bot na friendſhip betwix thame ſyne was ſene.
Twa moneths ſtill he dwelt in Dumbartane,
Ane hous he foundit vpon ane Roch of ſtane,
Wen left he thair to big it to the hicht,
Syne to the march again he rydis richt,
Into Roxburgh they theiſit him ane place,

Ane gude Tower thair he gart big in schort space,
The Kingrik stude in gude worschip and ease,
Was nane so great durst his neichbour displease
The abill ground gart labour thriftilie,
Wittaill and frute thair grew aboundantlie,
Was neuer befoire sen this was callit Scotland,
Sik welth and peice atains in the land.
He send Iop twyse to Bruce of Huntingtoun,
Beseikand him to cum and take his Croun.
Counsall he tuik at fals Saxonis alace,
He had nener hap in life to get Wallace.
Thrie zeir as thus the realme stude in gud peace
Of this saying me worths for to cease,
And farther furth of Wallace will I tell,
Into his life quhat auentour zit befell.

Here endes the first Conques of Scotland.

THE NINTH PART OF THIS BOOKE

declares how Wallace past in France. Chap. I.

ANe Royall King that reignit into France,
Greit bute he hard of Wallace gouernance
The proues, pryce, and of his worthie deid,
Als furthwart fair commendit of manheid.
Baith humble true and preinit weill of pryce,
Of honour trueth and boyd of couetyce.
That noble King ringand in royaltie,
Had great delyte this Wallace for to se.
And knew richt weill thortlie to vnderstand,
The great suppryse and ouerset of England.
He meruelit als of Wallace small power,
That but ane King tuik sik a realme to steir,
Agains England, and gart their malice ceis,

Quhill

Quhill thay desyrit with gude will to take peice,
And richt anone ane Herald gart he call,
In schort termes he hes reherssit all,
Of his Intent compleitit to ane end,
Syne in Scotland he bad him he sould wend,
And he wrait richt with very great honour,
To Williame Wallace as ane Conquerour.

O Louit leid with worthip wyse and wicht,
Throw very help in halding of thy richt.
Throw richt reskewing of thy natiue land,
With Gods grace agains thy fais to stand.
In defence, helper of thy richteous blude,
O worthy birth and blissit be thy fude,
As it is red of Prophecie befoyne,
An happie tyme for Scotland thou was boyne.
I thee beseik with all humilitie,
Vy clois letter thou wald consaue and se,
As zour brother ane cristin king of France,
To the beirer ze heir and giue credance,
The Herald him bounit and to the ship is gane,
In Scotland sone he cumis vnto ane.
Bot Herald lyke he seiks his presence,
On land he went and maid na residence.
In euerie steid quhair he presumit thair,
Sa on ane day he sand him into Air.
In gude effeir and manlyke companie,
The herald than with honour reuerentlie.
Hes salust him vpon ane gudelie maner,
And he agane with humbill hamlie cheir.
Resauit him into richt gudlie wyse,
The herald than with worthip to deuyse.
Betuik to him the Kings writ of France,
Wallace on kne with lawly obeysance,
Richt reuerently for worthip of Scotland,
Quhen he it red and had it vnderstand
At this herald he askit his credence,

With

With asper speich and manlie countenance.
And he him tald as I haue said befoir,
The kings desyre quhat neids wordis moir,
The hie honour and the greit Noblenes,
Of zour manheid weill knowne in monie place,
Him lyks als weill zour worschip to auance,
As ze wer borne ane leige man of France.
Sen his Regioun is flour of Realmes sene,
Als the great band of kindnes zou betwéne.
And sen this realme stands in sik saiftie,
It war worschip his presence for to se,
Wallace consauit withoutin tarying,
The great desire of this most noble King,
Syne to him said sa God of heauen me saue,
Heirafter sone ane answeir ze shall haue,
Of zour desyre that ze haue shawin me till,
Welcome ze are with ane frá hartie will,
The herald baid vnto the twentie day,
With Wallace still in gude weilfair and play,
Consumit the time with worschip and plesance,
Be gude auice maid his deliuerance.
With his awin hand he wrait vnto the king,
All his intent as tuiching to this thing,
Richt rich reward he gane the herald to,
And him conuoyit quhen he had leaue to go.
Out of the toun with gudlie cumpanie,
His leiue he tuik and went into the se,
His purpois was to se the King of France,
Gude Wallace then hes made his purueyance.
Neirest but weir to Sanct-Iohnstoun couth fair,
Ane counsall than he had gart ordaine thair,
Into his steid cheisit ane gouernour,
To keip the land ane man of greit honour.
Iames gude Lord the Stewart of Scotland,
Quhilk Father was as storyes beirs on hand,
To gude Walter quhilk was of hie parage,
Mariory Bruce syne gat in mariage,

Thair

Thairof as now to speik I haue na space,
It is well knawen thankit be Gods grace,
And to the Herald withouttin residence,
How he appeirit vnto the Kings presence,
Fra the Rochell the land sone hes he tane,
Out ouer the land he graithit him to gaine,
Seikand the King als gudelie as he may,
Sa to the court he passit on ane day,
To Pareis went as peirles of renoun,
This king that time held Palice in that toun,
Quhen he him saw hes graithlie vnderstand,
He speirit tithings the weilfair of Scotland,
The Herald said into thir termes short,
That all was gude he had the mair comfort,
Saw thou Wallace the Chiftane of that land,
And he said zea that dare I take on hand,
Ane worthier wicht this day is liuand nane,
In way of weir als far as I haue gane,
The hie worship and the greit noblenes,
The gude weilfair plesance and worthines,
The rich reward was worthie for to se,
That for your saik he kythit vpon me.
And his answere in writ he hes zou sent,
The king resauit it with ane gude intent,

O Royall Roy and richteous crounit king,
Renounit of nobilnes and vertues maist conding,
Ze knaw this weill be vther ma nor me,
How that our realme stands in perpleritie.
The fals Nation that we are Neichbours to,
Quhen pleisis them they make vs ay ado,
Na band may be maid of sic soffisance,
Bot ay in it thay find ane variance,
To wait ane tyme will God that I may be,
Within ane zeir I will zour presence se.
Of this answeir weill pleisit was the King,
Leaue I them thus in royaltie to ring.

In Picardie to ask him was na bute.
Bot he wald erer haue had that fals knicht,
Than ane thousand of fynest gold so bright.
The Bruce he askit bot he was had away,
Befoir that time to Calice monie ane day,
King Edward prenit that they might not him get,
Of Gloceſter his vncle had him set.
That Calice had haill into his keiping,
Wallace that time gat not his richteous king,
The Erle Patrik als fra London they send.
With Wallace to gang as weill befoir is kend.
Of this mater and finall gouernance,
To King Edward he gane bp his legence.
And tuik to hald of Scotland euer mair,
With full glaid hart Wallace reſauit him thair:
Thay honourit him right reuerentlie as Lord.
The Scots was all reioyſit of that concord.
Ane hundreth hors with young Lords of renoun,
To Wallace come all fred of that preſoun.
Under his ſeale King Edward than gart ſend,
For to gine ouer and make ane finall end.
Roxburgh Berwikquhilk wer of mekill baill,
To Scots men and all the bounds haill.
For fyue yeirs trues they promeiſt be thair band,
Than Wallace ſaid we will pas neir Scotland.
Or ocht be ſeilit and thairfore make vs boun,
Agane we will beſyde Northallartoun,
Quhair King Edward firſt battell hecht to me,
As we began thair ſall it endit be.
Greit weill the Quéne he chargit the meſſage.
It is for her that we left our beyage,
Ane day he ſet quhen they ſould meit him thair,
And ſeill the peice without in proces mair.
Upon the morne the Oſt but mair auyſe,
Tranoyntit north vpon ane gudly wyſe.
To the ſet tryſt that Wallace had thame maid,
The Inglis meſſage come but mair abaid.

Thay

Thay seilit the pace without langer delay,
The Message than vpon the second day:
To London went in all the haist they can,
The worthie Scottis with monie lyklie man,
To Bamburgh come with all thair power haill,
Sartie thousand all Scots of greit availl.
Ten dayes before Alhallowes euin thaysure,
On Lammes day thay light in Carhame mure.
Thair ludgit thay with pleasure as thay mocht,
Quhill on the morne thair Priestis to thame brocht,
In Carhame kirk and seasit in his hand,
Roxburgh keyis as thay had maid cunnand.
And Berwik als quhilk Inglishmen had lang,
They fred the folke in England for to gang.
For thair lyfes ishit off ather place,
Thay durst not weill byde rekning of Wallace,
Captaine he made in Berwik of renoun,
That worthie was gude Cristell of Setoun,
Keiper he made to Roxburgh Castell wicht,
Sir Iohn Ramsay ane wyse and worthy knicht,
Syne Wallace self with Erle Patrik in plaine,
To Dumbar raid and restorit him againe,
In his Castell, and als his heritage,
With the consent of all the haill barnage,
Quhen Wallace was agreit with this Lord,
To reull the Realme he maid him gudlie ford.
Scotland outouer fra Ros to Sulway sand,
He raid it thryse and statute all the land,
In the Lennox ane quhile he made repair,
Sir Iohn Menteith ane quhyle was captaine thair,
Als twyse before he had his Gossop bene,
Bot na friendship betwix thame syne was sene.
Twa moneths still he dwelt in Dumbartane,
Ane hous he foundit vpon ane Roch of stane,
Men left he thair to big it to the hicht,
Syne to the march again he rydis richt,
Into Roxburgh they cheisit him ane place,

Ane gude Tower thair he gart big in schort space,
The Kingrik stude in gude worship and ease,
Was nane so great durst his neichbour displease
The abill ground gart labour thriftilie,
Wittaill and frute thair grew aboundantlie,
Was neuer before sen this was callit Scotland,
Sik welth and peice atains in the land.
He send Iop twyse to Bruce of Huntingtoun,
Beseikand him to cum and take his Croun.
Counsall he tuik at fals Saronis alace,
He had nener hap in life to get Wallace.
Thrie zeir as thus the realme stude in gud peace
Of this saying me worths for to cease,
And farther furth of Wallace will I tell,
Into his life quhat auentour zit befell.

Here endes the first Conques of Scotland.

THE NINTH PART OF THIS BOOKE

declares how Wallace past in France. Chap. I.

ANe Royall King that reignit into France,
Greit brute he hard of Wallace gouernance
The proues, pryce, and of his worthie deid,
Als furthwart fair commendit of manheid.
Baith humble true and preiuit weill of pryce,
Of honour trueth and boyd of couetyce.
That noble King ringand in royaltie,
Had great delyte this Wallace for to se.
And knew richt weill thortlie to vnderstand,
The great suppryse and ouerset of England.
He meruelit als of Wallace small power,
That but ane King tuik sik a realme to steir,
Agains England, and gart their malice ceis,

Quhill

Quhill thay desyrit with gude will to take peice,
And richt anone ane Herald gart he call,
In short termes he hes rehersit all,
Of his Intent compleitit to ane end,
Syne in Scotland he bad him he sould wend,
And he wrait richt with very great honour,
To Williame Wallace as ane Conquerour.

O Louit leid with worship wyse and wicht,
Throw very help in halding of thy richt.
Throw richt reskewing of thy natiue land,
With Gods grace agains thy fais to stand.
In defence, helper of thy richteous blude,
O worthy birth and blissit be thy fude,
As it is red of Prophecie beforne,
An happie tyme for Scotland thou was borne.
I thee beseik with all humilitie,
My clois letter thou wald consaue and se,
As zour brother ane cristin king of France,
To the beirer ze heir and giue credance,
The Herald him bounit and to the ship is gane,
In Scotland soone he cumis vnto ane.
Bot Herald lyke he seiks his presence,
On land he went and maid na residence.
In euerie steid quhair he presumit thair,
Sa on ane day he fand him into Air.
In gude effeir and manlyke companie,
The herald than with honour reuerentlie.
Hes salust him vpon ane gudelie maner,
And he agane with humbill hamlie cheir,
Ressauit him into richt gudlie wyse,
The herald than with worship to deuyse.
Betuik to him the Kings writ of France,
Wallace on kne with lawly obeysance,
Richt reuerently for worship of Scotland,
Quhen he it red and had it vnderstand
At this herald he askit his credence,

With

With asper speich and manlie countenance.
And he him tald as I haue said befoir,
The kings desyre quhat neids wordis moir,
The hie honour and the greit Noblenes,
Of zour manheid weill knowne in monie place,
Him lyks als weill zour worthip to auance,
As ze wer borne ane leige man of France.
Sen his Regioun is flour of Realmes sene,
Als the great band of kindnes zou betwéne.
And sen this realme stands in sik saiftie,
It war worthip his presence for to se,
Wallace consauit withoutin tarying,
The great desire of this moft noble King,
Syne to him said sa God of heauen me saue,
Heirafter sone ane answeir ze shall haue,
Of zour desyre that ze hans schawn me till,
Welcome ze are with ane frá hartie will,
The herald baid vnto the twentie day,
With Wallace still in gude weilfair and play,
Consumit the time with worthip and plesance,
Be gude auice maid his delinerance.
With his awin hand he writ vnto the king,
All his intent as tuiching to this thing,
Richt rich reward he gane the herald to,
And him conuoyit quhen he had leaue to go.
Out of the toun with gudlie cumpanie,
His leiue he tuik and went into the se,
His purpois was to se the King of France,
Gude Wallace then hes made his purueyance.
Neirest but weir to Sanct-Iohnstoun couth fair,
Ane counsall than he had gart ordaine thair,
Into his steid cheisit ane gouernour,
To keip the land ane man of greit honour.
Iames gude Lord the Stewart of Scotland,
Quhilk Father was as storyes beirs on hand,
To gude Walter quhilk was of hie parage,
Mariory Bruce syne gat in mariage,

Thair,

Thairof as now to ſpeik I haue na ſpace,
It is well knawen thankit be Gods grace,
And to the Herald withouttin reſidence,
How he appeirit vnto the Kings preſence,
Fra the Rochell the land ſone hes he tane,
Out ouer the land he graithit him to gaine,
Seikand the King als gudelie as he may,
Sa to the court he paſſit on ane day,
To Pareis went as peirles of renoun,
This king that time held Palice in that toun,
Quhen he him ſaw hes graithlie vnderſtand,
He ſpeirit tithings the weilfair of Scotland,
The Herald ſaid into thir termes thoyt,
That all was gude he had the mair comfoyt,
Saw thou Wallace the Chiftane of that land,
And he ſaid zea that dare I take on hand,
Ane woyrthier wicht this day is liuand nane,
In way of weir als far as I haue gane,
The hie woyrſhip and the greit noblenes,
The gude weilfair pleſance and woyrthines,
The riſch reward was woyrthie foy to ſe,
That foy your ſaik he kythit vpon me.
And his anſwere in writ he hes you ſent,
The king reſſauit it with ane gude intent,

O Royall Roy and richteous crounit king,
Renounit of nobilnes and dertues maiſt conding,
Ze knaw this weill be vther ma noy me,
How that our realme ſtands in perpleritie.
The fals Nation that we are Neichbours to,
Quhen pleiſis them they make vs ay ado,
Na band may be maid of ſic ſuffiſance,
Bot ay in it thay find ane variance,
To wait ane tyme will God that I may be,
Within ane zeir I will zour preſence ſe.
Of this anſweir weill pleiſit was the King,
Leane I them thus in royaltie to ring.

And glaid comfort richt as I haue you tauld
Of Wallace furth I will my purpose hald.

How Wallace past in France and faucht with the Red Reauar and vanquest him. Chap. II.

IStill Appyll the ane and twentie day,
The Kalends changit as we ble for to say,
The lustie time of Mayis freshe cumming,
Celestiall great blythnes in to bring,
Principall moneth forsuith it may be sene,
The heauenly hewes vpon the tender grene.
Quhen auld Saturne his cloudie cours hes gane,
The quhilk hes bene baith bird and beists bane,
Zephirus alswa with his sweit vapour,
Hie comfort hes be wirking of dame Nature.
All fructuous thing into the eird adoun,
That reulit is vnder the hie regioun,
Sober Luna in following of the sie,
Quhen bright Phebus into his Chemeis hie,
The Bulles cours sa taken hes his place,
And Iupiter was in the Crabbis face,
Quhen Aries the hait Signe cholerik,
Into the Ram quhilk hes his rownes rike,
Thetis had his place and his mansioun,
In Capricornus the Signe of the Lyoun,
Gentill Iupiter with his myld ordinance,
Baith herb and trie conuertis into pleasance.
And fresh Flora hir flouris mantill spred,
In euery daill baith houp hill and meid.
In this same tyme (for this myne Author sayis)
Wallace to pas off Scotland tuik his wayes.
Be short auyse he schuip him to the sea
And fyftie men tuik in his cumpanie,
He leit na word than walk of his passage,
Or Inglishmen had stoppit his veyage,
Nor tuik na leiue at Lords of parliament,
He wist full weill they wald not all consent,

To suffer him out of the land to ga,
For thay anone without witting of ma,
He gart forse and ordane weill his ship,
And thir war thay past in his fellowship.
Twa Wallaces was his kinsmen full neir,
Craufurd, Cleland, to him were haldin deir,
At Kirkcoubright he ordanit his passage,
Sey men he set and gaue thame gudelie wage,
Ane gude new barge richt worthelie wrocht for weir,
They wantit not of wyne vittaill nor geir.
Wit ze thay war ane gudlie cumpanie,
Of wailit men had wrocht full hardelie,
Bon-allies drank richt gladlie on ane morrow,
Syne leiue thay tuik and with greit God to borrow.
Boits war shot and fra the land them sent,
With glad hearts attains in they went,
Unto the Schip thay rowit haistelie,
The sey men than wirkand full earnestlie.
Ankeris wand in wisely on ather syde,
Their leids kest and waited weill the tyde.
Leit Saillis fall and tuik thair course anone,
Ane gudelie wind out of the richt airth come,
Freikis on foir stam reulit weill thair geir,
Leidis on leiburde with ane Lordlie feir,
Lynis laid out, to luik their passage sound,
With full saill thus fra Scotland furth they found,
Saillit haill ouer the day and als the nicht,
Vyon the morne quhen that the Sunne shynit bricht,
Thair shipmaister vnto the top is went,
South eist he saw that troubled his intent,
Saxteine sailles all arrayit on ane raw,
In cullour reid that towart them couth draw,
The glitterand Sunne vpon them shewit bright,
The sea about Illuminat with the licht.
The mans sprit was in ane extasie,
Doun went he soone and said richt sorrowfullie,
Allace (said he) that euer I was borne,

Without remeid our lyfes are all forlorne,
In cursit time I tuik this cuir on hand,
The best Chiftane and reskew of Scotland,
Ouir reklesllie I haue tane vpon me,
With waik power to bring him throw the sée.
It forcit nocht wald God I war torment,
Sa Wallace micht with worship chaip vnschent.
Quhen Wallace saw and heard this mans mane,
To comfort him with gude will is he gane,
Maister he said what hes annoyit thee,
Not for my selfe this man said piteouslie.
Bot of ane thing I dare well vndertane,
Thocht all wer heir the Schips of Bartane,
Part sould we lois except Fortoun had sworne,
The best weirman in sea is vs beforne.
Leifand this day and king is of the sée,
Wallace soone speirit wait thou quhat he may be,
The red reauer they call him in his style,
That I him saw O waryit be the quhyle.
For myne awin lyfe I wald na murning make,
Is na man borne that zon tyrane will take,
He saues nane for gold nor vther gude,
Bot slayes and drownes all derflie in the flude,
He gets na grace thoch he war King or Knicht,
This sarteine zeir he hes done greit vnright,
The power is so strang he hes to steir,
May nane eshaip that comes in his danger,
Wald ze him buirde na bute is to begin,
The laichest ship that is his flot within.
My selfe is done vnto the duilfull deid.
Than Wallace said sen thou cannot remeid,
Tell me his feir and how I shall him knaw,
Quhat is his vse and syne ga ludge thee law,
The shipman said full weill ye may him ken,
Be graith takins full cleirlie be his men.
His coat armour is sene in monie steid,
All battell boun in rayment all of reid.

This

This formest ship that persewis vs sa sast,
Himselfe is in, and will not be agast.
Ye will zou haill quhen that they come zou neir,
Without tarie then make ye strike and steir.
Himselfe will enter first full hardely,
Thir ar the signes that ze sall tak him by.
Ane bar of blew into his shynand shield,
Ane bend of quhyte devyding ay the field.
The reid betaikens blude and hardiment,
The quhyte courage incressis his intent.
The blew he beiris for he is cristin man,
Sadlie him answerit William Wallace than.
Thocht he be cristin this is na cristin deid.
Ga vnder loft the Lord God mot vs speid.
Baith Shipmaister and Steirisman also,
Into the how but baid he gart them go.
His fiftie men withouttin langer rest,
Wallace gart ray into their armour prest.
Aucht and fourtie on loft buird laid they law,
William Crawfurd than to him can he caw,
And said thou can sum part of Shipman fair,
Thou hes bene vsit into the toun of Air.
I pray thé tak this doctrine weill of me,
Luik that thou stand straitlie be the té.
Quhan they bid strike to service be thou baine,
Quhen I thé warne draw vp the saill againe.
Cleland Cousyng cum take the steir in hand,
Heir on the waill neir by thee sall I stand.
God gyde our ship as now I say na mair,
The Barge began with ane full weirlyke fair.
Himselfe on loft was with ane drawin sword,
And bad the steirsman lay endlang the buird.
On loud he cryit, stryke doggis or ze sall die,
Crawfurd leit down the saill a lytill wie,
The Capitane sone lap in and wald not stint,
Wallace hes him syne by the gorget hint,
On the ouer loft kest him quhair that he stude,

Quhill neis and mouth all rushit out of blude.
Ane forgit knyfe braithly he braidit out,
The weir ships was lappit them about.
The barge clipit, bot they not fastenit fast,
Crawfurd drew saill shot by and off them past.
The Reauar cryit with piteous voice sa cleir,
Grace of his lyfe for him that bocht vs deir,
Mercy he cryit for him that died on Rude,
Laiser to mend, I haue spilt mekill blude.
For my trespas I wald mak sum remeid,
Monie saikles I haue gart put to deid.
Wallace wist weill thoch he to death was brocht,
Fra them to chaip on na wyse micht he nocht.
And of his lyfe sum reskew micht he make,
Ane better purpois richt soone than can he take.
And als he rewit for his lyfe had bene ill,
In Latine toung richt thus he said him till,
I neuer tuik man that enemie was to me,
For Gods saik my lyfe zit grant to me.
Baith knyfe and sword he tuik fra him anane,
Vp by the hand as prisoner hes him tane.
Vpon his sword sharplie he gart him sweir,
Fra that day furth he sould him neuer deir.
Command thy men said Wallace to our peace,
Thair shot of gun that was not eith to cease.
They castand were awfull on ather syde,
The Red Reuar commandit them to byde.
Held vp ane gluif in takin of the trew,
His men beheld and weill that senzie knew.
Left off their shot the signe quhen that they saw,
His greitest barge towart him can he caw.
Let be your weir thir ar friends at ane,
I trow to God our warst hours are gane.
He askit Wallace to do quhat was his will,
With short auyse richt thus he said him till.
To the Rochell I wald ze gart them saill,
For Inglishmen we wait not quhat may aill.

He them commandit forouttin wordis mair,
Turne saill and winde towart the Rochell fair.
For there will God our purpose is to be,
Luik weill about for scurriours in the sey.
His charge they wrocht in all the haist they can,
Wallace desyrit to talk mair with this man.
Wyselie he speirit, in quhat land art thou borne,
In France he said, and mine Elders before.
And there we had sum part of heritage,
Thoch feirs Fortoun hes brocht me in ane rage.
Wallace answerit, how come thou in this syte,
Forsuith he said bot throw ane saddane tryte.
Sa hapnit I into the Kings presence,
Quer rakleslie to do ane greit offence.
Ane worthie man of gude kin and renoun,
That throw my deid was put to confusioun.
Dead of ane straik quhat neidis words mair,
All mends it nocht thoch I repent it sair.
Throw friend of Court I chaipit of that place,
And neuer sensyne couth get the Kings grace.
Feill of our kin they gart for my saik die,
Fra tyme I saw it micht na better be,
Bot leaue the land that me behouit on neid,
Upon ane day to Burdeous I zeid,
Ane Inglis ship sa gat we on ane nicht
For sey labour full earnestlie vs dicht.
To me assemblit misdoers vther ma,
Within short space we multiplyit sua.
Was few that micht against our power gang,
In tyrannie thus haue we reignit lang.
Thir sartein peiris I haue bene on the sey,
And done greit harme, therefoir full wa is me.
I sauit nane for gold nor greit ransoun,
Bot slew and drownit into the sey all doun.
Fauour I did to folk of sundrie land,
Bot Frenchmen na fauour of me fand.
They gat na grace sa far as I micht ring

Als on the ſea I cleipit was ane King,
Now ſe I weill that my forſtoun is went,
Vincuſt with ane that gars me ſair repent,
Quha wald haue ſaid this ſamin day at morne,
I ſould with ane thus lichtlie doun be borne,
In great haithing my men wald it haue tane,
My ſelfe hecht als to haue matched onie ane.
Bot I haue found the very plain contrair,
Heir I giue ouer robrie for euer mair,
In ſik miſreull I ſall neuer airmes beir,
Bot gif it be in honeſt dſe of weir.
Now I haue tauld part of my blis and paine,
For Gods ſaik ſum kyndnes ſchaw againe,
My hart will brek bot I wit quhat ze be,
Outrageouſlie that hes rebuted me.
For weill I wat that liuand had bene nane,
Be ſtrenth of force micht me as priſoner tane,
Except Wallace that hes redeimit Scotland,
The beſt is callit this day liuand of hand,
Into his weir war worſchip for to wake,
As now in warld (I trow) he hes na make.
Wallace ſmylit and ſaid freind it may be,
Scotland had neid of monie ſik as thé,
Quhat is thy name tell me ſa haue thou ſeill,
Forſuith (he ſaid) Thomas of Longoueill.
Weill brnik thou it, this ends all our ſtryfe,
Schaip to pleis God in mending of thy lyfe,
Thy faithfull freind my ſelfe thinkis to be,
And als my name I ſall ſone tell to thee.
For chance of weir thou ſould na murning make,
As weird will wirk thy forſtoun man thou take,
I am that man that thou auances ſa hie,
And bot ſchort time ſen I come to the ſea.
Of Scotland borne my richt name is Wallace,
On kneis fell and thankit God of grace,
I dar avow that zolden is my hand,
To the beſt man this day that is liuand.

For

For quith he said this pleiffis me mekill moir,
Than of Flozings he gaue me sartie scoir,
Than Wallace said thou art now heir throw chance,
My purpois is to pas now into France,
Unto the King sen I am boun to pas,
To my reward thy peace I think to as.
Peace I wald haue fain of my natiue king,
And na langer in this realme to ring,
Than thou take line to come fra it againe,
Into thy seruice I think for to remaine.
Seruice he said Thomas it may not be,
Bot gude freindschip as I shall keip to thee,
Gart drazw the wyne and ilk ane mirrie maid,
The Schips be than was in the Rochell raid.

THe reid Blasounis as they had bozne in weir,
The toune was sone into ane suddain feir,
The red reuer they said was at thair hand.
Contrair quhais strenth micht nane againis him stand,
Sum ships fled and sum the land hes tane.
Clarions blew and trumpets many ane,
Quhen Wallace saw the people was on steir,
He gaue command na shipis sould neirer peir.
Bot his awin barge in the hauen gart drazw,
The folk was glade quhen they the baner sazw,
Full weill thay knew in gold the reid Lyoun,
Leit vp the pozt reskuit them in the toun,
Thay souerit him for all he had thair drocht,
The red Nauie vnto the hauen thay socht,
On land syne went quhair that thems lykit to pas.
Richt few wist thair quhat Scottisman Wallace was,
Bot weill they thocht he was ane gudlie man,
And honoured him with all the craft they can,
Thae foure dayes Wallace remainit thair,
Thir men he callit quhen he was boun to fair.
He thame commandit vpon that coist to byde,
Quhill he thame fred for chance that micht betyde.

Weir

Weir you euinlie quhat gude that euer ye spend,
Liue on your awin quhill I you tythings send.
Gar sell your ships and make you men of peace,
It wer gude tyme of wickitnesse to cease.
Your captaine sall pas to the King with me,
Throw help of God I sall his warrand be.
He gart graith him in suit with his awin men,
Was na man there that micht weill Thomas ken.
Lyklie he was, manlie of countenance,
Lyke to the Scots be manlie gouernance
Haue of his toung of Scots had he nane,
In Latine weill it micht haue sufficit ane.
Thus past they on in all the haist they may,
To Pareis toun they went vpon ane day.
Tythings was brocht of Wallace to the King,
Sa greit desyre he had of na kin thing.
As in that tyme quhill he had seene Wallace,
To meit himselfe he waitit vpon cace.
In ane garden quhair he gart them be brocht,
To his presence with manlyke feir they socht.
Twa and tyttie at anis kneland doun,
And salust him as Roy of maist renoun.
With reullit speich in sa gudely suite,
All France could na mair nurtour them deuise.
The Quéene had leaue and come in hir effeir,
For meikill sho heard of Wallace dreed in weir.
Quhat needs mair of courtesie to tell,
They keeped weil that to the Scots befell.
Of Kings fair I dare make na reherse,
My feeble minde, my troublit spirit transuerse.
Of the rich seruice quhat needs words mair,
Micht nane be found bot it was present thair.
Sone after meat the King to Parlour went,
With gudlie Lords there Wallace was present.
Then commouned they of many sundrie thing.
To speik with him great desyre had the King.
At him he speirit of weir the gouernance,

The

He answerit him with manlie countenance,
To euerie point as far as he had skill,
In Latine toung richt naturallie and weill.
The king consauit sone be his hie courage,
Quhat weir-men wit be reif in thair passage,
Into quhat mynd the red reauer than was,
Meruel he had how he leit Wallace pas.
To him he said ze ar sum thing to blame.
Ze micht haue send with zour Herald fra hame,
Efter power to bring zou throw the sea.
God thank zou Sir thairof aneuch had we.
Few men may pas quhair they find na perrell,
Richt quhéne may keip quhair nane is to assaill,
Wallace he said thairof meruell haue I,
Ane Tyrane reigns in ire full cruellie,
Upon the ley that greit sorrow hes wrocht
Sicht we him get it sould not be for nocht.
Borne of this land ane natiue man to me,
Thairfoir on vs the greitest harme dois he.
Than Thomas quoik and changit countenance,
He heard the King his ill deids disanance.
Wallace beheld and kenzeit in ane pairt,
Forsuith he said we fand nane in that art,
That proffert vs ony sik vnkyndnes.
We zour leiue Sir I spake in hamelines.
Trow ze be sicht ze couth the squyar knaw?
Full lang it is sen tyme that I him saw,
Bot thir words of him are bot in vaine,
Or he cum heir richt gude men will be slaine,
Than Wallace said heir haue I brocht with me,
Diuerss men that dwelt in our cuntrie,
Quhilk of all thir wald ze call him maist lyke,
Amang them blent this royall Roy maist tryk,
Weryit thame weill baith stature and courage,
Paner makdome thair fassoun and vilage,
Sadlie he said auysit soberly,
That largest man quhilk stands neist zon by.

Wald

Wald I call him be makdome to deuise,
Thir ar na thing bot words of office.
Befoir the King on knee fell gude Wallace,
O Royall Roy of hie honour and grace.
With waist words I will zou not troubill,
Now I will speik sumthing for myne auaill.
Our barrane land hes bene ouerset with weir,
Be Saxons seid that dois vs mekill deir,
Slane our elders, destroyit our richteous blude,
Waistit the land of gold and vther gude.
And ze ar heir with micht and Royaltie,
Eye ze sould haue to our adversitie.
And vs support for kyndnesse of the band,
Quhilk is confirmit betuix zou and Scotland.
Als I am heir for zour charge and plesance,
My lyfe lait is bot honest cheuisance.
Flour of Realmes forsuith is this Regioun,
To my reward I wald haue great guerdoun.
Wallace he said ask quhat ye wald haue,
Gude gold or land sall not be lang to craue.
Wallace answerit, swa ye grant it to me,
Quhat I wald haue it sall foone chosen be.
Quhat euer ye ask that is in this Regioun,
Ze sall it haue, except my wyfe and Croun.
He thankit him of his greit Kinglines,
All my reward sall be askit of grace.
Peice to this man I brocht with me throw chance,
Heir I quyteclaime all vther gift in France,
This sam is he gif that ye knaw him weill,
That ze of spake, Thomas of Longoueil.
Be rigour ye desyrit he sould be slaine,
I him restoir vnto your peace againe,
Ressaue him fair as liege man of your land,
The King meruellit, and couth in study stand,
Perfytlie he knew that it was Longoueill,
He him forgaue his trespas euery deill.
Bot for his saik that had him hidder brocht,

For

For Gold nor gude nor elſe he did it nocht.
Wallace he ſaid I had leuer of gude land,
Ten thouſand pound haue ſeiſſit in thy hand.
That I haue ſaid ſall halden be in plaine,
Heir I reſaue Thomas to peace againe.
Deirer to me than euer he was befoir,
All for your ſaik thoch it were mekill moire,
Bot I wald wit how this mater befell,
Wallace anſwerit the trueth I ſall you tell,
Than he reherſit quhat hapnit on that day,
As ze before mine authour hes heard ſay,
Quhen the gude king had heard the ſuddane cace,
Upon the ſea befoir ſicht of Wallace.
The King him held richt worthie to auance,
He ſaw in him manheid and gouernance,
Sa did the Quæne and all thir vther Lords,
Ilk wicht of him greit honour than records,
He purchell peice for all the power haill,
Fourtene hundreth was left at the Rochell.
Gart cry themſire true ſeruants to the King,
And neuer againe for fault into ſik thing,
Quhen Thomas was reſtorit to his richt,
Of his awin hand the King had maid him knicht,
Eftir he gaue ſtate to his neireſt air,
And maid himſelfe with Wallace for to fair,
Thus he hes bocht thay men fra reif throw cace,
Be ſuddane chance of him and wicht Wallace,
Thus leiue we thame in worſhip and pleaſance,
At lyking ſtill with the gude King of France.

How Wallace paſt in Guyan, Chap. III.

THay twenty dayis he ludgit into reſt,
Sa to remaine he thocht it not the beſt,
Still into peice he could not lang indure,
For quhy contrarious it was to his nature,
Richt weill he wiſt Inglishmen occuppit,
Guyan that time thairfoir he hes eſppit,

Quhim

Sum jeopardie vpon thame for to make,
Ane gudelie leine he at the king couth take.
Of French men he nane wald with him call,
At that first tyme for aventure that micht fall.
Bot Sir Thomas that seruice couth persew,
He will not weill gif all the laue was trew.
Of Scottismen than semblit haistelie,
Fyne hundreth sone of worthie Thewatrie,
In Guyanland full haistelie can ryde,
Raillit feill fyre and waillit winnings wyde.
Fortis thay brake and stalwart biggings wan:
Perflie to deith brocht mony Sutheroun man.
Ane weirlyke toun sa land thay in that land,
Quhilk Schement hecht that Inglishmen had in hand,
Towart that steid full sadlie Wallace socht,
Be onie way assailzie gif he mocht.
Bargane to haue gif he micht get thame out,
Greit strenth of wod thair was that toun about,
The toun stud all vpon ane water syde,
Into ane park that was baith lang and wyde.
Thay buskit thame quhile passit was the nicht,
Quhen the Sunne raise foure hundreth men he dicht.
The laue he gart Craufurd in buschment take,
Gif thay misterit ane reskew for to make.
Than Longoueill that ay was full Sauage,
With Wallace past as ane to that skirmage.
Thir foure hundreth that was full weill arrayit,
Before the toun in plaine battell displayit.
It was not weill than knawin in that countrie,
The Lyoun in gold that awfull was to se.
Ane forray kest and sealsit mekill gude,
Weirmen within that wyselie vnderstude,
Sone ishit out the pray for to reskew.
The worthie Scots feill Inglishmen they slew.
The laue for dreid fled to the toun againe,
The forray tuik the pray and past in plaine.
Towart the park, bot power of the toune

Ishit

Whilk out againe in awfull battell boun,
Ane thousand haill of men in armes strang,
Few baid within that micht to armis gang.
Than Wallace gart the portrayaris leif the pray,
Assembilit sone into ane gude array.
Ane cruell counter was at that meting sene,
Of wicht weir-men into thair armour schene,
Feill left thair lyfe vpon the Sutheron syde,
Bot not for thy full baldly they abyde.
Of the Scots part than worthy men they slew,
Williame Craufurd that weill the perrell knew.
Out of the Park he gart the buschment pas,
Into the feild quhair feill men fechtand was.
At thair entrie they gart full monie die,
The Inglishmen was wonder laith to flie,
Full worthelie thay wrocht into that place,
Baid neuer sa few sa lang agains Wallace.
With sik power that day as he was thair,
On ather syde assailzeit wonder sair.
Into the stour sa fellounlie he wrocht,
That worthie men derflie to deith was brocht,
With points perfit throw plaits birneit bricht,
Wallace himselfand Sir Thomas the Knicht.
Quhom sa thay hit maid neuer mair debait,
The Sutheroun pairt was handlit thair sa hait.
Into that place thay micht na langer byde.
Out of that feild with fair hearts thay ryde.
Vnto the toun thay fled full haistilie,
Wallace followit and his gude Chevalrie.
Fechtand sa fast into the thickest throng,
Quhill in the toun they enterit them amang,
With him Craufurd and Longoueill the Knicht,
And Richard als Wallace his Cusing richt.
Fyftein they wer of Scottis cumpanie,
Thus hapnit they amang that greit partie,
Ane cruel porter gat vp vpon the wall,
Pullit out the pin let the port cuilzeis fall.

The

The Inglithmen ſaw enterit was na ma,
Upon the Scots full hardelie they ga.
Bot to ane wall they haue thair bakkis ſet,
Sad ſtraiks and ſair baldlie about them bet,
Richard Wallace the Turngrece weill hes ſene,
He followit faſt vpon thair porter kene,
Upon the wall deid in ane dyke him draue
Gat vp the port and let in all the laue.
Quhen Wallace men had thus the entrie win,
Full great ſlauchter again thay haue begun,
Thay ſaiſit nane vpon the Sutheroun ſyde,
That wapins bair and harnes in that tyde.
Wemen and bairnes the gude thay tuik them fra,
Syne gaue thame leiue in the roum land to ga.
The Preiſts als that was not in the feild,
Of agit men that micht not wapins weild,
Thay ſlew nane ſik for Wallace charge it was,
Bot maid them fre at larges for to pas.
Riches of gold thay gat in greit plenty,
Harnes and hors that micht them weill ſupplie,
With French folk pleneiſt the toun againe,
On the tent day the feild they tuik in plaine.
The riuer doun into the land they ſocht,
On Sutheron men full greit maiſtry thay wrocht.
Than quhen true men to the king tauld this taill,
Of French men he ſemblit ane battell,
Twentie thouſand of true leigis of France,
His brother them led was Duik of Orleance,
Throw Guyane land in rayit battell they raid,
To follow Wallace quha made but littill baid.
For French ſupplie to help them in thair richt,
Neir Burdeous or thay ouertak him micht.
Gude Wallace was thair and choſen hes ane plane,
For Tum men tauld that Burdeous with greit mane,
Within ſhort time thocht battell for to gine.
Bot fra they wiſt that French folk wald releiue,
With greit power for helping of Wallace,

Vther

Vther purpose they tuik into thoyr space.
In Picardie sone message could they send,
Of Wallace cumming they haue tauld to ane end
Of Glocister Captaine of Calice was,
The hardie earle he made him for to pas,
In Ingland sone and syne to London went,
Of Wallace deids he tauld in parliament.
Sum plainly said that Wallace drake the peice,
Wyse men said nay and prayit them for to ceis.
Lord Beaumont said he tuik bot for Scotland,
And not for France that sall ze vnderstand.
Gif zour indentures speik of ony mair,
He hes done wrang the suith ze may declair,
Wodstock answeirit, said ze haue spoken weill,
Bot contrair richt that taill is euer ilk deill.
Gif zon be he that band for him and his,
Nay na man say bot he hes done amis.
For principallie he band with vs the true,
And now againe begins he malice new.
Sir King he said gif ewer ze think to make,
On Scotland weir on hand now sall ze take,
Quhill he is out or els it helps nocht,
As Wodstock said the haill counsell hes wrocht,
Power they raisit in Scotland for to ryde.
Be land and sey they wald na langer byde,
Their land oist they rayit sone in deid,
Thair vangaird tuik the hardie Wuik to leid,
Of Gloceister that of weir had greit feill,
Of Longcastell the Wuik gouernit weill
The middill ward: and to the sea they send.
Sir Iohn Pstewart that weill the Northland kend
The Knicht Wallange befoir the Oist in raid:
And sik ane way with euill Scottis men maid.
Mony Tallels he gart sone zolden be,
To Inglishmen without in mair mellie.
Or the best will that it was weir in plaine,
Enterit he was into Bothuell againe,

Sir Iohn Pſewart that come in be the ſey
Sanct-Iohnſtoun ſone gat throw ane ieopardie,
Dundie they tuik and put Scots men to deid,
In Fyfe fra them was not keipit ane ſteid.
And all the ſouth fra Cheuiot to the ſey,
Into the Weſt there micht na ſuccour be.
The worthie Lord that ſould haue gonernit this,
God hes him tane we trow to leſtand blis.
His ſonne Walter that bot ane childe zit was,
True men him tuik and couth in Arrane pas,
Adame Wallace that wiſt of na ſupplie,
To Rauchly went and Lindeſay of Craigie,
Gude Robert Boyde in Bute made reſidence,
For haiſtie diſſait they tuke them to defence,
Sir Iohn the Grahame in Dundaf micht not byde
Succour he ſocht to the Forreſt of Clyde,
The knicht Pſewart ane Schirref maid of Fyfe,
Sir Aymers brother and gaue for terme of lyfe,
Thae lands all that Wallange aucht before,
Richard Lundie had greit dreid throw thair ſhoir.
He lykit nocht for to cum to thair peis.
For thy in Fyfe thay wald not let him ceis,
To pas ouer Tay as than it micht not be,
For Inglishmen ſair rewlit that countrie,
Out of the land he ſtall away be nicht,
Auchtene with him that worthie were & wicht,
And als his ſonne that was in tender eild,
Bot after ſone he could weill wapins weild.
At Striuiling brig or that the watch was ſet.
There paſſit he the way withouttin let.
In Dumdaf mure Sir Iohn the Grahme he ſocht
Ane womā him tauld as than befoir was wrocht
Vnto ane ſtrenth he went vpon the morne,
Lanerk was tane with zonge Thomas of Thorne,
Hay and Lundie thay micht na langer remaine,
Be ſouth Tynto to ludge they maid in plaine,
Sir Iohn the Grahame gat wit that they were thair

To thame he pall withouttin ꝓces mair,
Wallange gart bring fra Carlile cariage,
To ſuſe Bothwell baith wyne and gude bernage,
Lundy and Grahame gat wit of that vittaill,
Richt ſuddainlie they maid them to aſſaill.
Fyftie they were of nobill Cheualrie,
Agains foure ſcoir of Ingliſh companie,
Ane Squyer than keipit the cariage,
All Brankſmahair haill that was his heritage,
Lundy & Grahame met with that Squyar wicht,
Feill Inglishmen dettile to deith they dicht.
Sartie was ſlane vpon the Sutheroun ſyde,
And fyue Scottis ſa baldlie they abyde,
Great gude they wan baith gold and vther geir,
Vittaill and horſe thus hapnit in this weir.
Into the land for thy they thocht it beſt,
Syne they haue ſene weill lang they micht not leſt
To ſeik ſum place in ſtrenth that they micht byde
For Sutheroun folk had pleneill on ilk ſyde,
Lundies ludge they left vpon ane nicht,
Into the Lennox thay pall the way full richt,
To Erle Malcolme that keipit that countrie,
Fra Inglishmen throw helpe of their ſupplie,
Seytoun and Lyle into the Bas abaid,
For Inglishmen ſa greit maiſtrie had maid.
That all the South was tane into their hand,
And Hew the Hay they ſend into England.
And vther Airis to ꝓſeon at thair will,
The Northland Lords ſaw na help cumr them till
Ane Squyar Guthrie amang them ordainit they,
To warne Wallace in all the haſt he may,
Out of Abirbrothok he paſſit to the ſe,
And at the Sluce land tailen ſone hes he,
In Flanders land na reſidence he maid,
In France he pall but Wallace weill abaid.
On his purpoſe on Guyan at the weir,
On Inglishmen he had done mekill deir,

Quhill gud Guthrie had gottin his presence,
He haistit fast and maid na residence,
He hes him tauld with Scotland how it stude,
Then Wallace said thir tythings is not gude,
I had example of tymes that is by wone,
Trewes to bind with them that is mansworne,
Bot I as than couth nocht think of sik thing
Becaus that we tuik peice with thair false King,
Be thair Chancellar the vther peice was boundin
And that full fair our foir Elders hes foundin,
Under that true they gart anehtein scoir die,
That Nobils war the best in our countrie,
To the greit God my avow heir I mak,
Peice with that King think I neuer to take,
He sall repent that he this weir began,
Thus mouit he with many royall man.
Unto the king and tauld him his intent,
To lat him pas the king wald nocht consent,
Quhill Wallace thair maid promeis be his hand,
Gif euer againe he thocht to leine Scotland,
To cum to him his greit seale to him gaue,
Of quhat Lordship that he lykit to haue,
Thus at the King ane haistie line tuik he,
Na man with him he brocht fra that countrie.
Bot his awin men and Sir Thomas the knicht,
In Flanders land thay past with all their micht.
Guthreis Barge at the Sluce couth ly still,
To the sé they went with ane full eger will.
Baith Forth and Tay they left and passit by,
On the North coist gude Guthrie was thair gy,
In Montrois hauen they brocht him to the land,
To true Scots it was ane blyth tythand.
Sir Iohn Ramsay that worthy was and wicht,
Fra Ouchterhous the way he cheisit richt,
To meit Wallace with men of armis strang,
For his dweking they had thocht wonder lang,
The true Ruthuen come als withouttin baid,

In

In Birnane wod he had his ludging maid.
Barklay, Biſſet, to Wallace ſemblit faſt,
With thrée hundreth to Ochterhous he paſt.

THE TENTH BOOKE DECLARES how Wallace wan S. Iohnſtoun be ane jeopardie. Chap. I.

The latter day of Auguſt fell this caſe,
For the reſkew thus ordainit gude Wallace,
Of San& Iohnſtoun that Sutheron occuppit,
Faſt towart Tay they paſſit and eſppit.
Or it was day vnder Kinnoull them laid,
Out of the toun as Scottiſmen to him ſaid,
Their ſeruants iſhit with carts hay to leid,
Sa was it fuith and hapnit in that ſteid.
Then ſax there come and brocht bot carts thrée,
Quhen they of hay wer leidand biſſilie.
Guthrie with ten in hands then hes them tane,
Put all to deith of them he ſauit nane.
Wallace in haiſt gart tak their vpmeſt weid,
And ſik lyke men they wailit weill gude ſpeid.
Four was richt gude, Wallace himſelfe tuik ane,
Ane ruſſet cloak and with him gude Ruthuen.
Guthrie, Biſſet, and als gude zemen twa,
In that ilk ſute he graithit them to ga,
Fyftene they tuik of men of armes wicht,
In ilk cairt fyue they ordainit out of ſicht.
Full ſubtillie they conerit them with hay,
Syne to the toun they went the gaineſt way.
Thir cairters had ſhort ſwords of gude ſteill,
Vnder their weid callit furth the cairts weill,
Sir Iohn Ramſay baid in the buſhment ſtill,
Quhen miſter wer to help them with gude will,
Thir trew cairters paſt out withouttin let,
Atour the brig and enterit at the zet.
Quhen they were in their cloaks they kell them fra,

Gude Wallace then the chiefe Porter could ta,
Upon the heid quhill deid he hes him left,
Syne vther twa the lyfe from them he reft.
Guthrie, Bisset, did richt weill in the toun,
And Ruthuen als dang of thir fey men doun.
The armit men that in the carts wer brocht,
Rais vp and weill their deuore dewlie wrocht,
Upon the gait they gart feill Sutheron die,
Then Ramsayis spy hes seen them get entrie.
The bushment brake baith brig and port hes wun,
Into the toun greit stryfe there was begun.
Tuentie and ane or Ramsay come in plaine,
Within the toun had fourtie Sutheron slaine.
The Inglismen to array was not gane,
The Scottis as than laiser let them haue nane.
Fra gude Ramsay with his men enterit in,
They saiffit nane was knawin of Sutheron kin,
And Longoueill the worthy Knicht sir Thomas,
Preuit weill there and mony vther place.
Against his dint few Inglismen micht stand,
Wallace in him greit faith and kyndnes fand.
The Sutheron part saw weill the toun was tint,
Fierslie they fled as fyre doth aff the flint.
Sum fled, sum fell into draw dykis deip,
Sum to the Kirk their lyues gif they micht keip,
Sum fled to Tay and in small vesbels zeid,
Sum derslie diet and drounit in that steid.
Sir Iohn Psewart at the West zet out past,
To Methuen wood he sped him wonder fast.
Ane hundreth men the Kirk tuik for succour,
Bot Wallace wald na grace grant in that hour.
He bad slay all of cruell Sutheron kin,
Them for to slay he said it was na sin.
Four hundreth men without the toun was deid,
Seuin scoir on lyfe chaipit out of that steid,
Wyues and bairnis they maid them for to gae,
With Wallace will he wald slay nane of thae.

Riches

Riches they fand that Inglilſmen had brocht new,
Plenelt the toun with worthie Scots and trew.
Sir Iohn Pſewart left Methuen Forreſt ſtrang,
Went to the Gaſk ful keill Sutheron amang.
And ſyne in Fyfe quhair Wallange Shireff was,
Baid ſcurriours ſone out throw the land to pas.
And gatherit men ane ſtalwart cumpanie,
To Ardchatane he drew them priuilie.
Ordainit them in reddy bargan boun,
Againe he thocht to ſailzie Sanct Iohnſtoun.
Quhair Wallace lay and wald na langer reſt.
Reulit the toun as then him lykit beſt.
Sir Iohn Ramſay greit Captaine ordainit he,
Ruthuen Shireff at ane accord to be.
This charge he gaue if men them warning maid.
To cum to him withouttin mair abaid.
And ſa thay did quhen tythings was them brocht,
With an hundreth Wallace furth fra them socht.

The battell of black Irne ſyde Forreſt. Chap. II.

IN Fyfe he paſt to bely that countrie,
Bot wrang warnit of Inglilſmen was he.
Sir Iohn Pſewart quhen they wer paſſit by,
Fra the Ochell he ſped him haſtely.
Upon Wallace followit with all his micht,
In Abernethie tuik lodging the firſt nicht.
Upon the morne with fyftein hundreth men,
To Black Irneſyde as his gydis couth him ken.
There Wallace was and micht na meſſage ſend,
To Sanct Iohnſtoun to make his journey kend.
For Inglilſmen that full ſubtill hes bene,
Greit watches warnit that nane ſould pas betuene.
Than Wallace ſaid this mater pleiſis not me.
He callit to him the Squyar gude Guthrie,
And Biſſet als that knew full weill the land,
And aſkit at them quhat deid was beſt on hand,
Meſſage to make our power for to get,

With feill Sutheron we will be vnbeſet,
And wickit Scots that knawis the Forreſt beſt,
They ar the cauſe that we may haue na reſt.
I dreid far mair Wallange that is the gyde
Then all the laue that cums vpon that fyde.
Then Guthrie ſaid, micht we get anes ouer Tay
To Sanct Iohnſtoun it wer the gaineſt way,
And warne Ramſay we wald get ſuccour ſone,
Quir ſuith it is that can not weill be done.
Richt weill I wat beſhell is leuit nane,
Fra the Wood-hauin to the ferrie callit Arrane.
Then Wallace ſaid the water awfull is,
Quy ſelfe can ſwim I trowd and aill na mis.
Bot curriour vſe accords nocht for me,
And leaue zou heir, zit I had leuer die.
Throwd Gods grace we ſall better eſchew,
The ſtrenth is ſtrang and we are men anew.
In Elchock Park bot fourtie men war we,
For feuin hundreth and gart feill Sutheron die.
Eſchaipit weill in mony vnlyklie place,
Sa ſall we heir through help of Gods grace.
Quhill we may laſt we may this wod hald ſtill,
For thy ilk man be true of hardie will.
And that we do ſa noblie into deid,
Of vs be found efter na lacke to reid.
The richt is ours we ſould mair ardent be,
I think to freith this land or els to die.
His wailit ſpeich with wit and hardiment,
Paid all the laue ſa cruell of intent.
Sum bad take feld and giue battell in plaine,
Wallace ſaid nay, thae words are all in baine.
We will not leaue that may be our bantage,
This wod to vs is worth ane zeiris wage.
Of hewen timber in haſte he gart them take,
Syles of aik, and a great Barreris make
At ane forefront into the forreſt ſyde,
Made a greit ſtrēth quhair they purpoſd to byde.

Stel

Stellit thame fast to tries that growand was,
That thay micht weill in fra the Barreris pas.
And se thair availl on ather syde about,
Syne cum again quhen they saw there was doubt,
Be that this strenth arrayit was at richt,
The Inglish oist approachit to thair sicht,
Than Pswart came that way for to haue wend,
That thay war wont his gydis sa him kend,
At thair entrie they thocht to haue passage,
Bot sone thay fand that made them great stopage.
Ane thousand he led of men in armes strang,
With fyue hundreth he gart Iohne Wallange gang,
Without the wood that nane sould chaip thame fra,
Wallace with him had fourtie Archers tha.
The laue was speirs full Nobill in ane neid,
On thair enemies thay bikker with gude speid,
Ane cruell counter was at the Barreris sein,
The Scots defence sa siker was and kene,
Sutheroun sude aw to enter thame amang,
Feill to the ground thay ouerthrew in that thrang.
Ane rowm was left quhair pairt in front micht fair,
Quha enterit in, again zeid neuer mair.
Fourtie thay slew that ganeward wald haue past,
All disarrayit, the Dist was all agast.
Ane pairt of horse throw schot to deith was brocht,
Brake to ane plaine the Sutheroun to them socht,
Then Pswart said allace how may this be,
And do na harme, ouir greit rebute haue we.
He callit Wallange, and askit his counsaill,
Schirref thou art quhat may vs best anaill.
Bot few thay are that makis this great debait,
Iohn Wallange said this is the best I wait.
To ceis heirof and remaine heir besyde,
For thay may not long in this Forrest byde.
For fault of fude they man in the countrie,
Than war mair time to make on thame mellie.
Or thay be win on force into this strife,

Feill

Feill that ze leid ſall erar lois the life.
Than Pſewart ſaid this rede I will nocht take,
And Scots be warnit reſkewſone wil thay make,
Of this diſpyte amends I think to haue,
Or die thairfore in number with the laue.
Into ane range my ſelfe on ſute will fair,
Aucht hundreth he tuik the liklieſt that was thair
Syne bade the laue at the Barrers byde ſtill,
With Iohn Wallange to rule them at his will,
VVallange he ſaid be forwart in this cace,
In ſik ane ſnair we couth not get Wallace,
Tak or ſlay him I promeis be my lyfe,
That King Edward ſall mak thée Erle of Fyfe,
At zon eiſt pairt we think to enter in,
I bad na mair micht ze this Barrers win,
Fra they be cloſit graithlie amang vs ſa,
Bot maruell be thay ſall na farther ga,
Aſſailzie ſair quhen ze wit we cum neir,
On ather ſide we ſall hald them on ſteir,
Thus Pſewart thair vpon ane awfull wiſe,
Wallace hes ſéene quhat hes bene thair deuiſe,
Gude men he ſaid ze vnderſtand this deid,
Forſuith he ſaid thay are richt mekill to dreid,
Zone Pſewart is ane worthie nobill Knicht,
Fordwart in weir richt hardie wiſe and wicht,
His aſſailzie he ordains wonder ſair,
Vs for to harme mans wit can do na mair.
Pleaſand it is ane wiſe Chiftane to gae,
Sa Chiftane like, it ſould greit comfort mae,
To his awin men and they of worſhip be,
Than for to ſie ten thouſand cowarts flie.
Sen we are ſet with enemies on ilk ſyde,
And heir on force mon in this Forreſt byde,
That all the laue of vs abaiſit be,
Aſſay the firſt for Gods faik cruelly.
Craufurd he left and Longouell the knicht,
Fourtie with them to keip the Barreris wicht,

With

With him sartie all worthie men in weid,
To meit Pſewart with hardie will thay zeid.
Ane maner of dyke into the wood was maid,
Of thortour treis baldly he thair abaid.
Ane doun with wall the Sutheroun to thame had,
Swne semblit they with straiks sair and sad,
Scharpe speirs than duschit on ather syde,
Throw birneis bricht maid wounds deip and wyde,
The vantage was the Scottis them dantit sa,
That na Inglishman durst fra his fellow ga,
To brek array or formest enter in,
Of chryllinit blude to se it was great sin,
For wrangous cause and hes bene mony day,
Feill Inglishmen in the dyke deade there lay,
Speirs full sone all into splenders sprang,
With scharp swords they hewit on in thrang,
Blude brylit out throw syne harnes and maill,
Iohn Wallange als full sharplie can assaill,
Upon Craufurd and the knicht Longoueill.
With their power keipit the Barres weill.
Maid gude defence, be wit manheid and micht,
At the entrie feill men to deith they dicht.
Thus all at anis they sailzeit ather place,
Nane that was thair durst turne fra the Barrace:
To help Wallace: na man of his durst pas
To reskew them, sa fell the fechting was,
At ather hand thay handlit was sa hait,
Bot do or die na succour els they wait,
Wallace was sad into that stalwart stoure,
Guthrie Bisit with men of greit valour,
Richard Wallace that worthy was of hand,
Pſewart meruelit that contrair them micht stand,
That euer sa few micht byde in battell place,
Against thame and matchit face for face,
He thocht him selfe to ende that mater weill.
Fast preasit in with ane gude brand af steill.
Into the dyke ane Scottisman he gart die,

Wallace thairfoir in heart had greit pitie,
Ane mends to haue he followit on him fast,
Bot Inglishmen sa thick betuixt them past,
That vpon him ane straik get could he nocht,
Vther worthy derflie to deith he brocht
Slopis he maid throw all the chenalrie,
The hardy Scots that wrocht sa worthely.
Quhen Sutheron saw thir gud men was sa drest
Langer to byde they thocht it not the best,
Four scoir wer slane or they wald leaue that steid
And syftie als was in the Barreris deid,
Ane trumpet blew and fra the wood can draw.
Wallange left off, that sicht quhen that he saw,
To sailzie mair thay thocht it was na speid.
Without the wod to counsell sone they zeid.
The worthie Scots to rest them was richt faine,
Feill hurts they had bot few of them was slaine.
Wallace bad all of gude comfort to be,
Thankit be God the fairer pairt haue we,
Yon knicht Pstewart hes at greit iournayis bene,
Sa sair assay I haue bot seldome sene,
I had leuer on Wallange wroken be,
Than ony man that is in yon menzie.
The Scots all into the Barrers zeid,
Stanchit wounds that couth full braithly bleid,
Sum Scottis men had bled full mekill blude,
For fault of drink and als wanting of fude,
Sum fey blit fast that had feill hurts thair,
Wallace thairfoir sichit with heart full sair,
Ane hat he hint to get water is gane,
Vther refuge as then he wist of nane.
Ane lyttill strand as then he fand him by,
Of cleir water he brocht them boundantly,
And drank him selfe syne said with sober muds,
The wine in France me thocht not half so gude,
Than of the day thrie quarters was onir went,
Sir Iohn Pstewart hes callin in his intent,

To

To sailzie mair as than he couth not preue,
Quhile on the morne that new men couth releue.
And keipe thame in quhill they for hunger sore,
Cum in his will or ellis to die thairfore,
Wallange he said I charge thé for to byde,
And keip them in quhill I to Colwper ryde,
Remaine thou with fyue hundreth at thy will,
And I the morne with power sall cum thé till.
Iohn Wallange said this charge I heir forsake,
Efter this day all nicht I may not wake.
Bot traist ze weill they will ish to the plaine,
Thoch ze bide als or els die in the paine.
Pstewart bad byde or vnderly the blame,
I thé command in gude King Edwards name.
Or heir to God a vow I make beforne,
And they breke out to hang thé hie the morne,
Of this command Iohn Wallange had greit dreid,
Pstewart fra them with nyne scoir into deid,
Nixt hand the wood and his gude men of Fyfe.
The Scots was blyth quhen that they heard sik tryfe,
Wallace drew neir his tyme quhen that he saw,
To the wood syde and couth on Wallange caw.
That knicht hes hecht the morne to hang thee hie,
Cum into vs I sall thy warrand be,
In contrair him and all King Edwards micht,
Take we him quick we sall him hang on hicht,
Ane gude Lordship I sall thé gine heir eist,
In this ilk Land that thy brother hes leist,
Wallange was wyse full sone couth vnderstand,
Be liklienes Wallace sould wyne the land,
And better him war into the ricth to byde.
Than be in weir vpon the other syde,
With thort auysement to Wallace sone they socht,
Then Pstewart cryit and said that beis for nocht,
And als of kynd thou art of heritage,
Cowart on thé is euill wairit greit wage.
Heir I sall byde my purpois to fulfill,

Quhyr

Outher to die or haue thée at my will,
For all his speich to pas thay would not spair,
With full glade heart Wallace resauit him thair,
Be that Ruthuen and Ramsay of renoun,
Be ane true Scot that past to Sanct-Iohnstoun,
Thams warning maid that Pswart sollowit fast
Upon Wallace, than wer they sair agast,
Out of the toune ishit in all thair micht,
With thrie hundreth that worthie were & wicht,
To blake Irnesyde assemblit in that place,
As Wallange was gane in to gude Wallace.
The knicht Pswart hes weill thair cumming sene
Ane fair plaine feild he cheisit them betuene,
Ellenin hundreth and four scoir then had he,
The Scottis men wer fyue hundreth and sirtie,
Thir were bot few ane plaine feild for to take,
Out of the wod gude Wallace can him make.
He wist na wit of them that cummand was,
Nair hardiment was fra the strenth to pas,
Bot quhen he heard Ruthuen and Ramsay crp,
Of Ouchterhous blyth was his Chenalrie.
Micht thay of gold haue brocht ane Kings rent,
The gude Wallace micht not sa weill content.
Than to array they zeid on ather syde,
In cruell ire in battell boun to byde,
Worthyar men then Pswart semblit thair,
In all his tyme Edward had neuer mair.
Bot Pswart saw his number was far ma,
His power sone he gart diuyde in twa.
To fecht in that caus knichtlie he them kend,
In that iourney outher to win or end.
The worthie Scottis that first amang them baid,
Full greit slanchter on Inglishmen thay maid.
Into the wod before had pzenit sa weill,
That on the plaine they sonzeit neuer a deill,
In courage grew as they were new begun,
Schort rest they had fra tysing of the Sunne,

Be that Ramſay and gude worthie Ruthuene,
Throw out the thickeſt of the preis is gane,
Slopis they maid amangs the Inglishmen,
Diſſeuerit them be twentie and be ten,
Quhen ſpeiris were gane with ſwords of mettell cleir.
To Inglishmen their cumming ſauld full deir,
Wallace and his be worthynes of hand,
Feill Sutheroun blude gart licht vpon the land.
The twa feilds togider reilit than,
Sir Iohn Pſewart with monie nobill man.
To help thair Lord thrie hundreth in ane place,
About him ſtude and did their biſſines,
Defend and him with monie awfull dint,
Quhill all the outwart of the field was tint.
Of commons pairt into the forreſt fled.
Succour to ſeik thir men ſa had themſled,
The Scots hes ſene ſa mony in ane rout,
With Pſewart ſtand that gairdit him about,
Vpon the ſyds aſſailzeit wonder ſair,
The poleiſt plaits with points peirſit bair,
The Sutheroun maid defence full cruellie,
All occuppit was this nobill Chevalrie.
Sir Iohn Ramſay wald thay had zolden bene,
Wallace ſaid nay it is ane wrang ze mene,
Ranſon to tak we can not now begin,
On ſik ane wiſe this land we may not win,
Zon Knicht of auld our enemie hes bene,
Sa fell to vs of thame I haue not ſene.
Now he ſall die throw help of Gods grace,
Ye come to pay his ranſone in this place.
The Sutheroun ſaw and will plainly to die.
Reſkew was nane ſuppois that they wald flie,
Freſhlie they faucht as they had enterit new,
Vpon our ſyde part worthie men they ſlew.
Then Pſewart ſaid alace in wrang doing,
Our lynes we loſe for pleaſure of our king,
That felloun knicht doutit his life richt nocht,

Ama

Amang the Scots full hardelie he wrocht.
Bissit he strake to deith withoutin mair
Wallace preissit with his sword birnit bair.
At Pswartis hals he ettellit with greit ire,
Throw pslane stiffin sunder strake the swyre,
Deid to the ground he rulhit for all his micht,
Be Wallace hand thus endit that gude knicht,
The remanent without mercie thay slae,
For gude Bissit the Scots was wonder wae,
In hands sum thay stickit but remeid,
Na Sutheroun past with lyfe out of that steid.
Than to the wode for thame that left the feild,
Ane range they set, thus micht thay gat na beild,
Zeid nane away was contrair our opinioun.
Gude Ruthuen past againe to Sanct-Iohnstoun,
Sir Iohn Ramsay to Cowper Castell raid,
That hous he tuik for defence nane was maid.
Wallace Crawfurd and with them gude Guthrie
Richard Wallace had lang bene in mellie.
And Longoueill into Lundoris baid still,
Fastit they had tw lang againe their will.
VVallange thay made thair steward for to be,
Of meit and drink thay fand aboundantlie.
The power fled and durst na langer byde,
That was before vpon the Sutheroun syde,
Upon the morne to Sanct-Androes thay past,
Out of the toun that Bishop bownit fast,
The King of England had him thither send,
That rent at will he gaue him in commend.
His Kingis charge as then he durst not hald,
Ane wrangous Pape that Tyran micht be cald,
Few fled with him and gat away be sie,
For all Scotland Wallace he wald not sie,
Of him as than he maid bot licht record,
Gart restore him that their was richteous Lord,
The worthie knicht that into Cowper lay,
Gart spulzie it vpon the secund day,

Syne

Syne ordanit men at command of Wallace,
But mair proces for to cast doun the place,
Myndores they gart sone pearce out throw the wall,
Soone punsionis fyrit vnto the ground kest all,
Sir Iohn Ramsay syne to Carraill can fair,
Sutheroun was fled and left bot walles bair.
Efter Psewart they durst not tarie lang.
The Scots at large out throw all Fyfe they rang,
Na Inglishmen was left in that countrie,
Bot in Lochleuin thair baid ane cumpanie,
Vpon that Inch in small houses they licht,
Castell was nane bot wallit with water wicht.
Besyde Carraill semblit Wallace beforne,
His purpois was for to assay Kingorne.
Ane Knicht Musgraue Capitane in it was,
Be schort auyse he puposit for to pas.
Erar he wald byde challainge of the King,
Than with Wallace to reckin for sik thing,
That hous he tuik and littill tarie maid,
Vpon the morne withouttin mair abaid,
At ouer the mure quhair thay the tryst had set,
Neir Scotland well thair ludging tuik but let,
Efter supper Wallace bad them ga rest,
My selfe will wake me think it may be best.

The winning of Lochleuin, Chap. III.

AS he commandit but graithing they haue done,
Vnto their sleip, Wallace syne graithit him soone,
Past to Lochleuin as it was neir midnicht,
Auchteine with him that he had warnit richt,
Thir men weint weill he come to vesy it,
Fellowis he said I do you weill to wit,
Consider weill this place and vnderstand,
That it may do full greit skaith to Scotland.
Out of the south and power come them till,
They may take in to keip at their awin will,
Vpon yon inch richt mony men may be,

And syne ishe out thairtyme quhen that they sée,
To byde lang heir we may not weill for chance,
Zone folke hes fude trust weill at suffisance,
Water fra them forsuith can not be set,
Sum vther wyle behoues vs to get,
Ze sall remaine heir at this part all still,
And I my selfe the boat sall bring zou till,
Thairwith his weid in haist off castis he,
Vpon zond syde no watchman can he se,
Held on his sarke and tuik his sword sa gude,
Bound on his neck syne lap into the flude,
And ouer he swame for letting had he nocht,
The boit he tuik and to his men he brocht,
Arrayit him weill and wald na langer byde,
Bot passit in and rowit to the vther syde,
The Inch they tuke with drawin swords in hand,
They sparit nane that they before them fand.
Strak dures vp and stikit men quhair they lay,
Vpon the Sutheroun thus sadly semblit they,
Threttie they slew that was into that place,
To make defence the Inglismen had na space,
Thair wemen syne was send out of that steid,
Wemen nor bairnis he neuer put to deid.
The gude they tuik as it had bene thair awin,
Than Wallace said fellowes I mak zou knawen,
The purueyance that was within the wanis,
We will not tyne gar sembill vs all atanis.
Let warne Ramsay and our gude men ilk ane.
I will remane quhill all this stuffe be gane.
Send furth ane man their horses for to kéepe,
Drew vp the boate, syne beds tuke to sléepe.
Wallace power néere Scotland well quhilk lay,
Before the Sunne they missit him away.
Sum meaning maid and meruelit of that cace,
Ramsay bad ceis and murne not for Wallace.
It is for gude that he is from vs went,
That sall ze se and traist weill veryment.

Hy heid to wed Lochleuin he pass to se,
Bot in that place na Inglismen fand he.
Into this land betuirt thir waters left,
Tythings of him full sone ze sall heir eft.
As they about were talkand on this wise,
Pellage sone come and chargit them to ryse,
Hy Lord he said to denner hes zou cald,
Into Lochleuin quhilk is ane liklie hald,
Ze sall fair weill thairfore put off all sorrow,
Thay graithit them richt airlie on the morrow,
And thidder past of Wallace will to wit,
Than semblit in ane full blyth fellowship,
They ludgit them thair quhill aucht dayes was at end,
Of meit and drink they had eneuch to spend,
Turlit furth geir that Sutheroun had brocht thair,
Gart birne the boit to Sanct-Iohnstoun they fair,
Bishop Sinkler that worthy was and wyse,
To Wallace come and tald him his anyse.
Thus he delyrit Wallace with him wald byde,
And in Dunkeld soiorne that winter tyde.
Bot he said nay that hald I nocht the best,
And Scotland thus, in peice we can not rest,
The Bishop said plainlie, we may not wend,
Into the North for men I reid zou send,
I grant (quod he) and cheisit ane messenger,
The worthy Iop was with the bishop thair.
And Maister Blair quhill Wallace come they baid,
With that gude Lord that nobill cheir them maid.
Wallace send Blair into his Preists weid,
To warne the west quhair freinds had greit dreid,
How they sould pas or to gude Wallace wyn,
For Inglishmen that held them lang in twyne,
Adame Wallace and Lindlay that was wicht,
Rauthlie they left and went away be nicht,
Throuchout the land to the Lennox they fair,
To Erle Malcolme that welcomet them full zair,
Maister Iohn Blair was blyth of that semblie,

Gud Grahame was thair and Richard of Landie
Als Robert Boyde out of Bute to thame socht,
Gat thay Wallace of nathing than thay rocht.
Bot Inglishmen betwix thame was sa strang,
That thay in plaine micht not weill to him gang.
Iop passit on for nathing wald he let,
Greit power than as thair he micht not get.
The Lord Cummyng that Erle of Buchane was,
For ald inuy he wald let no man pas,
That he micht let in gude Wallace supplie,
The Erle Patrike at plaine feild keipit he,
Zit poore men come and preiuit all thair micht,
To helpe Wallace in fence of Scotlands richt.
The gude Randall in tender age was hend,
Part of gude men out of Murray he send.
Iop past againe and come in presence sone,
Before Wallace and tauld how he had done,
Bot Maister Blair sa gude tythings him brocht,
That of Cumming Wallace full littill rocht.
Als Inglismen than had full mekill dreid.
Fra Fyfe was tint the war they trowit to speid.
The Duke and Erle that time in Scotland led,
Captaines thay maid in England syne thay sped,
Wallace him bounit quhen he thocht tyme suld be
Fra Sanct Iohnstoun and tuke with him fyftie.
Steuin of Ireland and Keirlie that was wicht,
From Inglismen they had haldin the richt,
In watchmen weid and fendit them richt weill.
To gude Wallace they wer als true as steill,
To follow him thay t wa thocht neuer lang.
Throw the Ochel they made them for to gang,
On mair power he tarpit not that tyde,
To keip the Land the laue he gart abyde.
To Striuiling brig as than he wald not pas,
For strang power of Inglismen there was.

TO Airth Ferray they paſſit p̃natlie,
And buſkit them in ane derne ſteid thereby.
Ane cruell Captaine in Airth dwelt that zeir,
In Ingland borne that hecht Tomlin of Weir.
Ane hundreth men was at his leiding ſtill,
To bruik that land they did power and will,
Ane Scottis ſither quhilk they had tane beforne,
Contrair his will gart him be to them ſworne.
In their ſeruice they held him day and nicht,
Befoir the Sunne Wallace gart lop him dicht.
And ſend him furth the paſſage to eſpy,
On the ſither they hapnit ſuddanly.
All him alane bot ane boy that was thair,
Iop hint him ſone and for na feir wald ſpair.
Be the coller and out ane knyfe pullit he,
For Gods ſaik this man aſkit mercie.
Iop ſpeirit ſone, of quhat Nation art thou,
Ane Scot he ſaid bot Sutheron gart me bow.
In their ſeruice againis my will ſa ſair,
Bot for my lyfe that I remainit thair.
To ſeik fiſh I come on this Northſyde,
Be ze an Scot I wald faine with zou byde,
Than he him brocht in preſence of Wallace,
The Scots was blyith quhen they haue ſæne this cace.
For with his boat they micht well paſſage haue,
For ferray craft he thocht not for to craue.
Into that ſyde lang ſpace they taryit nocht,
In the South land with glaid hearts they ſocht.
Syne brak the boat quhen they were landit thair,
Seruice of it Sutheron micht haue na mair.
Then throw the Poole they paſſit full gude ſpeid,
To the Torwood that man with them they leid.
The widow there brocht tythings to Wallace,
Of his trew Eme that dwelt at Donypace.
Thomlin of Weir in priſon had him ſet,
For mair treaſour than he befoir micht get.
Wallace ſaid Dame he ſall weill louſit be

The morne be noone or mae thairfore sall die.
Sho gat them meit and in quyet they baid,
Quhill it was nicht syne readie soone they maid.
Towart Airth hill richt suddanlie they drew.
Ane strenth there was that weill the fisher knew.
Of draw dykes and full of water wan,
Wyselie thairof he watchit them this man.
On the back syde he led them priuatlie,
Fra the water as wont to come was he.
Quir ane small brig gude Wallace enterit in,
Into the hall himselfe thocht to begin.
Fra the supper as they were boun to ryse,
He salust them vpon ane awfull wyse.
His men him followit suddanlie atainis,
Haistie sorrow was raisit in thay wainis.
With sheirand swords sharplie about them dang,
Feill in the flure was fellit them amang.
With Tomlin Weir Wallace himselfe hes met,
Ane felloun straik sadlie vpon him set,
Throw heid and swyre all throw the coist him claue,
The worthie Scots fast stickit of the laue.
Keipit weill duris and to the death them dicht,
To chaip away the Sutheron had na micht.
Sum windois socht for to haue brokin out,
Bot all for nocht full fey was all that rout.
About the fyre bushit the blude sa reid,
Ane hundreth men was slaine into that steid.
Than Wallace socht quhair his Uncle micht be,
In ane deip caue he was set duilfullie,
Quhair water stude and he in irnis strang,
Wallace full soone the braisses vp he dang.
Off that mirk hoill brocht him with strength and list,
Bot noyis he heard of nathing els he wist.
Sa blyth befoir in warld he had not bene,
And thairwith sichit quhen he had Wallace sene.
In dykis out the deid bodies they kest,
Graithit the place as then thame lykit best.

Maid

Haid full gude cheir and wyse watchis they set,
Quhill neir the day they keipit withouttin let.
Quhen they had sicht spuilzeit the place in hy:
Fand gainand geir baith gold and Jowalry.
On all that day in quyet held them still,
Quhen Sutheron come refauit them with gude will,
In that labour the Scottis was full baine,
Sutheron come in bot nane went out againe.
Wemen and bairnis put in prison and caue,
Sa they micht make na warning to the laue.
Steuin of Ireland and Keirlie that was wicht,
Keipit the port, vpon the seroond nicht,
Befoir the day the worthie Scottis rais,
Turnit gude geir and to the Torwood gais.
Remainit there quhill nicht was cumming on hand,
Syne bownit them in quyet throw the land.
The widow sone fra they wer passit doun,
Ane seruant send and set the wemen out,
To pas fra Airth quhair that them lykit best,
Now speik of them that went into the West.

¶ How Wallace brint the Inglismen in Dumbartane. Chap. V.

WAllace him selfe was sicker gyde that nicht,
To Dumbartan the way he cheisit richt,
Or it was day for than the nicht was lang,
Unto the toun full priuatlie they gang,
Meikill of it then Inglishmen occuppit,
Gude Wallace sone throw ane dark garth him hyit,
Unto the hous quhilk he was wont to ken,
Ane widow dwelt that was friend to our men.
About hir bed on the back syde was maid,
Ane derne window was nouther lang nor braid.
There Wallace callit and sone fra sho him knew
In haist sho rais and priuatly him drew,
In ane chote barn quhair thay micht keipit be,

Watch meit and drink thoe wrocht them in plentie.
Ane gudelie gift to Wallace als thay gaue,
Ane hundreth pound, and mair alouer the laue,
Syne sommes tho had was lykelie men and wicht,
Ane aith to him thoe gart them sweir full richt.
In peice they dwelt in troubill they had bene,
And tribute payit to Inglis Captaines kene.
Sir Iohn Menteith the Castell had in hand,
Bot sum men laid there was ane priue band.
To Sutheron maid be meanis of that Knicht,
Of their supplie to be at all his micht.
Thairof as now I will na proces make,
Wallace that day ane short purpose can take.
Quhen it was nicht he bad the widow pas,
And mark the durris quhair Southeron dwelland was.
Syne efter this he and his Cheualrie,
Graithit them weill and wapouns tuik in hy.
Went on the gait quhair Southeron were on sleip.
Ane greit Oistelarie our Scots tuik to keip,
Ane Inglis Captaine was sittand vp a lait,
Quhen he and his with drinking was maid hait.
Syne was there with him mo hie courage,
Sum wald haue had gude Wallace in that rage.
Sum wald haue bound sir Iohn the Grame throw strenth.
Sũ wald haue had gude Boyd at swords lenth,
Sum wisit Lundie that chaipit was in Fyfe,
Sum wichter was nor Setoun than in stryfe,
Quhen Wallace heard the Sutheron make sik din,
He gart all byde and him alane went in.
The laue remainit to heir of their tythance,
He saluit them with sturdie countinance.
Fellowis he said sen I come last fra hame,
In trauell I was in land ouir vncouth laine.
Fra South Ireland I come in this countrie,
The new conquest of Scotland for to see.
Part of your drink and sum guid I wald haue,
The Captaine than ane schrew answer him gaue.

Thou

Thou semis ane Scot lyklis to be ane spy,
Thou may be ane of Wallace cumpanie,
Contrair our king he is risin againe,
The land of Fyfe he hes riddin in plaine,
Thou sall heir byde quhill we wit how it be,
Be thou of his thou sall be hangit hie,
Wallace thocht than it was na time to stand,
His noble sword he gripit sone in hand,
Duir thort the face drew the Captaine in tene,
Strak all away that grew abone the ene,
Ane vther braithlie in the breist he bair,
Baith braine and bane the buirly blaid throw shair,
The laue rusht vp, then Wallace in greit ire,
The third he fellit derflie into the fyre.
Steuin of Ireland and Keirkie in that thrang,
Keipit na charge bot enterit thame amang.
And vther ma that to the dure can preis,
Quhill they him saw their could na thing them reis.
The Sutheroun men full sone was brocht to deid
The Millar bad them all gude aill and breid.
Wallace said nay quhill we haue laser mair,
To be our guyde thou sall before vs fair,
And begin fyre quhair that the Sutheron lyis,
The Millar sone vpon ane haistie wyes,
Hint fyre in hand and to ane greit hous zeid,
Quhair Inglishmen wer into mekill dreid.
For they wist not quhill that the reid low rais,
Als woode as beistis amang the fyre than gais,
With paynis fell rushit full sorrowfully,
The laue without of our gude Chevalrie,
At ilk hous quhair the Millar began,
Keipit the duris fra them chaipit na man.
For all thair micht thoch King Edward had sworne,
Gat nane away that was of England borne.
Bot outher brynt or but reskew was slaine,
And sum throw force dreuin in the fyre againe,
Sum Scottis folke in seruice them amang.

Fra

Fra ony paine frelie thay leit them gang.
Thrie hundreth men was to Dumbartane send,
To keip the land as thair Lord had them kend.
Skaithles of thame for ay was this regioun,
Wallace or day maid him out of the toun,
Unto the caue of Dumbartane they zeid,
And all that day thair soiourned but dreid,
Baith meit and drinke the Ostiler gart be brocht,
Quhen nicht was comin in all the haist they mocht,
Towart Rosneth ful earnestlie they gang.
For Inglismen was in that Castell strang.
On the Garloch they purposit them to byde,
Betuix the Birk that neir was thair besyde,
And to the Castell full priuatlie they draw,
Under ane bray thay ludgit them full law,
Besyde the water quhair common vse had they,
From Castell to the Birk to pas ilk day,
Ane mariage als was that day to begin.
All ishit out and left na man within,
That fence micht mak but seruands in that place.
Thus to that tryst thay passit vpon cace,
Wallace and his drew them full priuily,
Neir hand the place quhen they were passit by,
Within the hall and thocht to keip that steid,
Fra Sutheroun men or ellis thairfore be deid.
Compleit was maid the mariage into plane,
Unto Rosneth they passit hame againe.
Fourscore and mae was in that company,
Bot not arrayit as was our Cheualrie.
To the Castell they wend to pas but let,
The worthy Scots so hardlie on them set,
Fourtie at anis derflie to deith thay bair,
The remanent affrayit was sa sair,
Langer in field they had na micht to byde,
Bot fearflie fled fra them on ather syde,
The Scots thairwith weill hes the entrie win,
And slew all sik as the hous was found in,

Syne

Syne on the fleats followit wonder faſt,
Na Inglifhmen with lyfe thair fra them paſt,
Ths wemen ſone they ſeaſit into hand,
Keipit them cloſe for warning of the land,
And deid bodyes all out of ſicht they keſt,
Than at gude eaſe thay maid them for to reſt.
On thair purueyance ſeuin dayes ludgit thair,
At rude coaſt to ſpend they wald not ſpair.
Quhen Sutherown come they tuik them glaidly in,
Bot out agane they let nane of that kin,
Quha tydings ſend the Captane of that ſteid,
Their ſernitours the Scottis put to deid,
Spuilzeit the place and left na gudes thair,
Wrake wallis doun and maid the biggings bair,
Quhen thay had ſpilt all ſtane wark that thay mocht,
Thay kendelit fyre and fra Roſneth they ſocht,
Quhen thay had brint all trein warke in that place,
Wallace gart freith the wemen of his grace.
To do thame harme his purpoſe neuer was,
Than to Falkland the worthie Scots can pas,
Quhair Erle Malcolme was bydand at defence,
Richt blyth he was of Wallace gude preſence.
Than he fand thair ane nobill companie,
Sir Iohn the Grahame and Richard of Lundie,
Adame Wallace that worthy was and wyſe,
Barklay and Boyd with men mekill to pryſe.
At Chriſtmas thair Wallace ſoiournit ſtill,
Of his mother tythings was brocht him till,
In tyme befoze ſho had left Ellerſlie,
For Inglifmen ſcho durſt not in it be,
Fra tyme diſguyſit ſcho paſt in pilgryme weid,
Sum girth to ſeik to Dumfermling ſcho zeid,
Seiknes ſcho had forſuith into that ſteid,
Deceiſſit ſho was, God tuik hir ſpirit to leid.
Quhen Wallace heard that thir tythings was treiw,
Than ſadnes ſair on ilk ſyde did verſew,
In thank he tuik becaus it is naturall,

He

He louit God with ſiker hairt and haill.
Better him thocht that it was hapnit ſa,
Than ſuheroun ſould put her to vther wa,
He ordainit Iop and alſwa maiſter Blair,
Thither to pas and for na coiſt to ſpair.
Bot honorablie put corps in ſepulture,
At his command they ſeruit all the cure,
Doand thairto as deith requyrit to haue,
With rich entier the corps thay put in graue.
Agane they turnit and ſhewit of her end,
He thankit God quhat grace that euer he ſend.
He ſaw the warld was ful of fantaſie,
Comfort he tuike let all murning ga by,
His maiſt delyte was for to freith Scotland,
Now will I tell quhat cace than come on hand.

HOW SIR WILLIAM DOWGLAS WAN the Caſtell of Sanquhair by a jeopardie and how William Wallace reskewed him from the Engliſhmen and put them out of that part. Chap. VI.

SIr Williame lang of Dowglaſdaill was Lord.
Be his firſt wyfe as richt is to record,
Deceiſſit than out of this warldlie air,
Twa ſonnes he had with her that liuit thair,
Quhilk likelie was and abill in courage,
To Scuill was ſend into thair tender age,
Iames and Hew ſa hecht thir brether twa,
And efter ſone their vncle couth them ta,
Gude Robert Keith had them fra Glaſgow toun,
And ouir the ſey to France he made him boun.
At ſtudy ſyne he ſet them in Pareis,
With ane maiſter that worthie was and wiſe,
The King Edward tuik thair father that knicht,
And held him ſtill thoch he was neuer ſa wicht,
Quhill time he had aſſentit to his will,
Ane mariage als they had ordainit him till.
The Ladie Ferres of power and hie blude,

Bot

Bot thairof come to his life litill gude,
Twa sonnes he gat on this Ladie but mair,
With Edwards will he tuik his leiue to fair,
In Scotland come and broght his wife in peis,
In Dowglas dwelt, forsuith this is na leis.
King Edward trowit that he had steidfast bene,
Fast to thair faith bot contrair soone was sene,
Ay the Scots blude remained in Dowglas,
Agains England quhilk preuit in mony place.
The Sanquhair was ane Castell fair and strang,
Ane Inglish Captaine had done feill Scots wrang,
Into it dwelt and Bewfurd he was cald,
That held all waist fra thine to Dowglas bald,
Richt neir of kyn was Dowglas wife and he,
Thairfore he trowit in peace of him to be.
Sir William saw that Wallace rais in plaine,
And richt likelie to freith Scotland againe,
To help him pairt into his minde he kest,
For in that life richt lang he could not rest.
He thocht na charge to brek vpon England,
It was throw force that euer he maid them band.
Ane zoung man than that hardie was and bald,
Borne with himselfe and Thomas Diksone cald.
Deir freind he said I wald prieue at my micht,
And make ane fray to fals Bewfurd the knicht,
In Sanquhair dwellis and dois full greit outrage.
Than Dicksone said my self in that veyage,
Sall for zou pas with Andersone to speake,
Freindship to me my Cousing will not breake,
He is the man that fyre leidis them till,
Throw his help we our purpose will fulfill,
Sir Williame than in all the haist he micht,
Threttie true men in that veyage he dicht,
And tald his wife to Dunfreis he wald fair,
Ane tryst he said of England he had thair.
Thus passit he quhair that na Sutheroun wist,
With thir threttie throw waist land at thair list.

Quhill

Quhill nicht was cummin they couched them full law,
Into ane cleuch neir at the water Craw,
To the Sanquhair Dikſone allane he ſend,
And he ſone maid with Anderſone this end,
Dikſone ſould take baith his horſe and his weid,
Be it was day ane draucht of wod to leid.
Againe he paſt and tauld the gude Dowglas,
Quhilk drew him ſone into ane priuat place,
Anderſone tauld quhat ſtuffe thair was thairin,
To Thomas Dikſone that was richt neir of kin,
Fourtie they are all men of mekill baill,
Be they on fute they will you ſair aſſaill,
Gif thou happin the entrie for to get,
On thy richt hand ane ſtalwart air is ſet,
Thairwith thou may defend thé in ane thrang,
Be Dowglas wiſe he byde not fra thee lang,
Anderſone zeid to the bulhment in hy,
Neir the Caſtell he drew them priuily.
Unto ane thaw Sutheroun miſtraiſtit nocht,
To the nixt wod with Dikſone ſone he ſocht,
Graithit ane draucht on ane braid ſlipping law,
Chargit ane hors and to the toun can draw.
Arrayit he was in Anderſones weid,
And bad haue in the Porter comie gude ſpeid.
This hour he ſaid thou micht haue bene away,
Untymous thou art for it is ſcantly day,
The zet zeid vp Dikſoun zeid in but mair,
Ane thortour band that all the draucht vp bair,
He cutted it the ſlip to ground couth ga,
Cummerit the zet ſteiking they micht not ma,
The Porter ſone he hint into the ſtrife.
Twyis throw the heid and reft him ſone his life,
The are he gat that Anderſone of ſpake,
And bekning maid thairwith the bulhment brake,
Dowglas himſelf was formeſt in that preis,
In ouer the wod enterit or he wald ceis.
Thrie watchmen was fra the walles cummin new,

Within

Within the close the Scotismen them slew.
Of ony scry was raisit in that stour,
Dowglas had tane the set of the greit toure.
Ran vp the stare quhair that the captaine lay,
On fute he gat and wald haue bene away,
Quer late he was Dowglas strake vp the dure,
Bewfurd he fand in mids of the flure.
With ane stiff sword to death he hes him dicht.
His men followed fast that worthy were and wicht.
The men they slew that was within thay wanis
Syne in the close thay semblit all atanis,
The house thay tuik and Southeroun put to deid,
Gat nane bot ane with lyfe out of that steid.
For that the set sa lang vnsleikit was,
This spy he fled and to Duresdeir can pas.
Tauld that Captaine that they had hapned sa,
Ane vther he gart into the Ennoch ga,
And Tyberis mure was warnit of this cace,
And Lochmabane all semblit to this place.
The countrie als quhen they heard of sik thing,
Wald seige Dowglas and hecht thay sould him bring,
Quhen *Dowglas* wist that ane was fra them chaip,
To sailzie him he trowit that they wald thaip,
Diksoun he send vpon ane Cuirsour wicht,
To warne Wallace in all the haist he micht.
In the Lennox Wallace had tane the plaine,
With four hundreth that was of mekill mane.
Kilsyth Castell he thocht to besy it,
That Raindaill held bot trew men let him wit,
That he was out that time in Cumbernald,
Lord Cumming dwelt on tribute in that hald.
Quhen Wallace wist he gart Erle Malcolme ly,
With twa hundreth in buthment neir thairby.
To keip the hous that nane sould to it fair.
He tuik the laue in the wod syde neir thair,
Ane Scurriour set to warne gif he saw ocht,
Sone Raindaill came of thame he had na thocht,

Quhen

Quhen he was cummin the twa buthements betwéne,
The Scurriour warnit thir creuell men and kene,
Quhen Erle Malcolme had harrit them from the place,
Na Sutheroun zeid with lyfe they did that grace.
Part Lennox men they left the houle to ta,
Or ſpulzeing than they wald na tarie ma,
To ſeige houſes than Wallace couth not byde,
Throwout the land in awfull wyſe thay ryde,
Than Linlithgow they brint intill thair gait,
Quhair Sutheroun dwelt thay maid thair diggings hait
The Peill they tuke ſlew them that was thairin,
Of Sutheroun blude the Scots thocht na ſume,
Syne on the mozne brint Dalkeith in ane gleid,
Sone to ane ſtrenth to Newbottell wood they zeid.
Be that Lawder and Chriſtell of Seytoun,
Come fra the Bas and brint Northbetwick toun,
That Inglithmen they ſould na ſuccour get,
Quhom thay ouirtuik they ſlew withouttin let.
To meit Wallace they paſt in all their micht,
Ane hundreth with thame of men of armes bricht,
Ane blyth metting that tyme was them betwéne,
Quhen Erle Malcolme and Wallace hes thame ſene.
Thomas Dickſone als met with gude Wallace,
Quhilk granted ſone to reſkew Dowglas,
Dickſone he ſaid wait thou of thair multiplie,
Thrie thouſand men thair power may not be,
Erle Malcolme ſaid though they were thouſands fyue,
For this actioun me thynk that we ſould ſtryue,
Than Hew the Hay that dwelt vnder trewage,
Of Englithmen, ſome he gaue ouer that wage,
Nair for to pay as than he lykit nocht,
With fyftie men to Wallace furth he locht,
To Peiblis fall bot na Sutheroun them baid,
Thair at the Croce ane plaine cry they maid,
Wallace commandit quha wald come to his peace,
And byde thair at reward ſould haue but leis,
Gude Rutherfurd that euer true had bene,
In Etrick wood againſt the Sutheroun kene.

Widdi

Biddin he had and done them mekill deir,
Sextie he had of nobill men of weir,
Wallace him welcumit that come in his supplie,
With Lordlyke feir and chiftane like was he,
Than to array they went abont the toun,
Their number was six hundreth of renoun,
In birnes bricht all men of meikill vaill,
With glaid hearts they past throw Cliddisdaill.
The seige began and to the Sauquhair set,
Bot tythings come that maid thairin ane let,
Quhen Sutheroun heard that Wallace was sa neir,
Throw haistie fray the Oist was all on steir.
Na man was thair wald for ane vther byde,
Purpose they tuik in England for to ryde.
The Chiftane said sen thair King had before,
Fra Wallace fled thair causes was the moir,
Fra South they socht to byde it was greit wraith
Dowglas as than was thus quyte of thair skaith,
In Crawfurd mure be than was gude Wallace,
Quhen men him tald that Sutheron vpon cace,
Wer fled away and durst him not abyde,
Thrie hundreth than he cheisit with him to ryde.
In licht harnes and hors that they wald waill,
The Erle Malcolme he bad byde with the staill,
To follow thame ane bake gaird for to be,
To stufe the chase in all haist bownit he.
Throw Durisdeir he tuik the ganest gait,
Richt fane he wald with Sutheroun maid debait
The plainest way aboue Mortoun they hald,
Rydand the hicht gif that the Sutheroun wald,
Was to persew or turne to Lochinabane,
Bot tent thairto the Inglismen tuik nane,
Doun richt they held graith gyds could them leir
Aboue Closburne Wallace approachit neir.
In ire he grew quhen they wer in his sicht,
To them thay sped with will and all they micht,
On an out part the Scottis set that tyde,

Seuin scoir at eird they had foone at ane syde.
The Sutheroun saw that it had hapned sa,
Turnit in againe than sum reskew to ma.
Quhen they trowit best with gude Wallace to stand,
Erle Malcolme come than richt neir at their hand,
The haill power tuik plaine purpose to flée,
Quha wer at eird Wallace gart let them be,
Upon the formest followit with all his micht,
The Erle and his amang the laue can licht,
Did all to death that vnhorsit were that tyde,
Efter the hors full freshlie than they ryde,
Fyue hundreth haill or they past Dalswyntoun,
On Sutheroun syde to ground thair was brocht doun,
Of Scots hors mony began to tyre,
Suppois their selfe was feirs as ony fyre.
The flears left baith wood waters and hill,
To take the plaine speidfull they thocht them till,
In greit battell away full fast they raid,
Into the strenths they thocht to make na baid,
Neir Lochmabane and Ouchterhous thay went,
Besyde Crochmad quhair feill Sutheroun was shent,
Richt monie hors that riddin had sa lang,
And trauellit fair they micht na farther gang.
Sir Iohn the Grahame vpon his fute was set,
Than Wallace als lichtit withouttin let.
Thir twa on fute amang their enemies zeid,
Was nane bot hors micht fra them pas for speid.
On Inglishmen sa cruellie they socht,
Quhom they ouertuik againe harmit vs nocht,
To Wallace come ane pairt of power new,
On restit hors that peartlie couth persew,
Adame Currie with gude men of greit vaill,
And Iohnstoun als that dwelt into Eskdaill.
And Kirkpatrik was in that company,
And Haliday quhilk semblit sturdelie,
Quhair they enterit the sailzie was so fair,
Dead to the ground feill fleares doun they bair.

Seuin

Seuin scoir war haill of new cume men in deid,
The South pairtie of them had mekill dreid.
Wallace was horsit vpon ane Cursour wicht,
That gude Curry had brocht into his sicht,
To stuff the chase with the new cheualrie,
Commandit Grahame and his gude men for thy,
Togither byde and follow as they micht,
Thrie Captains thair full sone to death he dicht,
That restit horse sa wonder weill him bair,
Quhom he ouertuik again rais neuer mair.
Raithlie he raid and wrocht full monie wound,
Thir thrie Captains he stickit in ane stound,
Of Durisdeir Ennoch and Tybers mure,
Lord Cliffurds Eme away to Cairlile fure,
The quhilk before had keipit Lochmabane,
Na landit men chaipit with him bot ane.
For Maxwell als out of Carlauerok drew,
On the Sutheroun the gainest way can sew.
Into the chase sa wilfullie thay ryde,
Few gat away that come vpon that syde,
Besyde Cokpule full feill fechting thay fand,
Sum drownit was sum slane vpon the land,
Quha chaipit was in England fled away,
Wallace returnit na presoner tuik they,
In Carlauerok that nicht resting they maid,
Vpon the morne to Dumfreis blythly raid,
Thair Wallace cryit quha wald cum to his peis,
Agains Sutheroun thair malice for to ceis.
To true Scottis he ordained warisoun,
Quha falt it had he grantit remissioun,
In Dumfreis then he wald na langer byde.
The Sutheroun fled off Scotland on ilk syde,
Be sea and land without langer abaid,
Of Castellis tounis than Wallace chiftanis maid,
Reulit the land and put it in gude rest,
With true keipers the quhilk he traistit best,
The gude Dowglas quhilk I zou fauld of air,

Keiper he was fra Deuulanerik to Air.
Becaus he had on Sutheron sic thing wrocht,
His wyfe was kweith bot that sha shew it nocht.
Under couert hir malice held perfyte,
Ane Serpent waits hir tyme that scho may byte.
To Dowglas oft scho wrocht full mekill cair,
Of that as now I leaue quhill farther mair.
Bot Sutheroun men durst than na Castels hald,
They left Scotland before as I zou tald.
Saif ane Mortoun ane Captane fers and fell,
That held Dundy bot Wallace wald not dwell.
Bot thither past and laid it round about,
Quhen Mortoun saw that he was in that dout,
He askit leiue with thair lyfis to ga.
Wallace denyis and sayis it beis not sa,
The last Captain of England that heir was,
I gaue him lei ue haill with his men to pas.
Thou sall forethink sik maistrie for to make.
All England sall of thee example take,
Sic men I weind fra thyne for to haue worne,
Thou sall be hangit suppose thy king had sworne,
He gart command na Scots sould to him speik,
Confirmit the seige and said we sall vs wreke,
On Inglishmen as skill will of Dundie,
Scrimgeour he maid thair Constable to be,
Ane Ballinger of England that was thair,
Past out of Tay and came to Quhitbie fair,
To Londoun send and tauld of all this cace,
To hing Mortoun sa bowit had Wallace.
Before this time Edward with power zeid,
To weir on France for than he had na dreid.
Before he trowit Scotland to be his awin,
Quhen they him warnit how his men wer ouerthrawin,
Againe he tuike to England haistilie,
And left his turne all fiklit in follie,
Gascoun he clamit all into heritage,
He left it thus with all his hie barnage,

And

And Flanders als he thoght to take on hand,
All thir he left and come to reaue Scotland.
Quhen that this King to England was cummin hame,
Summonds they maid and chairgit the Bruce be name,
And vther ma that liuit vnder his croun,
Bishop Barroun to cum at his Summoun.
Quhen Wallace twyis throw force had fred Scotland,
This tyrane King tuik plainlie vpon hand,
For greit desire he micht na way take rest,
He thocht to him to make it plaine conqueist.
In couetyse he had rungin sa lang,
Chiftanis he maid that they sould not ga wrang.
Gydis they cheis for strenths them to gy,
They thocht na mair to byde at jeopardie,
In plaine battell that they micht Wallace win,
He trowit for weir they wald na mair begin,
Leaue I this King makand this ordinance,
My purpose is to speik sum thing of France,
The Inglish men than Guyan held in weir,
To French folke they did full mekill deir,
King and counsall sone in thair wits kest,
To get Wallace them thocht it was the best.
For Guyan land the Inglishmen had they,
Than chupe thay thus in all the haist they may,
For theytr a istit gif Scotland wer weill stad,
Wallace wald come as he them promeist had,
The samin Herald that in Scotland was,
Thay him commandit and ordainit him to pas,
Into Scotland without langer delay,
Out of the Sluce as gudlie as he may,
Readie he was in ship he past on cace,
In Tayes mouth but baid the hauen he tais,
Quhair Wallace than was at the sailzie still,
And he resauit the Herald with gude will,
Thair writ he reade and said them on this wise,
Ane answeir sone he couth them not deuise,
To honest Innis the Herald sone he send,

On Wallace coft richt baldly for to ſpend,
Quhill time he ſaw that vther maters zeid.
Than anſweir he ſould haue withoutin dreid,
The wit of France thocht Wallace to commend,
Into Scotland with this herald they ſend,
Praiſe of his deid and als the deſcriptioun,
Of him tane there be men of diſcretion,
Clarks knichts Heralds that him ſaw,
Bot I heirof can not rehearſe it aw.
Wallace ſtature of greitnes and of heicht,
Was iudgit thus be diſcretioun of ſicht,
That ſaw him baith on cheuall and in weid,
Nyne quarters large of heicht he was indeid,
Thrid pairt that length in ſchoulders braid was he,
Richt ſemlie ſtrang and luſtie for to ſe.
In lymmis greit with ſtallwart pace and ſound,
His brands hard with armes lang and round,
His hands maid richt like to ane palmeir,
Of man lyke make with naillis lang and cleir,
Proportionit fair and lang was his viſage,
Richt ſad of ſpeich and abill of courage,
Baith breiſtit heich with ſturdie craig and greit,
His lips round his neiſe ſquair and neit,
Birnand broun hair on browes and breis licht,
Cleir aſper ene like Diamondes bricht,
Vnder his chin on his left ſyde was ſene,
Ane hurt ane quhan, his cullour was ſanguene,
Wounds he had in mony diuers place,
Bot fair and haill weill keipit was his face,
Of riches als he keipit na proper thing,
Gaue that he wan like Alexander the King,
In tyme of peice meik as ane mynde ſould be,
Quhan weir approachit the richt Hector was he,
To Scots men richt gude credence he gaue,
Bot knawen enemies they couth him nocht diſſaue,
Thir properties wer iudgit into France,
Of him to be ane gudlie remembrance,

Quhilk

Maister Iohn Blair this patroun couth reskane,
In Wallace buik he wreuit it with the laue,
Bot he thairof as than tuik littill heid,
His laborous mynd was all of vther deid.
At Dundie seige thus earnest as he lay,
Tythings to him Iop wrocht vpon ane day,
How King Edward with likelie men of waill,
Ane hundreth thousand come for to assaill,
And Scots ground they had tane vpon cace.
Into sum pairt it greiuit gude Wallace
He maid Scrimgeour at this hous for to ly,
With twa thousand and chargit him for thy,
That nane sould chaip with lyfe out of that steid,
That Sutheroun wer, bot put them all to deid
Scrimgeour grantit richt faithfullie to byde,
With aucht thousand Wallace can fra him ryde,
To Sanct Iohnstoun thrie dayes he graithed thair,
With sad auise towart the South can fair,
For King Edward that time ordainit had,
Ten thousand haill to pas that wes full glaid,
With zong Wodstoke ane Lord of mekill micht,
At Striuiling brig he ordainit them full richt,
And thair to byde the entrie for to weir,
Of Wallace than he trowit to haue na deir.
Richt royallie vpon ane gude array,
Than leiue they tuik and paist out but delay,
To Striuiling come and thair wald not abyde,
To se the North bezond Forth can they ryde.
Sic new courage sa fell in his intent,
Quhilk maid Sutheroun full fair for to repent.

THE ELLEVINT BOOKE DECLARES the Battell of the Fawkirk, Chap. I.

THis Wodstock raid into the North gude speid,
Of Scottis as then he had but littill dreid.
For weill they trowit for to reskew Dundie,
There ships come to Tay in be the see.
His gydis said that they sould leid him by,
Sanct Iohnstoun quhair passage lay plainely.
The heicht they tuik and luikit them about,
Sa ware they wer of Wallace and his rout,
Than in sumpart he remordit his thocht,
The Kings command becaus he keipit nocht.
Bot quhen he saw they fewer was nor he,
He wald them byde and outher do or die.
Sir Iohn Ramsay formest his power saw,
Said zon ar they that ze sé hither draw.
Outher Sutheron that cummis sa cruellie,
Or Erle Malcolme to seik zou for supplie.
Than Wallace smylit said Inglismen they are,
Ze may them ken richt weill quhair that they fair.
On Shireff mure Wallace the field hes tane,
With aucht thousand of worthie men in wane.
The Sutheron wer richt douchtie into deid,
Togither strake weill stuffit in steill weid.
Than speiris sone all into splenders sprent,
The hardie Scots out through the Sutheron went.
In rapit battell seuin thousand doun they bair,
Deid on the bent recouerit neuer mair.
Richt feill fechting with wapins groundit kene,
Blude than fra birnes was bulsit on the gréne.
The stalwart stour richt felloun was and strang,
The worthie Scots sa derflie on them dang.
That all was deid within a littill stound,
Nane fra that place had power for to sound.
Young Wodstock hes baith lyfe and Dill forlorne,
The Scots spulzeit all gude geir them before.
Quhat them thocht best of fyne harnesse they waill,
Baith gold and gude, and hors that micht availl,
To Striuiling brig without resting they raid,

Or

Or ma sould come Wallace this ordinance maid.
Past ouir the brig Wallace gart Wichtis call,
And with craftismen bndid the passage all.
Syne thay same folk he send to the Dripsurde.
Gart set the ground with stark staikis and burde,
With nyne or ten sylis he keit the gait befoir,
Endlang the shald maid it als deip as shoir.
Then Wallace said we sall on ane syde be.
Zone king and I bot gif he southwart sle.
He send Lawder quhilk had in hand the Bas,
Endlang the coist quhair ony beschell was.
And men with him that bissie could luik,
Of ilk boat ane baird or twa they tuik.
Shippis they brint of strangers that was thair,
Setoun and he to Wallace thus can fair.
In Striuiling lay vpon his purpois still,
For Inglismen to see quhat way they will.
The Erle Malcolme Striuiling in keiping had,
To him he come with men of armes sad,
Three hundreth haill that sicker was and trew,
Of Lennox folk their power to renew.
Sir Iohn the Grahame fra Dundaf sickerlie,
To Wallace come with ane gude Cheualrie.
Tythings him brocht that Sutheron come at hand,
In Torphichin King Edward was lndgeand.
Destroyand the place of purueyance was thair,
Sanct Iohnes gude as then they wald not spair.
Gude Stewart of Bute came vnto Wallace thair,
With him he had twelse hundreth men and mair,
The Cumming than was past in Cummernald,
Vpon the morne bounit the Stewart bald,
Sone to array with men of armis bricht,
Tuentie thousand then semblit to thair sicht.
The Lord Stewart and Cumming furth they ryde,
To the Fawkirk and thocht thair to abyde.
Wallace and his then to array they zeid.
With ten thousand of worthie men in deid.

Quha

Quha could behald his awfull Lordlie vult,
Sa weill beſene ſa fordwart ſterne and ſtout,
Sa gude Chiftanis as with ſa few thay bene,
Without ane King was neuer in Scotland ſene.
Wallace him ſelfe and Erle Malcolme the Lord,
Sir Iohn the Grahame and Ramſay at record.
Setoun, Lawder, and Boyd that was full wicht,
Adame Wallace was to that journey dicht.
And monie vther that prieuit weill in preis,
Thair namis all I may not heir rehers.
Sutheron or than out of Torphichin fure,
Thair paſſage maid into Salmanane mure.
Into ane plaine ſet Tents and Pauillions,
South the Fawkirk ane littill aboue the toun.
Gude Iop him ſelfe iudgit be his ſicht,
In haill number ane hundreth thouſand richt.
Of Wallace cumming the Scots ſik comfort tuik,
Quhen they him ſaw all dredour they forſuik.
For of inuy was few thair that it wiſt,
Treaſonabill folk thair matter wirks at liſt.
Poyſoun ſenſyne at the Fawkirk is ſald,
Throw greit treaſoun and corruptioun of ald,
For Cumming had inuy at gude Wallace,
For Erle Patrik as hapnit vpon cace.
Counteſſe of Marche was Cummings ſiſter deir,
Vnder cullour he wrocht on this maner.
Into the Diſk had ordainit Wallace dead,
And maid Stewart to fall with him at plead.
That Lord he ſaid that Wallace had na richt,
Power to leid and he preſent in ſicht.
He bad him take the vangaird for to gy,
Sa wiſt he weill that he ſould ſtryue for thy.
Lord Stewart askit at Wallace his counſall,
Said ſir ze knaw, quhat may vs beſt availl.
Zone awfull King is felloun for to byde,
Richt vnabaiſſit Wallace anſwerit that tyde.
And I haue ſene ma twiſe into Scotland.

With

With zone ilk King quhen Scottismen tuik on hand,
With fewer men than now hither is socht,
This Realme agains and to gude purpois brocht.
Sir we will fecht for we haue men anew,
As for ane day sa that we all be trew.
The Stewart said, the vangaird we wald haue,
Wallace answerit and said, sa God me saue,
That sall ze not sa lang as I may ring,
Nor na man els except my richteous King.
Gif he will cum and take on him the Croun,
At his command I sall be readie boun.
Through Gods grace I reskewit Scotland tuyse,
I wer ouer mad to tyne it on ilk wyse.
To tyne for boist that I haue gouernit lang,
Thus halfe in wraith frawart him can he gang.
Stewart thairwith all bowdinnit into baill,
Wallace he said, be thé I tell ane taill.
Say furth (quod he) of the fairest ze can,
Unhappilie his taill thus he began.
Wallace he said thou takis thé mekill cure,
Sa faired it be wirking of Nature.
How ane Howlat compleinit of his fethzame,
Quhen dame Nature tuik of ilk birk bat blame,
Ane fair fether and to the Howlat gane,
Than he throw pryde rebutit all the laue.
Quhairfoir sould thou thy senzie schaw sa hie,
Thou thinkis nane heir that sould thy fellow be.
This makis it, thou art cled with our men,
Had we our awin thine wer bot few to ken.
At thir wozds gude Wallace brint as fyze,
Ouir haistelie he answerit him in yze.
Thou leid he said the suith full oft hes bene,
Thair haue I biddin quhair thou durst not be sene,
Contrair thy enemies na mair for Scotlands richt,
Nor dar the Howlat quhen that the day is licht.
That taill full neir thou hes tauld be thy sell,
To thy defyze thou sall not me compell.

Cumming

Cummyng it is hes giuen the this counsaill,
Will God ze sall of zour first purpose faill.
That fals traitour that I from danger brocht,
Is wonder like to bring this realme to nocht,
For thine oggart outher to do or die,
To presoun led or cowartlie to flie,
Reskew of me thou sall get nane this day,
Thairwith he turnit and fra him raid his way,
Ten thousand haill away with Wallace raid.
Nane better was in all the warld sa braid.
As of sic men that liuand was on life.
Allace greit harme fell Scotland for that stryfe,
Past to the wod fra the Fawkirk be eist,
He wald not byde for command nor requeist.
For charge of nane bot it had bene the King,
That micht that tyme bring him fra his eting.
The vther Scots that saw this dissentioun,
For discomfort to leaue the feild was boun,
Bot that thay men was native to Stewart,
Principall in Bute tuik hardiment in hart.
Lord Stewart was at Cumming greuit thair,
Hecht and he liuit he sould repent it sair,
The greit trespas that he throw misknawledge,
Had gart him make to Wallace in that place,
Of thair debait it was ane greit pittie,
For Inglishmen than micht na blyther be.
Haistit sa fast in battell to the feild,
Threttie thousand that weill couth wapinis weild.
The Erle Hartfurd was chosen thair Chiftane,
The gude Stewart to that array is gane,
The feild he tuik as true and worthie Knicht,
The Inglishmen come on with full greit micht,
Thair fell meiting was awfull for to se,
At that counter they gart feill Sutheroun die,
Quhen spiris were spilt hint out with swords swne,
On ather syde full douchtie deids wer done,
Feill on the gronnd was fellit in that place,

Stewart

Stewart and his can on thair enemies race,
Blude bristit out throw mailzie birneist bright,
Tuentie thousand with dreidfull wapins dicht,
Of Sutheroun men derflie to deith they ding.
The remanent againe fled to the king,
Ten thousand then efter the deid eshewit,
With that Chistane vnto the Oist relieuit.
Agane to ray the hardie Stewart zeid,
Nuhen Wallace saw that worthie nobill deid.
Held vp his hands with humble prayer prest,
O God he said gif zone Lordis grace to lest.
And power haue his worship to attend,
To win thir folk and take the haill commend.
Greit harme it wer that he sould be ouerset,
With new power they than on him rebet,
Be that the Bruce ane awfull battell rayit,
The Bishop Beik that oft had bene assayit,
Fourtie thousand vpon the Scots to fair,
With full effeir they raisit vp richt thair,
The Bruces baner with gold and goulles cleir,
Nuhen Wallace saw the battels approachit neir,
The richt Lyoun agains his owne Kinrike,
Alace he said the warld is contrair like,
This land sould be zon tyrans heritage,
That cummis thus to stroy his awin barnage,
Sa I war frie of it that I said air,
I wald forsweir Scotland for euermair,
Contrair Bruce I sould reskew them now,
Or die thairfore to God I make ane vow,
The greit debait in Wallace wit can waid,
Betuixt kindnes and wilfull vow was maid,
Kyndnes bad him reskew them fra thair fa,
Than will said nay quhy fuile will thou do sa,
Thou hes na wit with richt thy selfe to leid,
Sould thou help him that wald put thee to deid,
Kyndnes said zit they are gude Scottismen,
Then will said, wit, the veritie thou may ken,

Had

Had they bene gude all in ane we had bene;
Be reſſoun heir the contrair weill is ſene,
For they vs hait mair then the Sutheroun leid,
Byndnes ſaid nay, that ſchaw they not in deid,
Thoch ane of them be fals into their laid,
Becaus of him thou ſould not loſe them aid.
They haue done weill into zone felloun ſtour,
Reſkew them now and take ane hie honour,
Will ſaid they wald haue reft from me my life,
I baid for them in monie ane felloun ſtryfe.
Byndnes ſaid helpe, thair power is bot nocht,
Syne wreak on him, that all the malice wrocht,
Will ſaid this day thay ſall not helped be.
That I haue ſaid ſall ay be ſaid for me.
Thay are bot deid God grant them of his blis,
I nay lang ſyne done hes greit harme and mis,
Wallace thairwith turnit in ire and tene,
Teirs for baill brist out fra baith his ene,
Sir Iohn the Grahame and mony worthie wicht
Weipit for wo for ſorrow of that knicht.
Quhen Bruces battell vpon the Scots ſtraik,
Thair cruel cumming maid towarts for to quaik
Lord Cumming fled in Cumberland away,
About the Scots the Sutheroun lappit thay.
The men of Bute before thair Lord thay ſtude,
Defending him, quhen keill ſtreimes of blude,
Wer thame about, in ſloats quhair thay zeid,
Bathit in blude was Bruces ſword and weid.
Throw fell ſlauchter of feill men of his awin,
Sone to the deid the Scots was ouerthrawen,
Syne ſlew the Lord for he wald not be tane.
Quhen Wallace ſaid that thair gude men was gane,
Lordis he ſaid quhat nowd is zour counſaill,
Twa choiſis thair is I reid the beſt ze waill,
Zonder the King his Oſt abandonnand,
With Bruce and Beik in zon battell to ſtand,
Zone King in weir, richt wiſe and fell hes bene.

Thair

Thair Captains als full cruell are and kene,
Better of hand is not liuand I wis,
In tyrannie ze trow me weill of this.
Nor Bruce and Beik, to quhat syde they be set,
We haue ane choise, quhilk is full hard but let.
And we turne eist for strenth in Lowthiane land,
They stute ane chase richt hard I vnderstand,
Take we the mure zone king is vs before,
Thair is bot this withouttin wordis more,
To the Torwood, for our succour is thair,
Through Bruceis Dist, forsuith first man we fair
Amang vs now thair neids na debait,
Zone men are deid we neid not stryue for stait,
They all consentit to wirk richt as he will,
Quhat him thocht best they grantit to fulfill.
Gude Wallace than, that stoutly couth them steir
Before them raid into his armour cleir,
Reulit their speirs all in ane number round,
And we haue grace for to pas throw them sound,
And few be loist, to our strenth will we ryde,
Want we mony, in faith we sall abyde,
With thair armit hors fast on the oist they raid,
The reird than rais quhen speirs in sunder glaid.
Dulhit in drosse duntit with speirs dynt,
Fra forgit steill the fyre stew furth but stint,
The felloun thrang quhen hors and men renewit
Up draue the dust, quhair they their pithis pruit.
The vther Dist micht nocht their deids se,
For stour that rais, quhill they disseuerit be,
The worthy Scots aucht thousand doun thay bair
Few fell on eird, that gude Wallace brocht thair.
The King cryit hors vpon them for to ryde,
Bot this wyse Lord gaue him counsall to byde,
The Erle of Zork said Sir ze wirk ane mis,
To brek array, zone men quyte throw them is,
They ken the land and will to strenths draw,
Tak we the plane we are in perrell aw,

The

The King consauit, that his counsall was richt,
Reullit his Oist, and baid still in thair sicht,
Or Bruce and Beik micht returne thair battaill,
The Scots war throw and had ane greit availl.
Wallace commandit the Oist suld pas away,
To the Torwood in all the haist they may,
Him selfe and Grahame and Lawder turnit in,
Betwix battels, price and proues to win.
And with them baid in that place hundreths three,
Of westland men vsed in jeopardie,
Upon wicht horse that richt warlie couth ryde,
Ane slop they maid quhair they set on ane syde,
Na speirs they had bot swords of gude steill,
Thairwith in stour they leit their enemies feill.
How they full oft had preuit bene in preis,
Of Inglishmen they maid feill to deceis,
Or Bruce thairof micht weill persauing haue,
Thre hundreth thair was graithit to thair graue,
The hardie Bruce ane Oist abandounit,
Threttie thousand he reulit be force and wit,
Upon the Scots, his men for to reskew,
Seruit they were with gude speiris anew,
And Bishop Beik ane stuffe to him to be,
Quhen gude Wallace thair ordinance can se,
Allace he said, zone man hes meikill micht,
And ouir gude will to vndo his awin richt,
He bad his men towart the Oist in ryde,
Them for to saue he wald behind them byde,
Meikill he trowit in God and his awin deid,
To saue his men into his douchtie weid,
Upon himself mekill trauell he tais,
The greit Battell compleit vpon him gais,
In the fore brunt, turnit he full oft,
Quhome euer he hit, thair sauchning was vnsoft.
That day in warld knawin was nocht his maik,
Ane Sutheroun man ay he slew at ane straik.
Bot his awin strenth micht not agains thame be,

Towart his Oist behoued him to flie,
The Bruce him hurt at his returning thair,
Under the hanche ane deip wound and ane fait,
Blude bristit out braithlie ane speirs leuth,
Fra the greit Oist he fled toward his strenth.
Sic ane flear before was nener sene,
Nocht af Gaderis of Gaudifere the teue.
Quhen Alexander reskewit the forreouris,
Micht not to him be compared in thay houris.
The feill turning of forreours he maid,
How baldlie als before the Oist he baid.
Nor how gude Grahame with cruell hardiment,
Nor how Lawder amang his fais went.
How them allane into the stour they stude,
Quhill Wallace was in stanching of his blude,
Be than he had stemit full weill his wound,
With thrie hundreth vnto the feild can found,
To reskew Grahame and Lawder that was wicht,
Bot Bishop Beik come with sik strenth and slicht,
The worthy Scots they ceteirit far on bake.
Seuin aiker braid buth their awin greit wrake,
Zit was thay twa delyuerit thair full weill,
Be his awin hand and ane gude sword of steill.
The awfull Bruce amang them with greit mane,
At the reskew thrée Scottismen hes slane,
Quhom he hit richt ay at ane straik was deid,
Wallace preassit in thairfore to set remeid,
With ane gude speir the Bruce was seruit but baid,
With greit Inny, to Wallace fast he raid.
And he to him assonzeit nocht for thy,
The Bruce him mist as Wallace passit by,
Akwart he strake with his schairp groundin glaue,
Speir and hors craig he all in sunder draue.
Bruce was at eird, or Wallace turnit about,
The greit battell of Sutheroun sterne and stout,
They horsit Bruce with men of greit valour,
Wallace allane was in that stalwart stour,

Grahame preissit in and strake ane Inglish knicht,
Before the Bruce vpon the Basnet bricht,
That friuoll stufe and all his vther weid,
Baith baine and braine the nobill sword throw zeid,
The knicht was deid gude Grahame returnit richt,
Ane subtill knicht thairat had greit despite,
Followit at wait and hes persaued weill,
Grahames birny to narrow was sum deill,
Beneth the waste that close it micht not be,
On the fillat full sternely struik than he.
Peirsit the bak in the bowels him bair.
With ane scharp speir that he micht liue na mair,
Grahame turnit thair, and smot that knicht in tene,
Throw the Uisar ane littill beneth the ene.
Deid of that dynt to the ground he dushit doun,
Sir Iohn the Grahame swounit on his arsoun,
Or he ouercome to pas to his party,
Feill Sutheroun men that was on fute him by,
Stikit his hors that he na farder zeid,
Grahame zeild to God his gude spreit and his deid.
Quhen Wallace saw this gude knicht to deid brocht,
The piteous pain sa sair thirlit his thocht,
All out of kynde alterit his courage,
His wit in weir was than bot ane wood rage.
The hors him bair in feild quhair sa him list,
For of himselfe, as than he littill wist,
Lyke ane wood beist that wer fra ressoun rent,
As witles wicht into the Oist he went,
Dingand on hard, quhat Sutheroun he richt hit,
Stracht vpon hors againe micht neuer sit,
Into that rage full feill folke he dang doun,
All him about was red ane full greit roume,
Quhen Bruce persauit, with Wallace it stude sa,
He chargit men lang speirs for to ta,
And slay his horse sa he could nocht eschaip,
Feill Sutheroun than to Wallace can them schaip,
Peirsit his horse with speirs on ather syde,

Woundis

Wounds thay maid that war baith deip and wyde,
Of schafts pairt Wallace in sunder schair,
But feill heids into his horse left thair,
Sum wit agane to Wallace can redoun,
In his awin minde sa reulit him ressoun,
Sa for to die he thocht na vassalage,
Than for to flie he tuike intill ane rage
Spurrit the horse he ran in ane randoun,
To his awin folke was bydand on Carroun,
The sey was in, they stoppit and still stude.
On loud he cryit and bad them take the flude,
Togidder byde ze may not losse ane man,
At his command they tuik the water than.
He returnit the entrie for to keip,
Quhill all the Oist was passed ouir the deip,
Syne followit fast and dred his hors fould faill.
Him selfe was cled in heauy plait of maill,
Thoch he couth swoume he trowit he micht not weill,
The cleir watter cuillit the horse sum deill,
Atouir the flude he bair him to the land,
Syne fell doun deid and micht na langer stand,
Keirlie full soone ane Cursour to him brocht,
Than vp he lap, amang the Oist he socht.
Grahame was away, and vther fyuetene wicht,
On Magdalene day thir folke to deith were dicht,
Threttie thousand of Inglish men for true.
The worthy Scots vpon that day they slewe,
Quhat be stewart and syne be wicht Wallace,
For all his price King Edward rewit that race,
To the Torwood, he bad the Oist fould ryde,
Keirly and he passed on Carroun syde,
Behaldand ouir vpon the south party,
Bruce formest come and couth on Wallace cry,
Quhat art thou thair? ane man Wallace can say,
The Bruce answerit that hes thou preuit to day,
Abyde he said thou neids nocht now to flie,
Wallace answerit I eschewit nocht for thée,

Bot that thy power hes ueir thyne awin vndone,
Amends will God beirof we fall haue sœne,
Language of thée, the Bruce sayes, I desyre;
Say furth quod he, thou may for littill hyre,
Ryde fra thy Oist, and gar them ryde with Bell,
I wald faine heare quhat thou lykis to speik.
The Oist baid still the Bruce passit them fra,
Na man with him bot ane Scot that hecht Ra.
Quhen that the Bruce out of their hearing were,
He turnit in hy and this quest wou can speir,
Quhy wirks thou thus and nicht to gude peice be?
Than Wallace said bot in default of thee,
Throw thy falset thyne awin wit is miskend,
I clame na richt bot wald this kind defend,
That thou vndois throw thy fals reuell beid,
Thou hes tint twa that was worth far mair meid,
Upon this day with ane gude King to found,
Nor fyne Millioun of fynest gold sa round,
That euer was wrocht in wark or cunzie bricht,
I trow in warld be nocht ane better knicht,
Than was gude Grahame of trueth and hardiment.
Teirs thairwith fra Wallace ene doun went,
Bruce said far mair on this day we haue lost,
Wallace answeirit allace they were ill coist,
Throw thy tressoun sould be our righteous King,
That wilfullie destroyes thine awin ossprying,
The Bruce answerit will thou do my devyse,
Wallace said na, thou liues in sik ane wyse.
Thou wald me make at Edwards will to be,
Zit I had leuer the morne be hangit hie.
Bot will thou do as I sall counsall giue,
Than as ane Lord thou micht at lyking liue,
At thyne awin will in Scotland for to ring,
To be in peice and hold of Edward king.
Of that false king I think neuer to take,
Bot contrair him with all my power to make,
I clame nathing as be tyttill of richt,

Thocht

Thoch I micht reaue, ſen God hes lend me micht,
Fra thee thy Croun of this Regioun to weir,
Bot I will nocht ſik charge vpon me beir.
Greit God wait beſt quhat weir I tuik on hand,
For to keip free, that thou art ganeſtandand.
It micht be ſaid of thee lang time befoyne,
In curſit tyme thou was for Scorland boyne.
Shamis thou nocht, that neuer zit did gude,
Thou renegate deuyer of thy blude.
I vow to God may I thy maiſter be,
In ony field, thou ſall far rather die,
Than ſall ane Turke, for thy fals cruell weir,
Paganis to vs dois nocht ſa mekill deir.
Than leuch the Bruce at Wallace earneſtnes,
And ſaid thou ſees that thus ſtandis the cais.
This day thou art with power ouerſet,
Agains zone King onirhand ze may not get.
Than Wallace ſaid we are be mekill thing,
Starker this day in contrarie zone King.
Than at Bigger quhair he left monie of his,
And als the field ſa ſall we do with this.
Or die thairfoir for all his mekill micht,
Into the field we haue loiſt bot ane Knicht.
And Scotland now into ſik perrell ſtad
To leaue it thus I micht be callit mad.
Wallace he ſaid it approachis neir nicht,
Wald thou the moyne quhen that the day is licht.
Or nyne of bell meit me at the chappell,
By Donypace I wald haue thy counſell.
Wallace ſaid nay or that ilk tyme be ſpent,
Were all the men hyne to the Orient.
Into ane will with Edward quha had ſwoyne,
We ſall bargane or nyne houris the moyne.
Of this wrang reif outher he ſall think ſhame,
Or die thairfoir or flee in England hame.
Bot and thou will, ſone be the houre of three,
At that ilk tryſt will God I ſall thes ſee.

Quhill I may last this realme sall not forfair,
Bruce promeist him with twelfe Scots to be thair,
Than Wallace said sluid thou richteous to me,
Ane contrapeir I sould not be to the.
I sall bring ten and for thy power ma,
I giue na force thoch thou be freind or fa.
Thus they departe, the Bruce passed his way
To Lithgow said quhair that King Edward lay,
The feild had left, and ludgit belouth the toun,
The supper set as Bruce at the Pauillioun,
Yes enterit in and saw vacand his seat,
No water he tuik but maid him to the meat.
Fastand he was and bene in mekill dreid,
Bludie was all his wapins and his weid,
Sutheroun Lords scornit in termes rude,
And said behald yone Scot eittis his awin blude.
The king thocht euill thay maid sik derisioun,
Bad haue water to Bruce of Huntingtoun,
Thay bad him washe he said that he wald nocht,
This blude is myne that hurts maist my thocht.
Sadlie the Bruce than in his mynde remordit,
The words suith Wallace had him recordit.
Than rewit he sair fra reffoun he had knawin,
That blude and land sould baith haue bene his awin.
With them he was lang or he gat away,
Bot contrair Scots he faucht not fra that day,
Leaue I the Bruce sair mornand in his intent,
Gude Wallace sone againe to his Dill went,
In the Torwood quhilk had their ludging maid,
Fyris they beit that was baith bright and braid,
Oknolt and sheip, they tuik at sufficiance,
Thairof full sone to get them sustenance,
Wallace sleipit bot thrie quhile and sone rais,
To reull the Dill on ane gude pace he gais.
The Erle Malcolme Ramsay and Lundie wicht,
With fyue thousand in battell then he dicht,
Wallace Lawder and Crisell of Setoun,

Fyue

Fyue thowſand led and Wallace of Ricartoun.
Full weill arrayit into thair armour clene,
Paſt to the feild quhair that the chace had bene.
Amang deid men ſeikand the worthieſt,
The corps of Grahame for quhome they murnit maiſt,
Quhen they him fand and gude Wallace him ſaw.
He lichtit doun him hint befoire them aw,
In armes vp behalding his paill face,
He kiſſit him and cryit full oft alace,
My beſt brother in warld that euer I had.
My ekald freind quhen I was hardeſt ſtad.
My hope my health thou was of maiſt honour,
My faith my helpe my ſtrenthner into ſtour.
In thée was wit, fredome and hardines,
In thée was trueth manheid and nobilnes,
In thée was reull in thée was gouernance,
In thée bertue withouttin variance.
In thée lawtie, in thée was greit largenes,
In thée gentrice in thée was ſteidfaſtnes,
Thou was greit caus of winning of Scotland,
Thoch I began and tuik the weir on hand.
I vow to God that hes the warld to wald,
Thy dead ſall be to Sutheroun full deir ſald.
Martyr thou art for Scotlands richt and me,
I ſall thee veng or ellis thairfoire ſall die.
Was no man thair fra weiping micht reſtraine,
For lois of him quhen they heard Wallace pleane,
Thay caryit him with worſhip and honour,
In the Fawkirk maid him ane ſepultour,
Wallace commandit his men thairfoire to byde,
His ten he tuik for to meit Bruce they ryde,
Southwell he paſt quhair that the tryſt was ſet,
The Bruce full ſone and gude Wallace is met.
For lois of Grahame and als for proper teine,
He grew in ire quhen he the Bruce hes ſeine.
Thair ſalutting was bot boiſtreous and thrawin,
Rewis thou he ſaid thou art contrair thy awin,

Bruce said, Wallace rebute me now na mair,
Syne atwin deids hes bet me wonder sair.
Quhen Wallace heard with Bruce that it stude sa,
On knees he fell fair countinance can him ma.
In armes sone the Bruce hes Wallace tane,
Out fra their men in counsell are they gane,
I can not tell perfytlie their language,
Bot this was it their men had of knawledge.
Wallace him prayit cum fra the Sutheroun King,
The Bruce said nay thair lettis me ane thing.
I am sa bound with witnes to be leill,
For all England I wald not fals my Seill.
Bot of ane thing I hecht to God and thee,
That contrair Scots againe I sall not be,
Into ane field with wapins that I beir,
In my purpois I sall thee neuer deir.
Gif God thee grants ourhand of vs to haue,
I will not flee my atwin kelse for to saue.
And Edward chaip I pas with him againe,
Bot I throw force be outher tane or slane.
Wrek he on me quhen that my terme is out,
I cum to thee may I chaip fra that dout.
Of thair counsell I can tell you na mair,
The Bruce tuik leaue and can to Edward fair.
Wallace in haist prouydit sone his Dill,
Richt sad in mynd for Scottismen that he loist.
He maid Crawfurd the Erle Malcolme to gyde,
The laich way to Innerrauin to ryde.
That thair watchis than sould them not espy,
The vther Dill himselfe left haistely.
Be south Manwell quhill that they wer betwene,
Of the out watchis thus chaipit they vnsene.
The Erle Malcolme on Lithgow enterit in,
There haistelie greit stryfe he can begin.
Wallace was nocht all to the battell bown,
Quhen that they heard the cry ryse in the toun.
On Edwards Dill they set full suddanlie,

Wallace and his maid lytill noyse and cry,
Bot occuppyit with wapins in that stour,
Feill fellit to deith that was without armour.
All disarrayit the Inglish Oist was than,
Amang the Pauilliouns quhair Scots full many man,
Cuttit doun cords gart monie tents fall,
Nane soinzeit than atanis war fechtand all.
Baith Wallace Oist and Erle Malcolme with micht,
King Edward than with awfull feir on heicht,
Cryit to array on Bruce sa sterne and stout,
Tuentie thousand in armes him about,
Into harnesse had biddin all the nicht,
Bot frayit folke sa dulefullie bene dicht.
On ilk syde fled for feiritnes of thair deid,
Wallace and his sa rouchlie throw them zeid.
Towart the King and fellit feill to ground,
Quha baid them thair richt fell fechting they found,
The cruell King richt awfullie abaid,
To all his folke ane greit comfort he maid,
The worthie Scots amang them in that stour,
Feill Sutheroun slew into thair fyne armour.
Before the King maid flops them amang,
So fordwartlie thay preassit in that thrang,
Inglish commouns than fled on ather syde,
Bot Nobill men their durst nane vther byde,
The Bruce as than to Scots maid na greuance,
Bot Judge he was with fenzeit countenance.
Sa did he neuer into na battell air,
Nor zit efter sic deid as he shew thair,
The Erle Hartfurd to flie he maid him boun,
The Erle Malcolme, be that come in the toun.
The Lennox men set their ludgis in fyre,
Than feiritlie fled monie Sutheroun syre.
The King Edward that zit was fechtand still,
Hes sene them flie and lykit thame full ill.
The worthie Scots fast towart him thay preis,
His brydill neir assayit or they wald reis,

His

His banner man in that place Wallace ſlew,
And ſyne to ground the banner ſone it flew.
The Erle of Zork counſellit the King to flé,
And ſa returnit ſen na ſuccour they ſé.
The Inglíſmen hes ſéne their banner fall,
Without comfort to flé they purpoſe all.
Ten thouſand men in field and toun was deid,
Of Edwards folke or himſelfe left that ſteid.
Twenty thouſand away togither raid,
King and Chiftanes na langer tarie maid.
The Scots in haiſt then to their hors they zeid,
To ſtuffe the chace, with worthie men in weid,
The Lennox folk that wantit hors and geir,
Tuik them at will, to help them in that weir.
At ſtragill raid, quhat Scot micht formeſt pas,
On Sutheroun men full greit ſlaughter there was.
Wallace hes ſéne the Scots orderly,
Follow the chace he maid Paiſſers in hy.
Them for to reull and altogither ryde,
Commanding them, ilk ane ſould vther byde.
Intill flæing the Sutheroun ſubtill are,
Sé they ane tyme they will ſet on full ſair.
Feill ſcaillit folk to them will ſone renew,
For ze ſé weill that they are men anew.
The followers was reulit weill with ſkill,
In gude array they raid all at his will.
And ſlew doun faſt quhat Sutheron they ouirtake,
Contrair the Scots came not maiſtrie to make.
Into the chace they haiſtit all ſa neir,
Na Inglíſmen durſt fra the Diſt out ſteir.
The frayit folk at ſtragill wer ſtæand,
Drew to the King weill ma than ten thouſand.
Threttie thouſand in number then war they,
Into array togither they paſt away.
Feill Scots hors ſa drevin was in trauell,
Forerum that day and irkit began to faill.
The Sutheron was with hors ſeruit ſa weill.

Of

Of Wallace chace the Sutheroun had sum feill.
Of hors they wer purueyit in greit waine,
The King changit on sundrie hors of Spaine.
Than Wallace said, Lords ze may weill se,
Zone folke are now all that zone King may be.
For fait of stuff we lose ouir mekill thing,
Had we gude horse to pas befoir zone King,
We sould make end of all this lang debait,
Zit sum of them sall be handlit sa hait.
Part of our hors are halden fresh and wicht,
Set on them fast quhill that we ar in micht.
With that the Scottis sa hard amang them drew,
Of the outmaist thre thousand there they slew.
In Crawfurd mure monie ane man was slane,
Edward gart call the Bruce mekill of mane.
Than said he thus, gude Erle of Huntingtoun,
Ze se the Scots puts feill to confusioun.
Wald ze with men againe on them releiue,
And mar them anis I sall quhill that I liue,
Loue zou far mair than ony vther Knicht,
And for all this sall put zou to zour richt.
Than said the Bruce sir louse me of my band,
And I sall turne I hecht zou be my hand.
The King full sone considerit in his minde,
Quhen he heard Bruce answeir him in this kinde.
Fra Inglismen the Bruces heart set is,
Then kest he thus how he sould mend but mis.
And sa he did in England at his will,
Na Scottismen he leit with Bruce byde still.
Bot quhair he past held him in subiectioun,
Of Inglismen vnder ane greit bandoun.
Ye turnit not nor na mair language maid,
In rayit battell the King to Sulway raid.
With mekill paine past vpon England coist,
Fyftie thousand in that trauell they loist.
Quhen Wallace saw he chaipit was away,
Vpon command againe returnit thay,

The

To Edinburgh withouttin wordis mair,
Put in Crawfurd that Captaine was before,
Of heritage he had in Manwell land,
Wallace commandit ilk man sould hald in hand,
Thair awin office as they before tyme had,
Put in gude peice Scotland in richt he stad
On the tent day to Sanct-Iohnstoun he went,
Assemblit Lords syne schew them his intent,
Scrimgeour come that than had win Dundie,
Wallace command that tyme weill keipit he,
He sailziet sa quhill strang hunger them draue,
Fæblit them sa the hous to him they gaue,
Thay wageouris sone they put to confusioun,
Syne brocht Mortoun to make ane conclusioun.
Before Wallace and sone fra he him saw,
He gart hing him for all King Edwards aw,
Walouns myndouris with Skrymgeour furth he send,
Kest doun Dundie and thairof maid ane end.
Wallace sadlie quhen thir deidis were done,
The Lords he callit and his will schew them sone,
Gude men he said I was your gouernour,
My mynd was set to do you ay honour,
And for to bring this realme to richteousnes,
For it I pall in monis painfull place.
To wyn our awin, my self I neuer spaird,
At the Fawkirk thay ordaind me reward.
Of thair reward ze heare na mair throw me,
Unto sik gifts God will full weill haue ie.

NOw ze are frie throw the maker of micht,
He grant you grace for to defend your richt.
Als I presume gif harme be ordained me,
They are Scots men quhilk sould the wirkers be,
I haue aneuch of our auld enemies stryfe,
He thinks our awin sould not enuy my lyfe,
My office heir ouer plainly I resing,
I think na mair to take on me sik thing,

In

In France I will and wyn my liuing thair,
As now auysit and hame to cum na mair.
Lords gainstude, bot all that helpit nocht,
For ony thair, he did as him selfe thocht,
Bishop Sinklair was vesyit with seiknes,
Into Dunkeld, and then throw Gods grace,
He recouerit quhen Wallace past away,
Efter the Bruce he liuit monie ane day,
Gude Wallace thus tuik leif in Sanct Iohnstoun,
Auchtene with him to Dundie made them boun,
Longoueill past that douchtie was in deid,
The Barrouns sonne of Brechin with him reid.
Twa brethir ald with thair vncle them dicht,
Symon Wallace and Richard that was wicht,
Sir Thomas Gray, this preist can with him fair,
Edward Lytill gude, Iop and Maister Blair.
Gude Keirlie past had bene with Wallace lang,
And done full weill in mony felloun thrang,
This Keirly than that couth with Wallace fair,
Will Ker he hecht, myne authour will declair,
Keirlie in Irish, is bot Ker lytill cald,
In Carrik he had heritage of auld,
His forebear quhilk worthy was of hand,
Sanct Dauid King him brocht out of Ireland.
Syne at Dummoir quhair first Norways come in,
This Ker maid greit discomfit of thair kyn,
With seuin hundreth vanquest nyne thousand,
Sum drounit in Dounesum slaine vpon the land,
The lands haill the gude king gaue him till,
How Wallace past now farther speik we will,

How Wallace met with Iohn of Lyn vpon the sea. Chap II.

A Mang Merchands thus Wallace tuik the sea,
Pray we to God that he thair helper be,
They sailit furth be pairt of England schoir,
To Humber mouth quhen that they come before,
Out of the South ane greit red saill thay see,

Into

Into the Top thre Leopards standand hie.
The Merchandis than the signe quhen that they saw,
Cummand sa neir they war discomfort aw,
For weill they wist that it was Iohn of Lyn,
Scottis to slay he said it was na sin,
Thir frayit folke they zeid to confessioun,
Then Wallace said sik ane deuotioun,
Zit saw I neuer in na place quhair I past,
That for ane Schip me think zon all agast,
Zone wod cattis sall do vs littill deir,
We saw them sail twyes ma quhen that they wer,
On ane fair feild, sa sall they on the sea,
Despyte it is to se them stand sa hie.
The Steirisman said, Sir will ze vnderstand,
He saues nane that is borne of Scotland.
We may nocht flie fra zone Barge wait I weill,
Weill fluffit they are with gun and ganzie of steill,
Upon the sey zone reuer lang hes bene,
To richteous men he dois full mekill tene,
Picht we be fault we reck not of our gude,
This vse he hes ay short for to conclude,
Ane flude he beirs, vpon his coat armour,
Ay drounand folk, sa paintit in his figour,
Suppose we murne ze sould haue na merwaill,
Than Wallace said heir is men of mair vaill,
To saill the Schip, thairfoir in hous thou ga,
And thy feiris, na mair cummer thou ma.
Wallace and his than zone to harnes zeid,
Quhen they were graithed into thair worthy weid,
Him self and Blair and the Knicht Longueill,
Thir thrie hes tane to keip the midschip weill,
Befoir was aucht, and ser be eft he kend,
Syne twa he cheisit, the Top for to defend,
And Gray he maid their steirisman for to be,
The Merchands than saw them sa manfully,
Defend them selfe, becaus they had na weid,
Out of the how they tuik skynnis gude speid,

Ay betuix twa stuttit wall as they micht dell.
Aganes the straik that they micht sum part left,
Then Wallace leuch and commendit them aw,
Of sic harnes before he neuer saw.
Be that the Barge come on them woum der fast,
Seuin stoir in hir that was nathing agast.
Quhen Iohn of Lyn saw them in armour bricht,
He lench and said thir haultand wordis on hicht,
Zone glaikit Scots can vs nocht vnderstand,
Fuillis they are new cummin off the land,
He cryit stryke, bot nane answere they maid,
Blair with ane bow schot fast withouttin baid.
Or they clipped he schot bot arrowes thrie,
And at ilk schot he gart ane reaner die,
The Briggants than they bikkerit wonder fast,
Amang the Scots with shot of gunnis cast,
And they again with speirs heidit weill,
Feill wounds maid throngh plaits of fyne steill,
Ather other fastnit with clippes kene,
Ane cruell counter thair was at schipbuird tene,
The derf schot draue als thick as haill schour,
Lastit thair weill neir the space of ane hour.
Quhen schot was gane the Scots greit comfort had,
At hand straiks they were sicker and sad,
The Perchands als with sik thing as they micht,
Preuit full weill in defence of thair richt.
Wallace and his at neir straiks quhen they se,
With schairp swordis they gart teil briggants die,
Thay in the Top, sa wichtly wrocht with hand,
In the south Top thair micht na Reaner stand.
All the mydschip of Reaners was maid waist,
That to gine ouir in point they war allmaist,
Than Iohn of Lyn was richt greitlie agast,
He saw his folke about him failzie fast,
With eger will he wald haue bene away,
Bad wynd the Saill in all the haist they may.
Bot tra the Scots than micht they nocht eschey,

The Schips sa sair on ather syde they wey.
Thay saw na thing that micht be to them eis,
Crawfurd on loft thair saill brynt in ane bleis.
Or Iohn of Lyn schuip for to leif that steid,
Of his best men sextie war brocht to deid,
Thair schip by ouris, ane buird was mair of hicht,
Wallace lap in amang the Reauers wicht.
Ane man he straik ouer ship buird in the sea,
On the ouirloft he slew sone vther thrée,
Longoueill enterit, and als gude Maister Blair,
Thay gaue na grace to freik that they fand thair.
Wallace him selfe with Iohn of Lyn he met,
At his collar ane fell oun straik he set,
Baith helme and heid fra the shoulders he draue,
Blair ouer the buird in the sey keist the laue,
Of his body, than all the remanand
Enterit and slew the briggants that they fand,
The Schip they tuik baith gold and vther geir,
That they Reauers had gatherit lang in weir,
Bot Maister Blair spake na thing of him sell,
In deid of armes quhat auenture that befell,
Sir Thomas Gray was preist than to Wallace,
Put in the buik how them hapnit this cace,
That Blair was in and mony worthy deid,
Of quhilk himselfe had na pleasance to reid,
Wallace gart reull the schip with his awin men,
And saylit furth the richt course for to ken,
In the Sluce hauen quhill they enterit be,
The Merchands weill he helpit in saistie,
Of gold and geir they tuik part that they fand,
Gaue them the schip syne passit to the land.
Through Flanders raid vpon ane gudely wyse,
Enterit in France and syne past to Pareis,
The glaid tythings that to the king was brocht,
Of Wallace comming it comfort all thair thocht,
They trowit be him to get redres of wrang,
The Sutheroun had in Guyan wrocht sa lang.

The

The Peirs of France was still at their Parliament,
The King commandit with true and haill intent,
They sould forefée ane Lordship to Wallace.
The Lords then all deimit of this cace,
For Guyan was all haill out of their hand,
They thocht it best for to giue him that land
For weill they trowit he had wrocht sa before,
He sould it wyn, or els to die therefore.
Alswa of it they micht na profite haue,
This was the cause to Wallace they it gaue.
This decreit soone they shew vnto the King,
Displeisit he was they maid him sik ane thing,
Of Guyan thus quhen Wallace had ane feill,
Na land he said lykit him half so weill.
My chance is thus for to be ay in weir,
And Inglismen hes done our Realme maist deir.
It was weill knawin my defence richteous thair,
Richt haue I heir my comfort is the mair.
I thank zou Lords maid sik reward to me,
Zour purpose is I suld not idle be,
The King bad him be Duke of Guyan land,
To that command Wallace was ganestandand.
Becaus that land was haistilie to conques,
His thocht was ay to win it throw Gods grace.
Bot neuertheles the King had maid him Knicht,
And gaue him gold for to mantei ne his richt.
And syne gaue charge to all weirmen in France,
They sould be haill at Wallace ordinance.
And als of him he bad him armis take.
Wallace forsuik, sik changing for to make.
Sen I began, I buit the red Lyoun,
And thinks to be ay trew man to that Croun.
I thanke zou sir of this michtie reward,
Zone men heirfoir sall not richt lang be spaird.
I thinke to quyte sum pairt ze kythit on me,
In zour seruice or ellis thairfore to die.
Gude Wallace thocht his tyme he wald not waste

Vnto the weir he graithed him in haist,
All Scots men that was into that land,
To him they socht with their fewtie and band,
Longoueill als ane greit power can rais,
In Wallace help this gude knicht glaidly gais,
Ten thousand haill of noble men they wer,
The braid baner displayit of Scotland thair,
Thir weirmen sone vpon Guyan they sure,
Brak biggings doun quhilk had bene starke and sture.
Sutheroun they slew agains them maid debait,
Brichtlie on breid they raised fires hait,
Shemon they tuik that Wallace first had winnin,
And slew all men of Sutheroun thair was foundin,
Into that toun Wallace his dwelling made.
All thair about he wan the countrie braid,
The worthy Duke of Orleance was Lord,
Semblit his folke into ane gude accord.
Twelf thousand than he had in armour bricht,
And thocht to help gude Wallace in his richt,
Leaue I them thus the Duke and Wallace baith,
And speik sum pairt how Scotland tuik greit skaith.

How Edward King of England come in Scotland and maid haill Conqueis thairof. Chap. III.

THe fals inuy and the wickit tressoun,
Amang them selfe brocht feill to confussoun.
The knicht Wallange in Scotland maid repair,
The fals Menteith sir Iohn withoutin mair,
Betuixt they twa was maid ane priuate band,
Sa on ane day they met into Annand,
Of the Lennox sir Iohne had greit desire,
Sir Aymer hecht he sould haue it in hire,
To hald in fée and vther lands mo,
Of king Edward, sa he wald passe him to.
Thus cordit they and syne to London went,
Edward was glaid to hald that appointment,
Menteith anone was bound to that fals king,
To surder him to Scotland in all thing,

Syne

Syne paſſit hame and VVallange with him ſure,
Quhill he was brocht agane ouir Carlile mure,
King Edward than in ire and ſeirs outrage,
Be threttie days he raiſed his bairnage.
In Scotland paſt and there na ſtopping fand,
Na chiftane was that durſt agains him ſtand,
For Menteith fauld they thocht to make Bruce King,
All true Scottis wald be pleaſit of that thing,
Zit mony fled and durſt not byde Edward,
Sum into Ros and in the Illes paſt part,
Biſhop Sinkler agane fled into Bute,
With that fals King he had na will to mute.
Thus without ſtraik the Caſtels of Scotland,
King Edward hes tane into his awin hand,
Deuydit ſyne to men that he wald lyke,
Strenths and tounis to Ros throw the Kingrik,
Baith hicht and vaill obeyit haill his will,
That he commandit thay purpoſe to fulfill,
The Biſhops all inclynit to his Croun,
Baith temporall and the religioun,
The Roman buiks that then wer in Scotland,
He gart them beir to Scone quhair they them fand,
And but redeeme they brynt them all ilk ane,
Sailsberie vſe our Clerks then hes tane,
The Lords he tuik that wald not of him hald,
In England ſend the Nobill blude of ald,
Sir VVilliam lang Dowglas to Londoun ſend,
In ſtrang preſoun quhairin he maid ane end.
Erle Thomas als that lord was of Murray,
And Lord Fraſer with him to pas away.
Als Hew the Hay and vther heirs ma,
He gart VVallange with them in Engl and ga,
Na man was left all this maine land within,
Fra Edwards peice was k naw in of ony kin,
Setoun Lawder dwelt ſtill into the Bas,
With thame Lundie and men th at worthie was,
The Erle Malcolme and Camp bell paſt but let,

In Bute succour with Sinklar for to get.
Sir Iohn Ramsay and Ruthuen they fled north,
To thair Cuilling that Lord was of Fillorth.
He past with them thrau Murray lands richt,
Sa fand thay thair ane gentle worthy Knicht,
That Clement hecht, full cruell ay had bene,
And fendit weill amang their enemies kene,
He thocht neuer at Edwards will to be,
Into his tyme he gart feill Southeroun die.
He led thir Lords in Ros withouttin mair,
At the Stokfurde ane stark strenth biggit thair.
Keipit it lang richt worthelie he weir,
To their enemies they did full mehill deir.
Adam Wallace and Lindesay of Cragie,
Away thay fled into the nicht be sey.
And Robert Boyd that was baith wise and wicht,
Arrane they tuik to fend them at their micht,
And Corspatrik into Dumbar dwelt still,
Fewtie full sone he maid King Edward till.
Abernethie Lord Soullis and Cumming als,
And Iohn of Lorne that lang time had bene fals,
The Lord of Brechin and monie vther ma,
At Edwards peace for gifts that he them ga,
Iulling of peace for twentie dayes set he,
Of Inglismen in Lorne that men micht se,
Plane to declare, bot for this cause I wis,
That all Scotland, be tongues than was his,
The Lords than and gude Bishop Sinklair,
Out of Bute syne they made ane Ballingair.
To gude Wallace tauld him thair torment haill,
Than write they thus to get help of thair baill,

OVr houp our heill and our haill gouernour,
Our gudly gyde our best Chiftane in stour.
Our Lord our loue our strenth in richteous place,
For Gods saik releine vs of this case.
And take the croune to vs it war lynder,

To bruik for ay or fals Edward it beir,
The writ he gat bot zit suffer he wald,
For greit falset that pairt him did of ald,
Mekill dollour it did him in his mynd,
Of thair missair for true he was and kynd.
He thocht to take amendis of their wrang,
He answerit not bot into weir furth rang,
Of King Edward zit mair furth will I mell,
Into quhat wise that he couth Scotland deill.
In Sanct Iohnstoun the Erle of Zork he maid,
Captaine to be of all thay lands braid.
Fra Tay to Dee and vnder him Buttellar
His Gudeshir had at Kinkleuin endit thair,
His father als Wallace had them baith slaine,
Edward thairfore maid him ane man of mane,
The Lord Bewmont into the North he send,
Thay Lordships haill he gaue them in commend,
To Striuiling syne fra Sanct Iohnstoun he went,
Thair to fulfill the laue of his intent,
The Lord Cliffurd he had than Dowglasdaill,
Reular to be of the South Marches haill,
All Galloway he gaue Cuosmyng in hand,
Wist nane bot God how lang that stait sould stand,
With the gentill Lord Bishop Lambertoun,
Of Sanct Androes was Dowglas of renoun,
Before that time young Iames wicht and wise,
To him was cume fra Scuilis of Paryse,
Ane priuat fauour the Bishope to him bair,
Bot Inglishmen was sa greit Maisters thair,
He durst not weill in plaine shew him kindnes,
Quhill on ane day he tuik sum hardines,
Dowglas he callit and can to Striuiling fair,
Quhair King Edward was deiland lands thair,
He profferit him vnto the Kings seruice,
To bruik his awin: fra he wist in this wise,
Dowglas he was, than he forsuik plainly,
Sweirs be Sanct George he bruiks na lands of me,

His Father was in contrair of my Croun,
Thairfore as now he byds in our presoun.
To the Bischop na other answeir he maid,
Bot as he pleasit delt on thair lands braid.
To the Lord Soullis all haill the Mers gaue he,
And Captaine als of Berwick for to be,
Oliphant than that he in Striuiling fand,
Quhen he him had he walx not help his hand.
The quhilk he maid or he Striuiling him gaue,
Defaitfullie the King couth him defaue.
Into England send him in presoun strang,
In greit distresse he liuit thair full lang.
Quhen King Edward had delt this Regioun,
His leine he tuik to England made him boun,
Out of Striuiling Southwart as they can ryde,
Cummyng hapnit neir hand the Bruce to byde,
Thus said he Sir and ze can help counsall,
I can zou teir quhilk may zou best availl.
The Bruce answeirit, quhat euer ze thaw to me,
As for my pairt sall weill concealit be,
Lord Cummyng said, Sir ze knaw not this thing,
Of all this realme ze sould be righteous King.
Than said the Bruce suppois I righteous be,
I se na tyme to take the thing on me.
I am halden into my enemies hand,
Under greit aith quhen I come in Scotland,
To part not fra him for profit nor requeft,
Nor for na strenth bot gif dead me arreft.
He hecht againe to giue this land to me,
Now find I weill it is bot subtiltie.
For this thou seis he deals my heritage,
To Sutheroun part and sum to traitours wage,
Than Cummyng said will ze thairto concord,
Of my lands and ze like to be Lord.
Ze sall them haue for zour richt and the Croun,
Or and ze lyke, Sir for my warysoun,
I sall zou helpe with power at my micht.

The

The Bruce anſwerit I will not ſell my richt,
Bot on this wyſe quhat Lordſhip thou wald craue,
For thy ſupplie I hecht thou ſall it haue.
Cum fra zone King Sir with ſum jeopardie,
Nbw Edward hes all Galloway giuen to me,
My Neuoy Soullis that keips Berwik toun,
At your command his power ſall be boun.
My Neuoy als ane man of mekill micht,
The Lord of Lorne hes greit roume in the heicht,
My thrid Neuoy ane Knicht of greit renoun,
Will ryſe with vs of Brechin the Barroun,
Than ſaid the Bruce ſell thair ſa fair ane chance,
That we micht get agane Wallace from France.
Be wit and force he couth this kinrik wyn,
Allace we haue bene ouir lang haldin in twyn.
To that language Cummyng maid na record,
For auld done deids did in his minde remord.
The Bruce and he compleitit furth thair band,
Syne that ſame nicht ſellit it with their hand,
This ragement left the Bruce with Cummyng thair,
With Edward King in England hame couth fair.
And thair remanit while this ragement was knawin,
Thrie zeir and mair or Bruce preiſſit to his awin,
Sum men deimis Cummyng the ragement ſend,
Sum men again the contrair dois defend,
Nane may ſay weill that Cummyng was ſaikles,
Becaus his wife was Edwards Cuſinges,
He ſeruit dead be richt law of his King,
Sa reckleſſie myſkeipit ſik ane thing,
Had Bruce paſt by but baid to Sanct Iohnſtoun,
Be haill aſſent and had reſauit his Croun.
On Cummyng ſyne he micht haue done the law
He couth not thole fra tyme that he him ſaw.
Thus Scotland left in hard perplexitie,
Of Wallace mair in ſum pairt ſpeik will we.

THE TWELFT BOOKE DECLARES, how Wallace Conquest the land of Guyan, and how he was made Lord thereof. Chap. I.

The fair trauell, the earnest businesse,
The fell labour he had in monie place,
To win the land that the gude King him gaue,
Into his reigne he wald na Sutheron saue.
In Guyan land Wallace was kill at weir,
Of Scotlands lose it did his heart greit deir.
Of trew Scots in minde he had greit pitie,
He thocht to help his tyme quhen he micht se.
Of set battels fyue he discomfeist haill.
With jeopardie and monie strang assaill.
Syne they resaluit and durst him not abyde.
The Sutheroun fled from thence on ather syde.
To Burdeous into greit multiplie,
The toun they staik with vittals be the sey.
All Guyan land Wallace tuik to his peace,
To Burdeous he past or he wald cease.
On out biggings full greit maistrie he maid,
Still twentie dayes at strang assailzeing baid.
Fortis and wark that wer without the toun,
Thay brak and brint and put to confusioun.
Hedgis and allayes be labour that was thair,
Fuilzeit and spilt, they wald na fruits spair.
The Inglismen maid greit defence againe,
With shot and cast, that mekill wer of maine.
Of gunnis they wer and gamzeis stuffit weill.
All artailzie and wapins of fyne steill.
With men and meit within was baskit bene,
The greit Captaine was wise cruell and kene,
Of Gloceſter the huge Lord and Heire,
The Erle had bene ay vsit into weir.
Keipit his men be wit and hardiment.

Without

Without the toun there durſt nane fra him went.
The land without was neir waſtit away,
Weirmen ſa lang into the eyrie lay,
In Wallace Diſt ſic ſkant was of vittaill,
They micht not byde na langer to aſſaill.
Than this wyſe Lord the Duke of Orlyance,
To Wallace ſaid, ſir ze ſould ken this chance.
It ſtands ouir weill with this falſe Dutheron blude,
For on na wyſe can we now ſtop their fude.
The hauin they haue and ſchips at their will,
Fra England cummis vittaill anench them till.
The land is pure of vittaill ſould us bield,
And ze ſee weill that they forfaik the field.
Ze may with peice pleneis thir lands wyde,
They will nocht fecht thoch ze all zeir ſould byde.
My counſell is in plaine anent this thing,
That ze wald pas with worſhip to the King.
Be his aſſent ze may at laiſer waill,
With proniſion againſt them to aſſaill.
Wallace inclynit, and thankit this wiſe Lord,
Than they returnit all in ane gude accord.
Paſt vp in France with honour to the King,
And ſchew him haill the veritie of this thing,
And he thairof in heart was wonder glad,
Frenche men befoir that hundreth zeir nocht had,
Of Guyan halfe ſa meikill in thair hand,
Wirrting be than was new cumming of Scotland.
Fra pairt of Lords and gude Biſhop Sinklair,
Beſocht the King into thir termes fair:
Of his gentrice and of his gudely grace,
For their ſupplie to counſell gude Wallace.
To cum againe and bring them fra bandoun,
And take to weir the Croun of that Regioun.
This wryte as than he wald nocht to him ſchaw,
Richt laith he was for friendſchip, feid or aw,
Wallace ſould pas ſa ſone fra his preſence,
And dwelling place he tuik to his reſidence.

An

In Shemone ſtill Wallace his dwelling maid,
And held about richt lykand lands braid.
Ane kene Captaine than claimit in heritage,
Office of it and greit lands into wage.
Thairfoir he thocht gude Wallace for to ſla,
Under cullour ſik maiſtrie for to ma.
Lang time he ſocht to get ane day and place,
Said he deſyrit than ſeruice with Wallace.

ANe tryſt they ſet with fyftene on the ſyde,
Fourtie thair by he gart in buſhment byde.
Of men in armes: quhen he with Wallace met,
Richt awfullie he bad them on him ſet.
Na armour had Wallace men in that place,
Bot ſword and knyfe thay bure on them throw cace.
Part of his men left neir ane Forreſt ſyde,
Richt bouſteouſlie the Captaine ſaid that tyde:
That Wallace held of his lands vnricht,
Richt ſoberlie he ſaid to that French Knicht:
I haue na land bot quhilk the King gaue me,
Vp ſelfe thairfoir hes bene in jeopardie.
The Knicht anſwerit, thy lyfe ſall be forlorne,
Or ellis that land the contrair quha had ſworne.
Abake he lap and out ane ſword he drew,
The buſhment brake quhen he that takin ſhew.
Gude Wallace thocht that matter ſtude not weill,
He grippit ſone ane theirand ſword of ſteill.
And at ane ſtraik the Knicht to deith he draue,
About ſaxtene than lappit all the laue.
Wallace and his ſa worthely hes wrocht,
Full feill they ſlew that fairеſt on them ſocht,
The Knichts brother that ſtalwart was and ſtrang,
And thocht they ſould be bengit or they gang,
Of Wallace men ſum pairt he woundit ſair,
Nawand thair was into ane mirdow thair.
Fyne ſtout Carles all ſeruands to that Knicht,
Sythis thay hint and ran in all their micht.
Lo the ſecht tars or they come neir that place,

Wot them perſauit richt weill hes gude Wallace,
Sa awfull thing of ſik he neuer ſaw,
Them to reſiſt himſelfe can to them draw.
Into that ſtour left his men ſechtand ſtill,
To meit thay Earlis that come with eger will.
The firſt let draw at Wallace with his ſyth,
Delyuer he was and hich ouirlap the ſwyth.
Ane akwart ſtraik bit the Churle on the heid,
Derflie on ground he hes him left for deid.
The vther he met ouirlap the ſyth ſa keine,
On the ſhoulder als ſtrake him in that teine.
Throw all the coiſt the nobill ſword throw chair,
The third he met with ane full awfull fair.
The groundin ſyth at Wallace he let draw,
This gude Chiftane cleinlie ouirlap them aw.
With his gude ſword he maid ane hiddeous wound,
Left him for deid ſyne on the feird can ſound.
On the rig bane in greit ire can him ta,
Cleuit the coiſt richt cruellie in twa.
Thrie formeſt ſythis gude Wallace ouirlap,
And four he ſlew thay ſaw ſik was their hap.
For ane man ay he ſlew at euerilk ſtraik,
The laſt fled firſt thus can their power flaik.
Wallace faſt followit and ſone the ſyft ouirtais,
Strak him to deith that na further he gais.
Syne ſped him ſone vnto his men againe,
Be than they had the Knichts drother ſlaine.
Fyftie and ſax derflie to death was dicht,
Except ſeuin men that fled out of thair ſicht.
Fyue Pawars als that VVallace ſelfe with met,
To French men ſen ſyne na ſik tryſt was ſet.
Becaus that they him brocht to ſik ane race,
The King heard tell weill chaipit was VVallace.
Send for him ſone, ſyne prayit him to be
Of his houſhald and line in gude ſaikty,
For weill he ſaw they had him at enuy,
Still with himſelfe he gart him byde for thy.

Twa zeirs thair Wallace with mirth abaid,
Still into France, monie gude iourney made.
The King him pleisit in all his gudely mane,
Fra him he thocht he sould not part agane.
Lords and Ladyes honorit him reuerently,
Wretchis and shrewis ay held him at inuy.

How Wallace slew the twa Campions. Chap. II.

TWa Campiouns that time dwelt with the King,
Had greit despite at Wallace in all thing.
Togidder zeid ay thir twa Campiouns,
Of fellouu force and thrawart conditiouns,
Richt greit despyte thay spake ay of Scotland,
Quhill on ane day it hapned vpon hand:
Wallace and they war leauit them allane,
Be auenture into ane hous of stane.
Thay vsit to beir na wapins in that hall,
They trowit thairfore amis they micht not fall,
Thair commonit thay of Scotland scornefullie,
Than Wallace said ze wrang vs vtterlie,
Sen we are bound in freindship to zour King,
And he of vs is pleasit of all thing.
Als Scottismen hes helpit this realme fra dreid,
Me think ze sould giue gude word for gude deid.
Quhat may ze speik of zour enemies bot euill?
In lichtlines they maid answeir thairtill,
And him dispytit in their language als,
Ze Scots they said hes euer zit bene fals,
Wallace tuik ane on the face in his tene,
With his gude hand quhill mouth neis and ene,
Throw the braith blaw all bushit out of blude,
Gruoflingis to ground he smot him quhair he stude.
The vther hint to Wallace in that steid,
For weill he weind his fellow had bene deid.
And he againe in greif him gripped sair,
Quhil his spreit failzeit that he micht do na mair
The first freik rais and smot on Wallace fast,

Baith

Baith to the deith he brocht them at the last.
Upon ane pillar thair harnis out he dang,
And with his hands out at the dure them flang.
And said quhat deuill mouit zone Carllis at me,
Lang time in France I wald haue lattin them be.
Traist weill in trueth thus war they gane in deid,
Thoch French men now not likes thairof to reid.
Als I will ceas and put it out of Ryme,
Better it is quha richt can luik in tyme.
Mony greit Lord was displeisit in France,
Bot the gude King that knew all the haill chance,
Richt greit dispyte of Scotland spokin had they,
This passit ouir quhill that vpon ane day,
Was nane of them that durst it vndertake,
He had done wrang or thairfore battell make.

How Wallace slew the Lyoun in the Barrace. Chap. III.

THis Royall Roy ane hie worship him gaue,
As conquerour him honourit ouir the laue.
Ane fell Lyoun this King gart be brocht,
Within Barrace for greit harme that he wrocht,
Tyrlisit in yrne na mair power him gaue,
Of woodnes he exceidit all the laue.
Bot he was fair and richt selloun in deid,
In that strang strength he gart men him feid,
Keipit him close for men and bestiall,
In court thair dwelt twa Squyeris of greit vaill,
That Cuisings were to the Campiouns twa,
The quhilk before Wallace hapnit to sla.
Ane band they maid in priuie conclusioun,
At their power to worke his confusioun:
Be ony meane through fraud and subtiltie,
Efter thairfore they thocht not for to die.
To death or shame sa that they might him bring,
Upon ane time they went vnto the King,
This Scot they said that they sa weill fair make,
He feis not heir bot he wald vndertake,

Be his greit force to put to confusioun,
Now he desires to fecht with your Lyoun,
And bad vs ask at you this Battell strang.
Ze grant him leaue in the Barres to gang,
Sadlie again to them answerit the King,
Sair me forthinks he desyres sik anething,
Bot I will nouther for richt nor zit pleasance,
Deny Wallace quhat he desyris in France.
Then went they furth & sone met with Wallace,
Ane figurat taill thay tauld him in that cace.
Wallace thay said the King desyris that ze,
Direnze battell sa cruell for to se.
And chargis you to fecht with this Lyoun,
Wallace answerit in haistie conclusioun,
And I sall do quhat be the kings will,
At my power richt glaidlie to fulfill,
Whan pastit he vnto the King but mair,
Ane lord of court quhen he approachit thair,
Unwysely speirit without prouisioun,
Wallace dar ze ga fecht with our Lyoun?
And he said zea, sa the king suffer me,
Or with your selfe gif ze ought better be,
Quhat will ze mair this thing admittit was,
That Wallace sould vnto the Lyoun pas.
The King chargit to bring him gude harnes,
And he said nay God forbid me sra sik cace,
I sould it take gif I faucht with ane man,
Bot for ane dogge that nocht of armes can.
I will haue nane bot single as I ga,
Ane greit mantle about his hand can ta,
And ane gude sword with him he tuik na mair,
Abandounlie in Barrace enterit thair.
Greit chainis was wrocht in the zet with a gin,
And pullit to quhen Wallace was thairin.
The wood Lyoun on Wallace quhair he stude,
Rampand he brayit for he desyrit blude,
With his round pallis in the mantill wrocht sa,

Athwart

Athwart the bak gude Wallace can him ta,
With his gude ſwozd that was of birneiſt ſteill,
His body in twa it cuttit euerilk deill.
Syne to the King he raikit in greit ire,
And ſaid on lowd, was this all zour deſire,
To wair ane Scot this lichtlie into vaine,
Is there ma doggis that ze wald zit haue ſlane?
Ga bring them furth ſen I man doggis quell,
To do bidding quhill that I with zou dwell.
It gains me weill to graith me in Scotland,
Foz greitter deids thair men hes tane on hand,
Than with ane dog in battell to encheine,
At zou and France foz euer I take my leaue.
The King perſauit that Wallace greuit was,
Sa earneſtlie he aſkit leaue to pas.
Reuit in his minde that it was hapnitſa,
Sa leud ane deid to let him vnderta,
Knawand the wozthip and the greit nobilnes,
Of him quhilk ſprang that time in mony place,
Hamelie he ſaid it ſould diſpleaſe zou nocht,
Zit ze deſyzit, it bzed neuer in my thocht,
And be the faith I aw the croun of France,
I thocht neuer to charge zou to ſik chance.
Wot men of baill that aſkit it foz zou,
Wallace anſwerit to God I make ane bow,
I lykit neuer ſik battell to be in,
Upon ane dog na wozthip is to win,
The King conſauit how this falſet was wzocht,
The Squyars baith was to his preſence bzocht.
Could not deny quhen they come him befoze.
All their treſpas they tauld withouttin moze,
The King commandit they ſould be done to deid,
Smot of theis heids without any remeid.
The Campeouns lo foz Inuy cauſles,
To ſudden deith Wallace them bzocht throw cais,
The Squyars als fra their falſnes was kend,

Inuy

Inuy them baith bȝocht to ane ſuddane end.
Lȝds behald Inuy the euill Dȝagoun,
In cruell fire he birnis this Regioun.
Fȝ he is not that abounds in Inuy,
To ſum miſcheiſe it bȝings him haſtily,
Fȝſaik Inuy thou ſall the better ſpeid,
Heirof as now I will na farther reid.
Bot in my mater that I befȝe began,
I ſall declair als plainly as I can.

WHen Wallace ſaw they had him at Inuy,
Langer to byde he couth not than plainly,
Better him thocht in Scotland fȝ to be,
And auenture take outher to liue ȝ die.
To helpe his awin he had far mair pleaſance,
Than thair to byde with all the wealth in France,
Than his haill mynde manheid and courage,
Was plainlie ſet to win out of bondage,
Scotland againe fra paine and meikill ſchoir,
He bowit he ſould ȝ els to die thairfȝe,
The King hes ſein how gude Wallace is ſet,
The letter than him gaue without tin let,
The quhilk of lait fra Scotland was him ſend,
Wallace it ſaw and weill their harmes kend.
Be the firſt wȝite thairto accȝdiall,
Them to ſupplie he thocht he wald not faill.
Quhairfȝe ſould I heirof lang pȝces make,
Wallace of France ane gudlie leaue can take.
The King hes ſene it wald not els be,
To Chalmer went behald him micht not he,
Fȝ greit langour quhen Wallace can remoue,
The King to him keipit kyndnes ay and loue.
Iowellis and go ld his wȝſchip fȝ to ſaue,
He bad them giue as meikill as they wald haue.
Lȝds and Ladyis weipit wonder ſaft,
Quhen Wallace thair ſa tuik his leaue and paſt,
Na man he tuik bot quhom he hither bȝocht,

Agane

Againe with him Longoueill furth socht.
For pane nor blis that gude knicht left him neuer,
For cace befell quhill death made them disseuer.
Toward the Sluce in gudlie feir past he,
Ane veschell gat and maid him to the se.
Aucht shipmen feyit and gudelie wage them gaue,
To Scotland fure the Firth of Tay they haue.

How Wallace come in Scotland againe at the Battell of Elchok park. Chap. IIII.

VPon the Nicht Wallace the land hes tane,
At Ernismouth and is to Elchok gane,
He gart the Schip in couert saill away,
Sa out of sicht they war or it was day,
At Elchok dwelt ane Wallace Cuising deir,
That Craufurd hecht the hous quhen they come neir,
On the bak syde Wallace ane window fand,
And in he callit, then Craufurd come at hand.
Fra time he wist that it was gude Wallace,
Into his Barne he ordainit them ane place.
Ane mow of corne he biggit them about,
And closit it weill nane micht persaue thair out,
Bot at ane place quhair meit was to them brocht,
And bedding to as gudlie as he mocht.
Ane derne holl furth on the North syde they had,
Unto the water quhair of Wallace was glad.
Four dayes or fyue in rest soiournit thair,
Quhill meit was gane than Craufurd bownit for mair.
To Sanct-Iohnstoun their purueyance to by,
Inglismen thocht he tuik mair aboundantly,
Than he was wont in ony tyme before,
Thay haue him tane put him in presoun soir.
Quhat gaists he had to tell maid him request,
He said it was bot to ane kirking feist.
Zit they presumit the cummin of Wallace,
Knawledge to get they set ane subtill cace,
They let him pas with thing that he had bocht.

Syne efter ſone in all the haiſt they mocht,
To harneſſe zeid the power of the toun,
Aucht hundzeth men with Buttellar maid them boun,
Followit on dzeich quhill that this man come hame,
Wallace him ſaw and ſaid he ſernit blame.
In my ſteiping ane fell villoun me tauld,
Till Ingliſmen that thou ſould me haue ſauld.
Craufurd then ſaid he had bene tozmentit ſair,
With Ingliſmen that had him at diſpair.
Thairfoze ryſe vp and ſone ſum ſuccour ſee
I dzeid full ſair they ſet watchis on me,
The wozthy Scots graithed them in gude ſpeid,
Thair wapins tuik syne off that hous they zeid.
Thus ſuddainlie feill Sutheroun they ſaw,
To few they were to fecht agains them aw,
That kenely come with zoung Buttellar the Knicht,
Then Wallace ſaid in plaine land is not richt.
Bot Elchok Park that is neir heir beſyde,
The firſt ſailzie we think thair to abyde,
Nynteine they wer and Craufurd with gude will,
The twentie man the number to fulfill.
The Park they tuik Wallace ane place hes ſene,
Of greit Holing that grew baith heich and grene,
With thozane treis ane maner of ſtrenth maid he,
Oz that war win they thocht to gar feill die,
The wood was thik bot littill of dzeid and lenth,
And they had meat they thocht to hald that ſtrenth.
The Ingliſmen then paſt to Craufurds place,
Fand in the barn the lodging of Wallace,
Than Craufurdis wife in hands they haue tane,
And askit at hir quhat way the Scots is gane?
Richt weill they trowit that Wallace ſould thair be,
Fra France to Tay he was cummit throw the ſea,
Scho wald not tell foz doiſt noz zit reward,
Then Buttellar ſaid ouer lang thou hes bene ſpaird,
Thairwith he grew in mat talent and ire,
And gart them big ane full braid birnand fire,

The

The Sutheroun swore thairin sho sould brint be,
Than Wallace said scho sall not end for me,
Greit sin it wer zone saikles wicht to sta,
Or scho sould end in faith thair sall die ma.
He left the strenth and the plaine feild can ta,
On loude he cryit and said lo heir thy fa.
Thinks thou na shame for to torment ane wife,
Come first to me and make end of our strife,
Fra Butteller had on field gude Wallace sene,
For auld malice he wore neir wood for tene.
Upon the Scots, they schuip all with greit mane,
Gude Wallace scone the strenth he tuik agane.
Ane fell bicker the Inglismen began,
Assailzeit sair with monie cruell man,
Bot they within were noble of defence,
Maid greit debait with force and violence.
At the entrie fyftéene they put to deid,
Then all the laue remoued fra that steid.
Zeid to array, agane to sailzie new,
Wallace beheld quhilk weill in weir him knew,
Fellowes he said agane all at this place,
They will nocht faill bot this standis the cace,
Zon knicht thinks for to deuyde his men,
In seir places the suith ze sall weill ken,
Agane on vs to preiue how it may be,
As now behoues sum vther way to sée,
Contrair thair micht ane gude defence to make,
Now Longoueill thou sall sax with thée take,
VVilliame my Eme als mony sall with zou ga,
And fyue with me as now we haue na ma.
Knicht Buttellar than partit his men in thrie,
Wallace vesyit quhair Buttellar schuip to be.
Thither than past that entrie for to weir,
Quhilk syd they did assailzie with greit feir,
Wallace leit pairt on the entrie begin,
Bot nane zeid out that on the Scots come in,
Seuin formest was that in the front first zeid,

Wallace fyue men that douchtie wer in deid,
Ilk ane flew ane and Wallace gart twa die,
Buttellar was neift and faid this will not be,
Abake he drew and leit his courage faik,
The worthy Scots prenit weill for Scotlands faik,
Gude Longoueill his counter maid fa fair,
And Craufurd als they faillzeit them na mair,
Nicht neir be than approachit to mirk nicht,
And ferns to appeir begen into their licht,
Sutheroun fet watchis and to their Supper went,
The Buttellar was fair greinit in his intent.
Zit fure they weill of gude fute aill and breid,
Wallace and his thay wift of na remeid,
Bot cald watter that ran out throw ane ftrand,
In that ludging nane vther fude they fand.
Than Wallace faid gude fellowis think not lang,
Will God we fall be fone out of this thrang.
Suppois we faft ane day or zit ane nicht,
Take all in thank this pane for Scotlands richt.
The Erle of Zork was in Sanct Iohnftoun ftill,
To Buttellar fend and bad him byde at will.
To him full fone there fould cum new power,
And als him felfe thus tauld the meffenger,
Buttellar wald faine Wallace had zelden bene,
Or the Erle come and for this caus was fene.
His Grandfher and his father baith he flew,
This Knicht thairwith towart the Parke him drew.
Quhat cheir they maid vpon the Scottis he cald,
Than Wallace faid far better then thou wald,
The Buttellar faid I wald faine fpeik with thee.
Wallace anfwerit thou may for littill fe.
Wallace he faid thou hes done me greit fkaith,
My father and my Grandfchir thou flew baith
Than Wallace faid for that ftate thou art in,
It wer my det for to vndo thy kin.
And I think als as God of heauen me faue,
That my twa hands fall graith thee to thy graue.

The

The Buttellar said that is not likelie now,
Bot we thee haue we sall gar syds sow.
Of this I aske and thou wald make me grant,
Quhat I thee hecht that thing thou sall not want,
Say furth quod he be thy destre ressonnabill,
I sall it grant withouttin any fabill,
The Burtellar said Wallace thou knawis richt,
Thou may not chaip be power nor be slicht.
And sen thou seis it may na better be,
For thy gentrice thou wald thée zeild to me.
Than Wallace said thy will vnskilfull is,
Thou wald me doe quhilk is ouer hie ane mis,
Zolden I am, to better I can proue,
To quhom? he askit, to the greit God aboue.
For euer ilk day sen I had wit of man,
Before my worke to zeild me I began,
And als at euin quhen that I failzeit licht,
I me betaucht to the maker of micht.
The Buttellar said, me think thou hes done weill,
Zit of ane thing I pray thée let me feill.
For thy manheid this to me manifest,
Quhen that thou seis thou may na langer lest,
On this ilk place quhilk I haue tane to weir,
That thou cum furth and all vther forbeir,
Than Wallace leuch at his cruell desyre,
And said I sall thocht thou war wood as fyre,
And all England the contrairie had sworne,
I sall cum out at that ilk place the morne,
Or els this nicht traist weill that I thee say,
I byde nocht heir quhill nyne hours of the day.
Buttellar send furth the chake watch on the syde,
In that ilk place baldlie he bownit to byde,
Thus still they baid, quhill day began to peir,
Ane thick mist fell the Planeit was not cleir.
Wallace assayit, all that place about,
Leit as he wald at sum ane place break out,
Quhill Buttellaris men away fra him couth ga,

To help the lane, quhen they saw it was sa,
Wallace and his, fast sped them to that steid,
Quhair Buttellar baid feill men they brocht to deid.
The worthy Scots swne past throw that mellee,
Craufurd thair with was sair hurt in the knè.
At eird he was, gude Wallace turneit againe,
And at ane straik he hes the Buttellar slaine.
Hynt vp that man vnder his arme sa strang,
Defendand him out of that felloun thrang.
Gude roume he maid amang them quhair he gais,
With his richt hand he slew fyue of his fais,
Bure out Craufurd by force of his personn,
Fyne aiker braid or euer he set him doun,
The Sutheroun fand that thair Captaine was deid,
Hemblit him about bot than was na remeid.
Threttie with him of the wichtest he brocht,
Deid on that place quhairat the Scots out socht,
Wallace and his be than was fra thair sicht.
Sutheroun baid still for greit lose of that knicht,
The myst was mirk, that Wallace lykit weill.
Him selfe was glaid and said to Longoueill:
At Methuen wod is my delyte to be,
For their is bestiall to get in greit plentie:
Be than they were weill cummin to the heicht,
The mist slaikit the sunne schynit fair and bricht,
Swne war they war ane lytill space them by,
Of four and threttie in ane company,
Than Wallace said be zone freind or fa,
We will them see sen that they are na ma.
Quhen they come neir ane Nobill knicht it was,
The quhilk to name hecht sir Hew of Dundas,
And Sir Iohn Scot ane wise and worthie knicht,
Into Stratherne ane man of mekill micht:
For there he had greit pairt of heritage,
Dundas efter he had in Mariage.
Passand thay war and micht na langer lett,
To Inglismen their seruitie for to sett,

The

The Lord of Brechin sik cunnand had them maid,
Of King Edward to hald their lands braid.
Bot fra they saw that it was wicht Wallace,
Held vp thair hands and thankit God of grace.
Of his great help quhilk he had send them thair,
To Methuen wood with ane assent they fair,
Soone gat them meit of Bestiall that they fand,
Restit that day, quhen nicht wes cummin on hand,
To Birnane wood but resting are they gane,
Quhair they haue found the squyar gude Ruthuene,
In outlaw vse he had lang liuit thair.
Of bestiall quhill he micht get na mair.
They tarpit not bot into Athoill zeid,
Quhair meit was scant thair Wallace had greit dreid,
Passit to Lorne richt littill fand he thair.
Of wilde and tame that countrie was maid bair,
Bot in the strenths thair fude was leauit nane,
Thir worthy Scots than maid ane piteous mane,
Sir Iohn Scot said he had far rather die,
Into gude name and leaue his airs free,
Then for to byde as bound in subiectioun,
Quhen Wallace saw thir gude men of renoun,
With hunger stad almaist micht liue na mair,
Wit ze for them he sichit wonder sair.
Gude men he said I am the caus of this,
At zour desyre I sall amend this mis,
Or leaue zou free sum cheuisance for to ma,
All him allane he bounit for to ga.
Prayit them byde quhill he micht cum agane,
Out ouir ane hill he passit into plaine.

Out of thair sicht into ane Forrest syde,
He set him doun vnder ane Aik to byde,
His bow and sword he leauit to ane tree.
In anguish greit on grout then turnit he,
This piteous mane was for his men sa wrocht,
That of him selfe littill thing then he rocht,

O wretch he said that neuer could be content,
Of ouir greit micht that the greit God thæ lent.
Bot thy feirs minde willfull and variabill,
With greit lordship thou couth not sa bide stabill
And wilfull wit, for to make Scotland frée,
God lykis not that I haue taken on me.
Far worthier than I of birth was borne,
Throw my desyre, for hunger are forlorne,
I ask at God them to restoir againe
I am the cause, I sould haue all the paine.
Quhile studyand thus, quhile flytand with him fell,
Quhill at the last vpon sleiping he fell.
Thrée dayes befoir thair had him followit fyue,
The quhilk was bound, or els to lose their lyue.
The Erle of Zork bad them sa greit guardoun,
That they be thift thocht to put Wallace doun.
Thrée of them was borne men of England,
And twa was Scots that tuik the deid on hand.
And some men said, the third brother betraisit,
Kyndrome east, quhair greit sorrow was raisit.
Ane Chyld they had quhilk helpit to beir meit,
In wildernes amang the mountaines greit.
They had all séene the disseuering of Wallace,
Fra his gude men, and quhair he baid on cace.
Amang thick wood in couert held them law,
Quhill they persauit he could on sleiping saw,
And than thir fyue approchit Wallace neir,
Quhats best to do at vther fast they speir?
Ane man said thus, it were an hie Renoun,
And we micht quik leid him to Sanct Iohnstoun.
Lo how he lyis, we may our grippis waill,
Of his wapins he sall haue nane auaill.
We sall him bind in contrair of his will,
And leid him thus on back syde of zone hill.
Sa that his men sall nathing of him knaw,
The vther four assentit to his saw.
And than thir fyue maid them vnto Wallace,

And

And thocht throw force to binde him in that place.
Quhat? trowit thir men for to had VVallace doun?
The manliest man, the starkest of persoun
Liuand he was: als stude into sic richt,
We traist weill God his deeds hes in sicht.
They grippit him, and out of sleip he braid.
Quhat meinis this? then sadly VVallace said.
About he turnit and vp his armes thrang,
On thay traitours with knichtly feir he dang.
The starkest man into his hand hint he,
And all his harnis he dang out on ane trie.
His sword he gat soone efter that he rais,
Campioun-lyke amang the four he gais.
Euer ane man he gart die at ane dint,
Quhen twa was deid, the vther thrée wald not stint.
Maid them to flée, bot then it was na bute,
Was nane liuand micht fra him pas on fute,
He followit fast, and soone to deith them brocht,
Than to the Chyld sadly againe he socht.
Quhat did thou heir? the Chyld with ane paill face
On knées fell, and askit VVallace grace.
With them I was, and knew nathing their thocht,
Into seruice as they me bad I wrocht.
Quhat beiris thou thair? bot meit the Chyld can say,
Ga tak it vp, and pas with me away.
Meit in this tyme is far better nor gold.
VVallace and he furth foundit on the fold.
Quhat brocht VVallace from his enemies bald?
Quha? bot greit God that hes this warld to hald.
He was his help in monie felloun thrang,
With glad cheir thus, vnto Erne can he gang,
Baith rostit flesh there was, als breid and cheis.
To succour them that was in point to leis,
And he it dealis to four men and fyftie,
Quhilk had befoir fastit ouir dayes thrée.
Syne tuik his part, he had fastit als lang,
Quhair heard ze euer ony in sik thrang?

In hunger sa sleipand and wapinles,
Sa weill recouerit as Wallace did in cais.
Plainly be force vincuist his enemies fyue,
Men of wit this questioun now descryue.
Withouttin glose I will tell furth my taill,
How come this meit: the fellowship askit haill,
To thair desyre Wallace na answer zald,
Quhair fyue was deid he led them furth and tald.
Greitly displeisit was all that Cheualry,
To ane Chiftane they held it fantasie,
To walk allane, Wallace with sobir mude,
Sayes heirof hes cum nathing bot gude.
To the law land againe full fast they socht,
Speirit at this Thyld, gif he routh with them ocht.
Quhair they micht best of purueyance for to win,
Of nane he said was that countrie within.
Nor all about in als far as I knaw,
Quhill that ze cum doun to the Rannoch haw.
That Lord hes stuff, baith aill, breid and vernage,
Of King Edward he takis full meikill wage,
Than Wallace said my selfe sall be zour gyde,
I knaw that steid, about on ather syde.
Throw the wyld land he gydit them full richt,
To Rannoch hall he brocht them that same nicht.
Ane watch was out, and that full soone they ta,
He was ane Scot, zit wald he nocht him sla.
Bot gart him tell the maner of that place,
Thus enterit they within a lytill space.
The zet they wan, for Castell was their nane,
Bot mud wall wicht, withouttin lyme or stane,
Wallace in haist strak vp the Chalmer dure,
With his richt fute that stalwart was and sture.
Then they within awakinit suddanly,
The Lord gat vp, and mercie can he cry.
Fra tyme he wist that gude Wallace was thair,
He thankit God syne said thir words mair.
True man I was, and win against my will,

With

With Inglismen, suppois I lykit ill.
All Scots we are that in this hous is now,
At zour command all baldlie sall we bow.
Of our Natioun gude Wallace had pittie,
Tuik aithis of them, and syne meit askit he,
Gude cheir they maid quhill licht day on the morne.
This true man then soone semblit him beforne.
Thrée sonnis he had that stalwart wer and bald,
And tuentie men of kin in his houshald.
VVallace was blyith they maid him sik supplie,
Said I thank God that we thus multiplie.
All that day ouir, in gude lyking they rest,
Watchis they waill, to keip them that couth best.
Upon the morne the licht day quhen they saw,
Then VVallace said our power for to knaw.
We will take field, and vp our Banner rais,
In richt of Scotland, and contrair of our fais.
We will na mair now vs in couert hyde,
Power to vs will sembill on ilk syde.
Then hors they gat the best that could be thair,
Towart Dunkeld the gainest way they fair.
The Bishop then gat him to Sanct Iohnstoun,
The Scottis slew that was of their Natioun.
Baith poore and rich, and seruands that they fand,
Left nane on lyfe that was borne of England,
The place they tuik, and maid them weill to fair,
Of purueyance that Bishop had brocht thair.
Jewels they gat, baith gold and sluer bricht,
With gude cheir there fyue dayes sojournit richt.
On the sixt day Wallace to counsell went,
Gart call the best, and shew them his intent.
Na men we haue to sailzie Sanct Iohnstoun,
Into the North therefoir let vs make boun.
In Ros ze knaw gude men ane strenth hes maid,
Hear they of vs, they cum withouttin baid.
Als into Bute is gude Bishop Sinklair,
Fra he get wit, he cummis withouttin mair.

Gude

Gude weſtland men, of Arrane and Rauchlie,
Fra thay be warnit they will all cum to me.
Thus purpoſe tuik and in the North they ryde,
Na Inglishmen durſt in thair gait abyde.
Quhom Wallace tuik they knew the auld ranſoun,
Fra he come hame to flee they make them boun,
And Scottiſmen ſemblit to Wallace faſt,
In awfull feir out throw the land they paſt,
Strenths was left wit ze all deſolat,
Aganes thir folk na man durſt make debait.
In rayit battell they raid to Abirdene,
In haill number ſeuin thouſand than was ſene.
Bot Inglismen had left the toun all waiſt,
On euer ilk ſyde away than can them haiſt,
In all that land left nouther mair nor les,
Lord Bewmont tuik the ſey at Buchane Nes.
Throw Scotland than was manifeſt in plaine,
The Lords that fled in heart was wonder faine.
The Knicht Clement of Ros come ſuddainlie,
In Murray land with thair gude Chevalrie,
The hous of Narne that gude Knicht weill hes ſane,
Slew the Captaine and gude men mony ane.
Out of Murray and Buchane land come they,
To ſeik Bewmont, bot he was paſt away,
Than thir gude men to Wallace paſſit richt,
Quhen Wallace ſaw Sir Iohn Ramſay the Knicht,
And vther gude men that had bene fra him lang,
Greit courage than was raiſed them amang.
The land he reuillit as that him lykit beſt,
To Sanct-Johnſtoun, lyne rade or they wald reſt,

The Seige of Sanct Johnſtoun.

At euerilk port ane ſtalwart watch he maid,
Confirmit ane ſeige, and ſteinfaſtly abaid,
Biſhop Sinklar in all gude haiſt him dicht,
Come out of Bute, with ſemlie men be ſicht,
Out of the Ilis of Rauchly and Arrane,

Lind-

Lyndsay and Boyde with gude men mony ane,
Adame Wallace Barroun of Richardroun,
Full sadlie socht to Wallace of renoun,
At Sanct Iohnstoun baid at the Saitzie still,
For Sutheroun men, thay micht weill pas at will,
For in thair way thair durst na enemie be,
Bot fled away, be land and als be se.
About that toun thus semblit they but moir,
For they had bene with gude Wallace befoir,
Setoun Lawder, gude Richard of Lundie,
In ane gude Barge they past about be se.
In Sanct Iohnstoun hauin, thair ankers haue they set,
Twa Inglis schips they tuik withouttin let,
The tane they brynt, and stuffit the other weill,
With artailzie and stalwart men in steill,
To keip the port thair sould cum na bittaill,
Into the toun nor men that micht auaill.
Fra South and North, mony off Scotland fled,
Left Castellis waist feill left thair lifes in wed.
The Sutheroun Bishop that before left Dunkell,
To Londoun past and tauld Edward him sell.
In Scotland thair had fallen ane greit mischance,
Then send he soone for Aymeir the Wallance,
And askit him quhat than was best to do,
He hecht to pas and tak greit gold thairto,
Into Scotland sum meanis for to make,
Aganis Wallace, on hand this can he take.
He said he wald vndo king Edwards Croun,
Except he micht throw tressoun put him doun,
King Edward hecht quhat thing that VVallange band,
He fould it keip thairto he gaue his hand,
Wallange tuik leiue and into Scotland went,
To Bothwell come, syne kest in his intent.
Quhat man their was micht Wallace best begyle,
And soone he fand within ane lytill quhyle.
Schir IohnMenteith that Wallace Gossop was,
Ane Messynger Sir Aymeir hes gart pas,

At Ruglyn Kirk ſhir Iwa toggidder met,
Him to betray the bargan thair was ſet,
Than Wallange ſaid Sir Iohn thou knawis this thing,
Wallace again ryſis contrair the King,
And thou may haue quhat lordſchip thou will waill,
And thou wald wirk as I wald giue counſall,
Zone tyrane haldis the realmes at troubill baith,
To thriftie men it dois full mekill ſkaith.
He traiſts thée, thou may full weill him take,
Of this mater I reid ane end thou make,
War he away we micht at lyking ring,
As Lords all, and liue vnder ane king,
Then Menteith ſaid he is our gouernour,
For vs he baid in mony felloun ſtour,
Nocht for him ſelf bot for our heritage,
To ſell him thus it wer ane foull outrage.
Then VVallange ſaid and thou weill vnderſtude,
Greit merite it war, he ſpillis ſa mekill blude,
Of chriſten men puts ſaullis in perrell,
I bind me als, he ſall be haldin haill,
As for his life and keipit in preſoun,
King Edward wald haue him in ſubiectioun,
Then Menteith thocht ſa thay wald keip cunnand.
He wald full fane haue had him off Scotland.
VVallange ſaw him into ane ſtudy be,
Thre thouſand pound of fyne gold leit him ſee.
And hecht he ſould the Lennox haue at will,
Thus treaſonablie Menteith grantit thair till.
Ane Obligation with his awin hand he maid,
Syne tuſk the gold, and Edwardis ſeill ſa braid,
And gaue them his, quhen he his time micht ſée,
To take Wallace, ouir Sulway giue him frée.
To Ingliſmen, be this treaſonabill concord,
Sir Iohn ſould be of all the Lennox Lord.
Thus Wallace ſould in England keipit be,
Sa Edward micht make Scotland to him frée.
Thair couetiſe was ouer greit maiſter ſene.

Nane

Sane exempill takis how ane vther hes bene,
For couetiſe put in painis ſtrang and kill.
For couetiſe the Serpent is in hell.
For couetiſe gude Hector tuik the deid,
For couetiſe their can be na remeid,
Throw couetiſe gude Alexander was loiſt,
And Iulius als for all his reiſ and boiſt.
Throw couetiſe dieit Arthur of Britane,
For couetiſe their hes dieit mony ane,
For couetiſe the tratour Ganilioun,
The floure of France he put to confuſioun,
For couetiſe they poyſonit gude Godefray,
In Antioch as the authour will ſay,
For couetiſe Menteith vpon kals wayes,
Betrailed Wallace that was his Gollop thryis,
Wallange in haiſt, with blyth will and gude hart
To London paſt, and ſchew to King Edward,
Of thair contract he had far mair pleaſance,
Than of fyne gold geuin in Ballance,
Of greiter wecht than his ranſoun micht be,
Of Wallace ſurth zit ſpeik ſum pairt will we.

AT Sanct Iohnſtoun zit was the ſeiging ſtill,
In ane morning the Sutheroun with gude will,
Fyue hundreth men in armis richt egerlie.
They iſchit furth to make ane Ieopardie.
At the ſouth port vpon Scot and Dundas,
Quhilk in thair tyme richt wyſe and worthy was.
Againis thair kais richt ſharplie faucht and ſair,
In that counter ſeuin ſcoir to death they bair,
Zit Inglifmen that cruell was and kene,
Full derfly faucht quhair douchtie deid was ſene.
Fra the weſt zet drew all the Scots haſtl,
To the fechtaris, quhen they ſaw nocht auaill,
Bot in agane full faſt they can them ſpeid,
The Knicht Dundas full douchtie preuit in deid,
Quir neir the zet full bandounlie he baid,

With ane gude sword full greit maistrie he maid.
Nocht wittand weill his fellowes was him fra,
In at the zet, the Sutheron can him ta.
Unto the Erle they led him haistilie,
Quhen he him saw he said he sould not die.
To slay this ane it may vs lyttill remeid,
He send him furth to VVallace in that steid,
Unto the North his battellis hes he brocht.
Quhill he him saw of this he wist richt nocht.
Send to the Erle and thankit him larglie.
Hecht for to quyte quhen he sik cause micht sie.
Bot zit thairfoir souerance he wald not grant,
Thocht thay wer zoldin and cum recryant.
For golde nor gude he wald na tribute tak,
Ane greit assault than he began to mak.
The Erle of Fyfe dwelt vnder trewes lang,
Of King Edward and than he thocht it wrang.
That VVallace sa was seigeand Sanct Iohnstoun,
Bot gif he come in richt help of the Croun,
To Inglishmen he wald not keip that band,
Than he come soone with gude men of the land.
And Iohn Wallange was than Schiref of Fyfe,
To VVallace past and starkit him in that stryfe.
The Erle was cummin of gude true nobill blude.
Of the auld Thane quhill in his tyme was gude,
Than all about to Sanct Iohnstoun thay gang,
The felloun sault was hiddeous sharp and strang,
Full feill faggaldis into the dyke thay cast,
Hadder and hay wound about staikkis fast.
With treis and eird ane greit passage they maid,
Out ouer the wallis they zeid in battell braid.
The Sutheroun then maid greit defence againe,
Quhill at the wallis thair was ane thousand slane.
VVallace zeid in and his rayit battel richt,
All Sutheroun men derflie to deith they dicht
To saue the Erle VVallace the herald send,
Gude Iop him selfe the quhilk besore him kend.

For Dundas saik he said he sould not die,
Wallace him self thus ordainit for to be,
Ane small haikney to him he gart be take,
Silver and gold his costs for to make.
Set on his cloake ane takin for to see,
Ane Lyoun in ware that sould his conduct be.
Conuoyit him furth and na man him withsall,
Wemen and bairnes Wallace gart freith them all,
And syne he cryit true Scots to thair awin,
Pleneist the land quhilk lang had bene ouerthrawin,
Then Wallace past the South land for to see,
Edward the Bruce in his time richt worthy,
That zeir before he had in Ireland bene,
And their with him were cruell men and kene.
Fiftie in feir wer of his Mothers kin,
At Kirkcubricht in Galloway enterit in,
With thay fyftie he had vincust nine scoir,
And syne he past withouttin tarie moir,
To Wigtoun sone and that Castell hes tane,
Sutheroun was fled and left it all allane.
Wallace him met with true men reuerently,
To Lochmabane went all that Cheualrie:
They maid Edward baith Lord and leader there,
This conditioun Wallace him maid but wair,
Bot ane short tyme to byde Robert the King,
Gif he come not in this regioun to Ring,
That Edward sould reclane the Croun but faill,
This hecht Wallace and all the barnage haill.
In Lochmabane Prince Edward leyndit still,
And Wallace past to Cumnok with gude will,
At the Blakboge quhair he was wont to be,
Upon that steid ane royall hous held he.
Inglis wardanis to London past but mair,
And tauld the King of all their greit miskair:
How Wallace can Scotland fra them reduce,
And how he had reclaned Edward Bruce.
The Commouns swoir they sould cum neuer mair,
Upon Scotland and Wallace liuand wair,

Then Edward wrait to Menteith priuely,
Prayit him to haist, the tyme was passed by,
Of the promeis to quhilk he was boundin,
Sir Iohn Menteith into his wit hes soundin:
How he sould best his purpose to fulfill
His Sisters Sonne in haist he callit him till,
And ordainit him in dwelling with Wallace,
Ane aith agane he gart him make on cace,
Quhat time he will Wallace in quyet draw,
He sould him warne quhat auenture micht faw.
This man grantit that sik thing sould be done,
With Wallace thus he was in seruice sone.
Bot of tresloun Wallace had lytill thocht,
His laborous minde in vther matters wrocht.
Thus VVallace thryse hes maid all Scotland frée,
Then he desyrit in lestand peace to be.
For as of weir he was in sum pairt irk,
He purposit then to serue God and the kirk.
And for to liue vnder his richteous King,
That he desyrit abone all earthly thing.

How Wallace was betraisit be Sir Iohne Menteith, and had in England, and martyrit thair, Chap. V.

THe Herald Iop in England sone he send,
And wrait to Bruce richt hartly his commend.
Beseikand him to cum and take his croun,
Nane sould gainstand Clerk Burges nor Barroun,
The Herald past quhen Bruce saw his credence,
Thairof he tuke ane perfite great plesance,
With his awin hand againe wrait to Wallace,
And thankit him of lawtie and kyndnes,
Beseikand him this matter to conceill,
For him behouit out of England to steill.
For lang before was keipit the Ragement,
Quhilk Cummyng had to byde the Parliament.
Into Londoun and gif they him accuse,
To cum fra them he sould make sum excuse.
He prayit Wallace on Glasgow mure to waik,

The

The nixt first nicht of Julie for his saik,
And bad he sould bot into quyet be,
For he with him micht bring few Cheualrie,
Wallace was blyth quhen he this writting saw,
His houshald soone he gart to Glasgow draw,
That moneth thair he ordainit them to byde,
Keirlie he tuik ilk nicht with him to ryde.
And this zoung man that Menteith to him send,
Wist nane bot thair quhat way that Wallace wend,
The quhilk gart warne his Eme the auchtene nicht,
Sextie full soone Sir Iohn Menteith gart dicht,
Of his awin kyn and allya was borne,
To his tressoun he gart them all be sworne.
Fra Dumbartane they sped them hastilie,
Neir Glasgow Kirk they buskit them priuilie,
Wallace past furth quhair that the tryst was set,
Ane spy they maid and followit him but let,
Robert Ralstoun was neir the way besyde,
And bot ane hous quhair Wallace vsed to byde.
He woke on fute, quhill passit was midnight,
Keirlie and he then for ane sleip them dight,
They bad this man that he sould walk his pairt,
And walkin Wallace come men fra ony airt.
Quhen they sleipit the tratour tuik guid heid,
He met his Eme and bad him haue na dreid,
On sleip he was and with him bot ane man,
Ze may him haue for ony craft he can,
Without the hous thair wapins laid them fra,
For weill they wist gat VVallace ane of tha,
And on his feit his ransoun sould be sauld,
Thus semblit they about this febill hauld.
This tratour watch fra VVallace then he stall,
Baith knyfe and sword his bow and arrowes all,
Efter midnight in hands they haue him tane,
Slummerit on sleip with him na man bot ane.
Keirlie thay tuke and led him fra that place,
Did him to deith withouttin langer space,
They thocht to bynd VVallace with strenths strang,

On fute he gat thay fell tratoures amang.
He gripped about bot na wapin he fand,
Zit with ane stule that did beside him stand,
The bak of ane he bristit in that thrang,
And of ane vther the harnis out he dang,
And als mony as hands couth on him lay,
Be force him hint for to haue him away.
Bot that power ane fute micht not him leid,
Out of that hous quhill they or he wer deid,
Sir Iohn saw weill be force it micht not be,
Or he wer tane rather he thocht to die.
Menteith bade ceis and then spak to Wallace,
Syne shew him furth ane full richt subtill cace,
Ze haue sa lang heir vsit zou allane,
Quhill wit thairof is into England gane.
Thairfore hear me and sober zour courage,
The Inglismen with ane full greit barnage.
Are semblit heir and set this hous about,
That ze be force on na wayis may win out,
Suppois ze had the strenth of gude Hector,
Amang this Oist ze may not lang endure,
And they zou take in haist zour death is dicht,
I haue spokin with Lord Cliffurd that Knicht,
Thair Chiftane is, and well meanit for zour life,
They ask na mair bot be quite of zour strife,
To Dumbartane ze sall passe furth with me,
Syne in zour hous ze may in saiftie be.
Sutheroun sik vse with Menteith lang had they,
That Wallace trowit sum pairt that he wald say,
Menteith said sir lo wapinnis we nane haue,
We come in traist zour life gif we micht saue.
VVallace trowit weill and he his Gossop thryis,
That he wald nocht be na maner of wayis,
Him to betrais for all Scotland sa wyde,
Ane aith of him he askit in that tyde.
Thair wantit wit, quhat sould his aiths more,
Forsworne to him he was long time before.
The aith he made, Wallace come in his will,

Richt

Richt fraudfullie all thus he shewit him till,
Gossop he said as Presoner they mon zow se,
Or els throw force they will take zou fra me,
Ane courch with slicht vpon his hands they laid,
And vnder syne with sikker cords they braid.
Baith scharp and teuch and fast togither drew,
Allace the Bruce micht sair that bynding rew.
Quhilk maid Scotland soone brokin vpon cace,
Be Cummyngis death and lose of gude Wallace.
They led him furth in feir amang them aw,
Keirlie he mist and syne the Sutheroun saw.
Than wist he weill that he betraisit was,
Towart the South with him quhen they can pas.
Zit they him said in trueth he sould not die,
King Edward wald keip him in gude saiftie.
For the honour of weir that he had wrocht.
Bot the sair bands sa troublit all his thocht:
Credence thairto forsuith he could not giue,
That he wist weill they wald not let him liue.
Ane fals foull cais that Menteith hes him sald,
Quhen on this wise gude Wallace he was cald,
Sum men sayis it was to saue his Lord,
They leyit all out that maid that fals record,
At the Falkirk the gude Stewart was slaine,
Our Chronickles reheirsis that in plaine.
On Magdalane day the auchtene zeir befoir,
Cummyngis deith thairfore it witnessis more.
And at Restoun Wallace was tressonablie,
Thus falslie stollin fra his gude Cheualrie.
In Glasgow lay and wist not of this thing,
Thus he was loist in byding of his King,
South they him led ay hald and the waist land,
Delyuerit him in haist ouir Sulway sand.
The Lord Cliffurd and VVallange tuik him thair,
To Cairleill toun full fast with him they fair,
In presoun him set that was ane greit dolour,
That hous efter they callit Wallace Tour.
Sum men syne said that knew not weill the cace

In Berwik toun to deith they put Wallace.
Contrair is knawin be this opiniouñ,
That Sutheroun men had not then Berwik toun.
To Scotland free it wes till Soullis it gane,
For Lord Cummyng to England with the lane.
Ane vther point is, the tratours durſt not pas,
That fauld him fa quhair Scottiſmen maiſter was.
The third point is, the commonis of England,
Quhat they deny they will not vnderſtand,
That thing be done for witnes that may be,
Nor credence giue farther then they may ſé,
To ſee him die Edward had mair deſyre,
Then to be Lord of all the haill Empyre.
And for this caus they keipit him ſa lang,
Quhill the commonis micht vnto Londoun gang.
¶ Alace Scotland to quhome ſall thou complaine?
Alace fra paine quha can thee now refraine?
Alace thy help is falſlie brocht to ground,
Thy beſt Chiftane in braith bands is bound,
Alace thou hes now loſt thy gyde of licht,
Alace quha ſall defend thé in thy richt?
Alace thy paine approachis wonder neir,
With ſorrow ſone thou man be left on ſeir.
Thy gratious gyde thy greiteſt gouernour.
Alace ouer neir hes cum thy fatall hour.
Alace quha ſall now beit thé of thy baill?
Alace quhen ſall of harmes thou be haill?
Quha ſall defend? quha ſall thé now make fré?
Alace in weir quha ſall thy helper be?
Quha ſall thé keip? quha ſall thee now redeime?
Alace quha ſall the Sayounis fra thee ſteme?
I can na mair bot beſeik God of grace,
Thee to reſtore in haiſt to welth and peace.
Hen gude Wallace may ſuccour thee na mair,
The lois of him increſſis mekill eair.
Now of his men in Glaſgow ſtill they lay,
Quhat ſorrow rais, quhen they miſſit him away,
The cruell paine the wofull complening,

Thair of

Thairof to tell it were ane heanie thing.
I will let be and ſpeik thairof na mair,
Lytill reheirſe is ouer mekill of cair.
And principallie quhair redemptioun is nane,
It helps not to tell thair piteous mane,
The deid thairof is zit in remembrance,
I will lat ſlaik of ſorrow the ballance.
Bot Longouelll to Lochmabane can pas,
And thair hecht he quhair gude prince Edward was.
Out of Scotland he ſould pas neuer mair,
Loſe of Wallace ſorcht to his hairt ſa ſair.
The realme of France he bowit neuer to ſe,
Bot revenge Wallace or ellis thairfore to die.
Thair he remainit quhill cumming of the King,
With Bruce in weir this gude Knicht furth did ring,
Remembrance ſyne is in the Bruces buik,
Secund he was quhen they Sanct Johnſtoun tuik.
Followit the King at winning of the toun,
The Bruce thairfore gaue him full greit guardoun.
All Charteris lands the gude King to him gaue,
Charteris ſenſyne of him cummit are the laue,
Quhairto ſould I far in this ſtorie wend?
Bot of my buik to make ane finall end.
Robert the Bruce came hame on the third day,
In Scotland efter that Wallace was away.
To Lochmabane quhair he fand gude Edward.
Quhairof he was greitlie reioyſit in heart,
Bot fra he wiſt Wallace away was led,
Sa mekill baill into his breſt was bred,
Neir off his wit he worthit for that deid,
Edward full ſone then to his brother zeid.
Ane ſuddane chance this was in wa fra weill,
Gude Edward ſayis this helpis not a deill.
Let murning be it may be na remeid.
Ze haue him tint ze ſould reuenge his deid,
Bot for zour caus he tuik the weir on hand,
In zour defence and thrys hes fred Scotland.
The quhilk was tint fra vs and all our kin,

Wer not Wallace we had neuer enterit in.
Mirrour he was of lawtie and manheid,
In weir the best that euer sall power leid.
Had he lykit for to haue tane zour Croun,
Wald nane him let, that is in this Regioun.
Had not bene he ze sould had na entresse,
Into this Realme for tressoun and falsenesse.
That sall ze sée the traitour that him sald,
Fra zou he thinks Dumbartane for to hald.
Sum comfort take and let slaik of this sorrow,
The King chargit Edward vpon the morrow.
Redres to take of wrang that wrocht him was,
To Dalswyntoun he ordainit him to pas.
And men of armis gif they fand Cumming thair,
Put him to deith for na dreid they wald spair,
They fand him nocht, the King him efter slew.
Into Drumfreis quhair witnes wer anew.
That hapnit wrang ouir great haist in ane King,
To wirk by law it may skaith mekill thing.
I neid not heir na farther for to shaw,
How that was done is knawin to zou aw.
BOt zoung Dowglas first to the King can pas,
In all his weir that wicht and worthy was.
Nor how the King hes tane on him the Croun,
Of all that heir I mak bot short mentioun.
Nor how Lord Soullis gaue Berwick toun away,
How efter scone als tint was Galloway.
How Iohn of Lorne against his richt King rais,
On ather syde how Bruce had monie fais.
How bald Brechin contrair the King couth ryde,
Richt few was than in weir with him to byde.
Nor how the North was giuen fra the gude King,
Quhilk maid him lang in painefull weir to ring.
Bot true to him was Iames the gude Dowglas,
For Bruces richt baid weill in monie place.
Under the King he was the best Chiftane,
Bot Wallace I set ane Chiftane him allan.

Thair

Thairfoir to him is na comparisoun,
As of ane man, saue reuerence of the Croun.
Bot sa monie as of the Dowglas hes bene,
Gude of all thing was neuer in Scotland sene.
Comparisouns I can not weill declair,
Of Bruces buik, as now I speik na mair.
Maister Iohn Barbour, quhilk was ane cunning Clerke,
Hes of the Bruce said mekill in his warke.
In this mater I am prolixt almaist,
To my purpois brieflie I will me haist.
How gude Wallace was set amang his fais,
To Londoun with him Cliffurde and Wallange gais,
Quhair King Edward was richt faine of that fang,
They haue him set fast in ane presoun strang.
Of Wallace end my selfe wald leaue for dreid,
To say the warst, bot richteousnes me leid.
We find his lyfe was all sa verray trew,
His fatall hour I will not fenzie now.
Menteith him sauld, and that ouir weill was knawin,
Feill of that kin in Scotland then was sawin.
Chargit to byde vnder the greit Iudgement.
That King Robert actit in his Parliament:
Thairof I make na langer continuance,
Bot Wallace end in warld was displeasance.
Thairfoir I ceis, and puttis not into Ryme:
Scotland may think the blissit happie tyme
That he was borne, be principall points twa,
This is the first, or that we farther ga.
Scotland he fred, and brocht it fra thirlage,
And now in heauin he hes his herberage.
Quhairof we haue richt sikker confidence,
Sen for his countrie he maid sa greit defence.

BEcause that the maist part of thir things following, seemes sumquhat superstitious, and not very agreabill with the treuth of Gods word, we haue thocht it expedient to admonish thee (good Reader) that albeit we haue insert them after the forme of our Coppie: Zit notwithstanding we doo not meane to allowe or approoue them

haillie

haillie for infallibill treuth. But rather on the ane part we haue rereinit them ſtill, to ſhaw the blindneſſe and errour of that time, quhairin men were greitly inclynit to credit ſik vanities and dreames: that now they may be ſtirrit vp to giue thankes to the Eternall our God, that hes opinit their eyes, and deliuerit them fra ignorance, that they micht cleirlie diſcerne betweene licht and darkneſſe, richt and wrang. On the vther part to ſatisfie the appetites of ony that could not eaſily permit ony thing to bee tane away or alterit in this warke: quhairin we haue borne with that, altering almaiſt nathing heerein, leaſt they ſhould judge vs raſhe and haiſtie in doing thereof, at our libertie and pleaſure. Zit notwithſtanding it is maiſt ſure, that oftimes it pleaſeth God of his greit mercie, for deliuerance of miſerabill and oppreſſed peopill, to raiſe vp valiant and notabill perſonages quhom he endewis with extraordinar force, baith of minde & bodie. Quhais faithfull diligence in executing Gods purpoſe, for the reliefe of their natiue Countrie and brethren, as we doubt not bot it is acceptabill in Gods ſicht: ſa we are certain their names ſhall remaine in honour and eſtimation in al ages, preſent and to come: As is eaſilie to bee ſeene in the Hiſtories of diverſe Nations, if ony liſt peruſe the ſame.

A Ne Monke there was in Burie Abbay than,
Into that tyme ane richt Religious man:
Ane zoung man als, with him in ordour ſtude,
Quhilk knew his lyfe was cleane perfyte and gude.
This Father Monke was veſyit with ſeiknes,
Out of the warld, as he could pas on eais.
His brother ſaw his ſpreit lyklie to pas,
Ane band of him richt earneſtlie couth he as,
To cum againe and ſhaw him of the meid,
That he ſould aſk of God for his gude deid.
He grantit him at his power to preiue,
And cum againe gif God wald giue him leaue,
His ſpreit changit out of this warlds paine,
In that ſame tyme come to the Monke againe.

Sik

Sik thing hes bene, and is be voyce and sicht,
Quhair he appeirit thair shynit mekill licht,
Lyke to lanternis they illuminat sa cleir,
That warldlie licht thairto micht be na peir.
Ane voyce said this, God hes me grantit grace,
That I sall keip my promise in this place.
The Monke was blyith of this cleane figure fair,
Bot ane fyrebrand in his fore-heid he bair.
And that him thocht mislykit all the laue,
Quhair art thou spreit. Answerit, sa God me saue,
In Purgatorie. How lang sall thou byde thair?
Wot halfe ane houre to cum and iptill mair.
Purgatorie is I let the weill to wit,
In onie place quhair God will it commit.
Ane houris space I was thair judgit to be,
And that passis suppois I speik with the.
Quhy hes thou that, and all the laue sa haill,
For in science I thocht me maist of vaill.
Quha prydis thairin thair labour is in waist.
For science cummis bot of the halie Gaist.
Efter thy hour quhair is thy passage euin?
Quhen tyme cummis he said to lestand heuin.
Quhat tyme is that? I pray you now declair?
Twa ar on lyse, man be befoir me thair.
Quhilk twa are they, the veritie me ken?
The first hes bene ane greit slayer of men.
Now they him kepe to martyr in Londoun toun,
On Wedinsday, befoir the King and Commoun.
Is nane on lyse that hes sa monie slaine.
For slauchter is to God abominabill.
Then said the spreit, forsuith this is na fabill.
He is Wallace defender of Scotland,
For richteous weir that he tuik vpon hand.
Richteousnes thair is lourit ouir the laue,
Therefoir in heuin he sall that honour haue.
Syne ane poore Preist is mekill to commend,
He tuik in thankis quhat thing that God him send,

For

For godlynes and gude deuotioun,
Heauin he sall haue to lestand worysoun,
I am the third grantit throw Gods grace.
Brother he said, tell I this in our place.
They will bot deme I ather dreame or rane,
Then said the Spreit, this witnes thou sall haue.
The bellis sall ring for ocht that ze do may,
Quhen they him slay halfe ane hour of the day.
And sa they did, the Monk wist quhat they aillit,
Throw braid Bartane the word thairof was scaillit.
The spreit tuik leiue at Gods will to be,
Of Wallace end to hear is greit pitie.

AND I wald not put men in greit doleur,
Bot lichtlie pas out onir this fatall hour.
On Wednisday fals Sutheroun furth him brocht,
To martyr him as thay befoir had thocht.
VVallace was martyrit, the trueth to you to tell,
As wer Oiweld, Edmond, Edward with panis fell.
Of men in armis led him ane full greit rout,
With ane bald spreit then Wallace blent about,
Ane Preist he askit for him that deit on trie,
King Edward then commandit his Clergie.
And said I charge in pane of loise of lyfe,
Nane be sa bald 3one tyrane for to schryfe:
He hes rung lang in contrair of my hienes,
Ane blindit Bishop soone present in that place,
Of Canterberie he than was richteous Lord,
Aganis the King he maid his richt record.
And said my selfe sall hear his confessioun,
Gif I haue micht in contrair of thy Croun.
Or thou throw force fall stop me fra this thing,
I bow to God quhilk is my richteous King.
Or all England I sall then Interdyte,
And make it vnawen thou art ane heretike.
The Sacrament of Kirk I sall him giue,
Syne take thy chois to serue or lat him liue.
Ile wer mair baill in worship of thy Croun,

To

To keip ſik ane on life in thy bandoun,
Then all the land and gude that thou hes reft,
Bot couetiſe thee ay fra honour dreft.
Thou hes thy lyfe rung in all wrangous deid,
That ſall be ſene on thé or on thy ſeid.
The King gaue charge they ſould the Biſhop ta,
Bot wyſe Lords counſaillit to let him ga.
All wyſe men ſaid that his deſyre was richt,
To Wallace than he raikit in thair ſicht.
And ſadlie heard his confeſſioun to end,
Humbly to God his ſpirit he did commend.
Lawlie him ſeruit with hartis deuotioun,
Upon his knées and ſaid ane Oriſoun,
His leiue he tuik, and to Weſtminſter raid,
The Cleuchmen thair thay buir Wallace but baid,
Unto ane place his martyrdome to take,
For to his deith he willit them furthering make.
Fra the firſt nicht he was tane in Scotland,
They keipit him into the ſumin band.
Nathing he had that wald haue done him gude,
Bot Inglíſmen him ſeruit of cairfull fude.
This warldly life deſyris the ſuſtenance,
Thoch he it gat in contrair of pleſance.
Thay thirttie dayes his bands they durſt not ſlaik,
Quhill he was bound to ane ſcampil of aik,
With yron cheinzeis that wer baith ſtark and kene,
Ane Clerk they ſet to heare quhat he wald mene,
Thou Scot he ſaid that ſa greit wrang hes done,
Thy fatall hour thou ſeis approachis ſone.
Thou ſould in mynd remember thy miſdeid,
That Clerks may quhen they thair Pſalmes reid,
For Chriſtin ſaullis quhilk oft makes them to pray,
In thair number thou may be ane of thay,
For now thou ſeis on force thou man deceis.
Then Wallace ſaid for all thy round reheirs,
Thou hes na charge ſuppoſe thou had done mis,
Sone bliſſit Biſhop hes hecht I ſall haue blis.
And I trow weill that God ſall it admit,

Thy

Thy ſimulate wordis ſall not my conſcience knit.
Comfort I haue of way that I ſould gang,
Paiſt paine I feill that I byde heir ſa lang.
Then ſaid this Clerke our King oft ſend thee till,
Thou micht haue had all Scotland at thy will.
To hald of him, and ceaſeit of thy ſtrife,
Sa as ane Lord to rungin furth thy lyfe,
Than VVallace ſaid thou ſpeiks of michtie thing,
Had I laſtit and gottin my richteous King,
And worthy Bruce reſſauit had his croun,
I thocht haue maid England at his bandoun,
That vtterlie it ſould bene at his will,
Quhat pleiſit him to ſaue or elſe to ſpill.
Weill ſaid the Clerk I ſee thou repents nocht,
Of wickitnes thou hes ane felloun thocht.
Is nane in warld that hes ſa mony ſlaine,
Thairfore to aſke me think thou ſould be baine,
Grace at our King and ſyne at his barnage,
Then Wallace ſmylit a lytill at his language.
I grant he ſaid ſum Inglilſmen I ſlew,
In my quarrell me thocht not halfe anew,
I mouit na weir bot for to wyn our awin,
Baith God & man the richt full weill hes knawin
Thy fruſtrat wordis dois nocht bot tyres me,
I thee command in Gods name let me be,
Ane Shirefgart this clarke ſone fra him paſſe,
Richt as they durſt grantit quhat he wald aſſe.
Ane Pſalter Buik Wallace had on him euer,
Fra his Child heid with it he wald not ſeuer
The better he trowit in voyage for to ſpeid.
Bot quhen he was diſpuilzeit of his weid,
This grace he aſkit at Lord Cliffurd that knicht,
To lat him haue his Pſalter buik in ſicht.
He gart ane Prieſt opin before him hald,
Quhil they to him had done quhat that they wald
Stedfaſt he read for ocht they did him thair,
Feill Sutheroun ſaid that VVallace felt na fair.
Gude deuotioun ſa was his beginning,

Con

Continuit thair with and swa was his ending.
Quhill speich and Spreit atains all can fair,
To lestand blis we trust for euer mair,
I will not tell how he deuydit was,
In fyue parts and ordanit for to pas:
Zit his Spreit thus be liklines was weill,
Of Wallace life quha hes ane better feill,
May shaw furth mair with wit and eloquence,
For I to this haue done my diligence,
Efter the Prose giuen fra the Latine buke,
Quhilk maister Blair in his tyme vndertuke,
In fair Latine compylled to ane end.
With gude witnes quhilk mair is to commend,
Bishop Sinclair that Lord was of Dunkell,
He gat this buik and confirmit it him sell.
For very trueth thairof he had na dreid,
Him selfe had heard great pairt of Wallace deid.
His purpose was to haue send it to Rome,
Our Father of Kirk thairin to giue his dome.
Bot Maister Blair and als Sir Thomas Gray,
Efter Wallace they liuit mony ane day.
Thir twa knew best of Sir Williams deid,
Fra sextene zeir quhill nyne and twentie zeid.
Fourtie and fyue Wallace of age was cald,
That time that he was to the Sutheroun sauld.
Thoch this mater be nocht to all pleasance,
His suithfast deid is worthie to auance.
All worthie men that reids this rurall dyte,
Blame not the buik thoch I be imperfyte,
I sould haue thank sen I na trauel spaird,
For my trauell na man hecht me reward.
Nor charge I had of King nor vther Lord,
Greit harme I thocht this gude deid sould be smord,
I haue said heir neir as the proces gais.
And fenzeit nocht for freinds nor zit for fais.
For coistis heirof was na man bound to me,
In this sentence I had no will to sée.
Bot in als mekill as I reheirsit nocht,

Sa worthelie as Nobill Wallace wrocht.
Bot in ane point I grant I said ane mis,
Thir twa Knichts sould blamit be of this.
The Knicht Wallace of Craigie righteous Lord,
And Lyddaill als gart me make wrang record.
On Allartoun mure the Croun he tuik ane day,
To get battell as mine authour will say.
Thir twa gart me say on an vther wyse,
To Maister Blair we did part of suppryse.

GO Nobill buik fulfillit of sentence,
Suppose thou be barren of Eloquence,
Go worthie buke fulfillit of worthie deid,
Bot thee to helpe of language thou hes neid,
Quhen gude makers rang weill into Scotland,
Greit harme it was that uane of them thee fand.
Zit thair is pairt that can thee weill auance,
Now byde the tyme, and be in remembrance.
I zou beseik of zour beneuolence,
Quha will nocht loif, lak nocht my eloquence,
It is weill knawin I am ane rurall man,
And heir hes done als gudlie as I can.
My toung did neuer ornate termis embrace,
I beseik God that giuer is of grace:
Maid hell and eird and set the heauen aboue,
That he till vs grant his deir lestand loue.

Thus endit Williame Wallace wicht,
Behind him left not sik a Knicht:
Be worthines and deid of hand,
From thraldome thryse he fred this land.

FINIS.

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